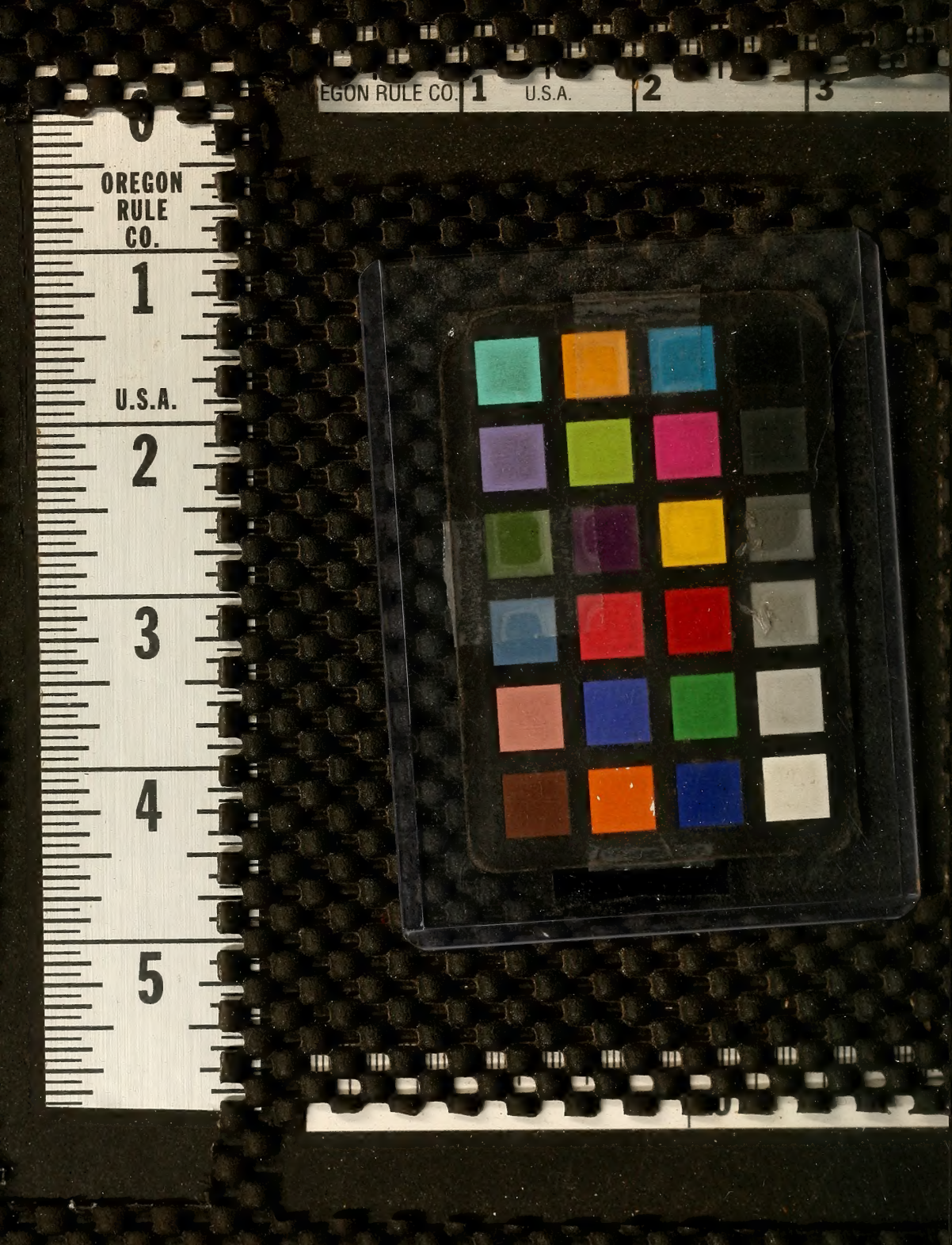
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ADA REHAN.

"HENCE! BEGONE! AND IN BLANK OBLIVION
MAY YOUR FOUL IMAGE DIE!"

CYRIL SCOTT.

"THAT WAS THE CLIMAX OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR,
WHAT SHE DID AND HE DID NOT—HA, HA!
AND YOU SAW NOTHING OF IT?"

The Peerless Reciter

OR

POPULAR PROGRAM

CONTAINING THE

Choicest Recitations and Readings from the Best Authors

FOR

SCHOOLS, PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS, SOCIAL GATHERINGS, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ETC.,

INCLUDING

RECITALS IN PROSE AND VERSE

SELECTIONS WITH MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENTS, DIALOGUES, DRAMAS, TABLEAUX, ETC., ETC.

TOGETHER WITH

Rules and Instructions for Gesture, Expression, and Cultivation of the Voice.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP,

Author of "Crown Jewels," "Four Centuries of Progress," "Beautiful Gems," etc., etc.

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PREFACE.

THERE is an immense and constantly growing demand for the very best selections from the best authors for readings and recitations. No form of entertainment is more universally popular than this for Schools, Social Gatherings, Lyceums, Lodges, Church and Sunday-school Anniversaries, Christmas Exhibitions and many other public occasions. The cultured voice and magnetic personality of the successful reader are always charming and welcome.

This wide-spread demand for the best readings is fully supplied by The Peerless Reciter or Popular Program. This work is a rich casket of gems in Prose and Poetry, all strikingly adapted to instruct and entertain. They are suited to every conceivable occasion where a reading is in order, and are the best afforded by the whole range of literature, comprising Eloquence and Sentiment; Pathos and Humor; Dramatic and Descriptive Selections; Juvenile Readings; Readings with Lesson Talks; Readings with Accompaniments of Music; Dialogues, Tableaux, etc., etc.

PART FIRST: The Mind Speaking through the Body, contains Important Principles and Rules. In a very concise form it points out the best methods for strengthening and cultivating the voice and teaches the manner to be observed, the most effective attitudes and gestures to be employed, and the rules for emphasis and pauses.

This part is rendered attractive and valuable by helpful object lessons. It contains all the typical and most important gestures in outline drawings, to which frequent references are made throughout the work, showing the exact gesture that should be made.

PART SECOND: Readings with Lesson Talks, contains charming selections to which are added valuable suggestions as to the best manner of rendering them. These Talks are brief, pithy and right to the point. Verse by verse and line by line the reader is told how to deliver the thought and sentiment to the very best advantage.

PART THIRD: Readings with Musical Accompaniments, contains selections in which snatches of songs and instrumental music are introduced. No readings are more popular or more eagerly sought than these. The skillful recitationist of either sex, who can express some part of the sentiment by appropriate strains of music never fails to captivate the hearers and meet with hearty applause.

For this reason a number of well chosen recitals have been inserted, accompanied by suitable musical scores. These are both sprightly and pathetic. In some instances thrilling scènes are depicted by the text, and the music, properly rendered, adds greatly to the effect.

PART FOURTH: Descriptive and Dramatic Readings, is a vast collection of gems in Prose and Poetry, all chosen from the very best authors. They are such, and such only, as are remarkably adapted to illustrate the power and fascination of the reader's consummate art. Descriptions of startling incidents, feats of heroic courage, manly achievements, daring exploits, thrilling adventures and noble deeds, combine to give an unrivalled charm to this part of the work.

PART FIFTH: Grave and Pathetic Readings, embraces a rare collection of recitals that touch the heart and arouse its deepest emotions. The great masters of pathos are here fully represented, and the scenes they depict with graphic power are among the choicest jewels the English language affords.

PART SIXTH: Humorous Readings, is without a peer in those fascinating selections of satire, wit and humor which are absolutely indispensable to all public entertainments. These are the brightest flashes of wit and drollery from authors of world-wide fame.

PART SEVENTH: Readings for Juveniles, is a charming collection of sprightly and beautiful recitations for the little folks, suited admirably to every occasion on which the boys and girls are expected to appear. The grave, the gay, the beautiful, the serious, the fascinating, are all mingled here in a manner that delights all young people.

PART EIGHTH: Dialogues and Tableaux, furnishes a wide and varied collection of pieces containing several parts for as many reciters. These have been written and selected with great care.

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MODJESKA.

AND HERE'S SOME FOR ME; WE MAY CALL IT HERB OF GRACE O' SUNDAYS.

OPHELIA.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

WHERE IS MY DOG SCHNEIDER?

R F VAN WINKLE

PART I.

The Mind Speaking Through the Body.

IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES AND RULES.

THE BOOK.—Hold the book in your left hand, and keep the place open with the thumb and little finger, supporting the book with three fingers placed on the under side. Let your eyes glance frequently from the page to your audience. Be so familiar with the selection that your eyes will not be bound to the book, and will be left free to act their very important part in the expression of the thought and sentiment. Your reading will be more effective if you have the selection committed to memory, and can lay aside the book entirely.

THE MANNER.—Be perfectly natural. Get into touch with your hearers. Stand or sit among them, as it were, and talk with them; do not place a cold distance between yourself and them, and then speak *at* them. Do not be stiff or stilted. Have all your powers under command. Take possession of yourself, as in this way only can you take possession of your audience. If you are ill at ease, your listeners will be also. Keep the body erect, yet not rigid or defiant unless the sentiment calls for it.

THE VOICE.—To have a full, rich, flexible voice, capable of easy modulations, is one of the necessary accomplishments of a successful reader. This, as a rule, must be the result of patient training.

Practice breathings. Stand erect, with the shoulders thrown back, and take in a full breath, filling the lungs to their utmost capacity. The breath should be emitted at times slowly; again, more rapidly; again, with quick, explosive force.

The human voice is capable of great cultivation, yet always within certain limits. It should not be strained or overworked. With a full breath give a prolonged sound, as you would in calling to some one at a distance. Do this on different keys, from the lowest to the highest. Practice quick, explosive sounds. You should know how to whisper; a forcible whisper can be heard by every person in the largest audience.

Your voice should have what, for want of a better term, may be called volume. It should have a certain carrying power that will enable it to reach the farthest listener without rising to a shout A loud voice is not always the most effective, nor can it always be heard at the greatest distance. A voice compara-

tively weak can press its tones forward and prolong them, thereby doing very effective work. Do not spoil your reading by shouting or ranting.

Do not mouth your words, nor jumble them together. You should enunciate distinctly, for the reason that you are trying to say something and wish your audience to understand what it is.

EXPRESSION.—The body, with voice, eyes, hands, arms, head, in short, with all its members that were made to talk, should express the exact thought and sentiment of the reading. How can this be done unless you make the selection your own? It is your high work to bring the thought and sentiment home to the minds and hearts of others. The selection is yours for the time being, a part of yourself, and you are communicating it. The eccentric, celebrated Dr. Emmons, was once asked by a student to give him some rules for public speaking. The Doctor gave him two: 1st—Have something to say; 2nd—Say it. You are supposed to have something to express, and you are to summon all your powers and energies of mind and body to give effect to the expression.

Make gestures only where they are required. A few, well placed and suited to the thought, are better than many given at random. Let the hand take any shape that is appropriate—the open palm—the pointing finger—the clenched fist—and do it all in an easy, natural way. In gestures requiring only one hand, make use of the right. Ordinarily the hand should be lifted from the side with a slight curve of motion. Do not let one gesture contradict another; all should be in harmony.

Remember that your arms are *arms*, not *sticks*. The angular, ungainly thrust is a common fault. Let your arms be supple, easily bent. Do not use merely a part of the arm, as if your elbow had suddenly become your shoulder. Let the gesture rest on the emphatic word. It should not follow, but rather precede, the sentiment it is intended to aid in expressing.

Human emotions write themselves upon the face. The eyes and other features should express joy, sorrow, wonderment, fear, merriment, hope, despair, anger, etc., according as these are conveyed in language. Here, especially, the proficient reader shows his consummate art, and here is large opportunity for painstaking study.

Stand, as a rule, with one foot slightly in advance of the other, resting the weight of the body on the one farther back.

EMPHASES AND PAUSES.—There is a world of meaning sometimes in a word emphasized. Where the thought is intended to be emphatic there should be an emphatic expression of it. Emphasis is the life of antithesis.

The sentiment of nearly every recital requires pauses; silence is often the most eloquent speech. Do not make the pause too lengthy, else a dreadful solemnity and dullness will result.

Take note that the cuts in Part I are intended to show only typical gestures. It would be impossible in this Volume to represent all the gestures required in reading.

Fig. 1.—Declaring.

Fig. 2.—Announcing.

Fig. 3.—Revealing.

Fig. 4.—Denying—Rejecting.

Fig. 5.—Defending.

Fig. 6.—Protecting—Soothing.

Fig. 7.—Presenting or Receiving.

Fig. 8.—Signalling.

Fig. 9.—Designating.

Fig. 10.—Silence.

Fig. 11.—Secrecy.

Fig. 12.—Meditation.

Fig. 13.—Indecision.

Fig. 14.—Defiance.

Fig. 15.—Repulsion.

Fig. 16.—Exaltation.

Fig. 17.—Wonderment.

Fig. 18.—Gladness.

Fig. 19.—Anguish.

Fig. 20.—Remorse.

Fig. 21.—Awe—Appeal.

Fig. 22.—Terror.

Fig. 23.—Dispersion.

Fig. 24.—Discerning.

MARY ANDERSON.

AND, IN THIS RAGE, WITH SOME GREAT KINSMAN'S BONE,
AS WITH A CLUB, DASH OUT MY DESPERATE BRAINS?

JULIET

EDWIN BOOTH.

OH, THAT A MAN MIGHT KNOW
THE END OF THIS DAY'S BUSINESS ERE IT COME!

JULIUS CAESAR

PART II.

Readings with Lesson Talks.

THE WRECK OF AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

[Written expressly for this Volume.]

"ALL READY! Off with the ropes!" We move out from the dock. Farewells are exchanged and fluttering handkerchiefs wave us a happy voyage. Down the bay we glide and the crowd we have left behind rapidly disappears in the distance. One by one the white signals vanish: now only one remains. I see it! There it is again! Now it is gone!

An ocean steamship! White-winged bird of the sea! Majestic conqueror of winds and waves, one of the grandest works of man! Swift shuttle flying from shore to shore, weaving continents together! Her machinery has the precision of that of a watch. With ribs of iron, strength of a thousand Titans, and heart of fire, she seems a thing of life, at once a monster and a sylph. Swiftly she cuts the water: onward she plunges; she pants and leaps like the Arab's steed dashing over the plains. The waters splash and curl around her prow. The dark clouds issue from her smokestacks and float away on the hurrying winds. She rocks as gracefully as a cradle on the gentle swell of the ocean, or mounts the great waves as easily as the sea-gull rises on the crest of the bounding billows.

There stands the Captain on the bridge, his cheeks bronzed by the blasts of a hundred voyages. The sturdy quartermasters are at the wheel, and the man on the lookout peers into the mist, ready to give the signal if there is danger ahead. A thousand souls are on board, and from hundreds of homes on land prayers and good wishes are

wafted toward the gallant ship with its precious freight of human lives.

Now the mist thickens. A curtain like the night is spread over the deep and we are sailing into mystery. Hark! The fog-horn gives its warning sound, which floats away over the sea, yet no echo comes back. Again and again, boom! boom! goes the fog-horn, and the low, long, hollow sound dies away in silence. And now the breath of the ocean stirs. See! The thick veil around is rent, the dense fog is torn to shreds, bright gleams of light flash across the waters, the clouds of mist roll upward, the white crests of the waves sparkle in the sunlight. The ship, no longer timid, takes a fresh start. Her great engines throb;

> "She seems to feel
> The thrill of life along her keel:"

she trembles in every fibre; swiftly she leaves the long white wake behind her; she is eager for the shore.

Now, the faint yet certain signs of a storm are in the sky. The sun is wrapped in a haze and the great Atlantic rolls in thickening gloom. Long, compact clouds skirt the horizon, and hour by hour they climb the sky higher and grow darker. The breeze is livelier now. Look! The white-caps fling up their gleaming crests, the gallant ship grows more uneasy, storm-blasts sweep through the whistling rigging, and the passengers crawl below deck.

Night comes on and the gale increases. The elements have broken their chains and their startling fury is unrestrained. Great waves in quick succession beat against the ship and now and then sweep in swift torrents over her deck. She rears and plunges like a wild horse without a rider. The cries of women and children add to the terrible scene. Bang! Thump! Another huge wave strikes the ship, and she staggers like a drunken man. Now she rises and topples on the crest of the awful billows, and now dives down into the hollow gulf as if about to be swallowed up by the jaws of the devouring deep!

Night, dark and terrible, closes around us again. Fast we drive before the fury of the gale. Through the roar of the mad hurricane and the noise of the angry waters we hear the loud, hoarse voices

of the officers on deck giving orders to the brave sailors. Hark! Sharp and quick, a cry, a startling cry, rings out: "Man overboard! The rope! The rope!" One wild shriek, choked by the raging waters, and he is gone. It is the work of a moment. On we plunge. The Captain looks careworn and anxious; he has not slept for two days and nights. We must be near the rocky shore; he will stand off and run no risks.

O treacherous winds and sea! We are nearer danger than we think. The engines give us only motion enough to steady our rolling, plunging vessel. Thump! Crash! She strikes! The sudden jar makes her quiver from bow to stern. For an instant she seems to have been shattered into a million fragments. Hurriedly, frightened, screaming, the passengers rush on deck. High above the tumult rings the stern voice of the Captain: "Back! Be quiet! Ready the boats!"

In wild excitement the boats are lowered, but the staunch ship clings to the grim rock and holds her own. No lives are lost, yet, Merciful Heaven, save these thousand souls from ever facing death again by storm and shipwreck!—HENRY DAVENPORT.

LESSON TALK.

This selection requires intense feeling and animation. You are aboard the ship; you see all that is described; you are awed, thrilled, terrified as the events move on in rapid succession. You are to impart your own feeling to your audience.

In full tones imply a certain admiration of the great vessel, and a sense of awe inspired by the storm-lashed ocean. Nerves and muscles are tense, and the whole body is to speak. With right hand over the eyes look away to see the last signal in the crowd on the dock.

In subdued tones speak of the thousand souls on board, and the prayers offered for their safety. Speak the word "boom" with a prolonged sound on a low key, thus suggesting the sound of the fog-horn. As the mist breaks and the sunlight gleams let your manner be more animated and joyous.

Locate the coming storm in the sky, and in subdued yet intense manner indicate its gathering gloom. With voice, more than by any attempt at gesture, describe the rolling and plunging of the ship. Cry out, "Man overboard!" just as you would if you saw the man swept from the deck. Point to him, and start forward as if about to attempt to save him. Never overdo dramatic action; let

there be no straining for effect. But you are wrought up by the scene, and by rapid utterance, animated gestures and appropriate tones of voice you are to make the scene a present reality to the imaginations of the hearers.

The selection comes to a natural climax in the wreck of the ship. With quick breath and fast utterance the sudden shock, the fright, the confusion on board are to be expressed. The Captain's call is loud and stern. A reaction comes as you assert that no lives are lost; the intense strain is over, yet the deep feeling appears again in the earnest prayer at the close.

The entire selection should be read at a brisk rate, and this should be increased to rapidity in the exciting passages.

ECHO DELL.

[A good reading for voice culture.]

1. OH, listen, friends, and hear me tell
Of a spot I've found in the farmer's dell;
'Tis a place where fairy echoes glide,
A spot where the twilight loves to hide;
For, when noontide glories gild the hill,
This rock-walled spot is shaded still;
And the echoes shout, *shout*—ring, *ring*—bound, *bound*,
In and out with a merry shout.

Ha! Ha! *Ha! Ha!*—Ha! Ha! *Ha! Ha!*
Follow, *follow*, follow, *follow*—follow, *follow*.

2. Away from the town and the dusty street,
From the clatter of hoofs and the patter of feet,
Cushioned with moss and o'erhung with vines,
'Tis a holy place, and a spire of pines
With tapering fingers, green and high,
Points to that home beyond the sky;
And below in the dell, if listening there,
You seem to hear the voice of prayer,
And you murmur, surely God is there.

Around, *around*—above, *above*,
In air, *in air*—everywhere, *everywhere*.

3. 'Tis a charming place, this farmer's dell,
Where the busy echoes faint and swell;
Even the birds have learned their notes
Are answered back from fairy throats.
The rocks so bare, and brown and still,
Resound with the notes of the whippoorwill;
And even the sombre hemlock tree
Repeats the song of the chick-a-dee.

4. Oh! hie to the place where the echoes meet,
Down in the farmer's sylvan retreat;
The melody there you never have heard;
Sing but a line, or even a word,
And the mimicking rogues repeat the strain,
And a chorus answers back again.

5. But the pleasantest hours are soonest sped,
And the midday sun is overhead.
Just now, while listening down in the dell,
Far away the sound of the old church-bell
With its iron tongue chimed the hour of noon;

Bell, *bell*—bell, *bell*—bell, *bell*,
Bell, *bell*—bell, *bell*—bell, *bell*.

Oh! the echoes! how they shout!
Merrily, merrily in and out;

Shout, *shout!*—bound, *bound*—hollo—*hollo!*
Ha! Ha! *Ha! Ha!*—follow, *follow*.

MRS. H. M. MILLER.

LESSON TALK.

The power of a reader to hold the audience in descriptive selections like this depends almost altogether upon his ability to make the scenes described vivid to the imagination of the hearers. To make this especial selection suggestive depends largely upon the power to suggest distance and simulate an echo.

1. Assume a bright, expectant attitude. The physical attitude has a subtle but positive reflex upon the voice. Extend the right arm as in Figure 2, thus calling the hearers' attention at once to your story. Let the arm sink naturally and gracefully to the side while you are absorbed in the description of the dell.

Seek to feel the influence of the spot and the time yourself. You do not feel the same influence from twilight that you do from the "noon-tide glory" of the sun, hence you will naturally soften the voice in referring to the former, and will give a more glowing description of the latter. Send the voice out full, rich and free with every call, just as you would call in the forest to companions at a distance. Throw up the arm and hand in glad exultation. Then resound the echo in a tone one key higher and resounded in the cavity of the mouth rather than sent freely forth, all the while maintaining a listening attitude and looking expectantly towards your audience.

2. Have all localities definitely fixed in your own mind—the direction in which the farm and its dell lie, the direction of the town. In the first line of this verse sweep the right hand out freely to point towards the distant farm, then indicate the "cushion of moss," then the overhanging vines Let the hand fall freely and gently open in these gestures. Take care never to have gesture in easy descriptive or conversational pieces, either abrupt or angular. In 4th line, let the attitude indicate the uplifted mind and soul, sinking the voice to express reverent emotion. In the last three lines make the silence, the hush, a positive one, by your own attitude and stilled, hushed tones, taking care however to keep the mind on the farthest of your audience, so as to influence your softest tones to reach them.

3. Assume again the bright animated attitude expressive of bounding life and joy in nature. No gestures are necessary here. Too many gestures are always to be avoided. They are in good taste only when absolutely needed to make vivid the pictures. Speak in an easy, conversational tone here, the more conversational the better. Talk *with* your audience, not over their heads or at them.

4. Use again the gesture of signalling (Figure 8), beckon your audience with you. Then let that gesture glide easily into one pointing towards the farm, letting the hand fall easily to the side as you tell in joyous tones of the musical treat in that dell.

5. Again, the interested, conversational tone. In third line assume again the listening attitude but, looking expectantly towards your audience, point far away to the church, and read the line in a tone indicating that you are now hearing the bell far away and the very spell of the sound causes you to speak in a similar tone This is no trick ; we do it constantly in everyday life. We naturally seek to imitate sounds in the effort to describe them.

THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

1. FOR weeks an impatient crowd of admirers had followed the various reports of the condition of the two teams. They were old rivals, though for years the opposing college had held the championship and Tucker's college the second place. This year McIlvaine and Plummer felt that they must win the game and everything had been done to strengthen the men.

As the teams came out of the club-house at a run when the great game was called, a roar went up from the 20,000 spectators who gathered about the arena. Public opinion was so evenly divided between the two teams that when one shout went for the boys in scarlet an equally loud one came from the other side of the field to cheer on the lads in gold. While the teams met in the centre of the field and received their last warnings from the umpire, Tucker's eyes roved over the vast audience. Countless pretty faces and bright bonnets were clustered in the grand stand commingling the scarlet and the gold of the contending forces. Some such thought as this half flashed through Tucker's mind:

"If we win I will send that little Puritan the biggest bunch of the yellowest chrysanthemums in the market. If we don't win—well, I will let some other fellow send her red ones."

2. The wearers of the scarlet jackets took the ball and as the wind was so light as to be almost imperceptible the choice of goals was not of much importance. The teams lined up in the centre of the field and then with heads down and in compact shape the scarlet V started up the field as though shot from a catapult. The first half passed without a point for either side and so evenly were they matched and so fiercely did each side dispute the ground that neither had come nearer than the twenty-five yard line of either goal.

3. When they came forward for the second half each player seemed to lose his individuality and feel himself a mere portion of a huge engine which at a given signal would be hurled with fearful force at another engine of equal weight and size. Owing to his place at -full

back Tucker remained cooler than the majority, and for the first thirty minutes of the second half he simply played a careful, conservative game. Then as he saw the time pass and still no score, his temper began to rise and twice he took desperate chances in going round the end for small gains. When forty minutes had passed the golden line had pushed the ball close up to the opponents' fifteen yard line and there they lost it after some hard play.

4. A light breeze started at the moment from behind the goal posts and Tucker saw the big scarlet full-back prepare for a long kick down the field and he retired almost to the centre. His captain saw him and signalled for him to come up closer. It was in vain. The next moment the leather oval was swinging through the air, and, borne by the breeze, swept toward the southern goal.

5. Calculating its descent with unerring accuracy Tucker paused and then dashing forward caught it as it fell, and at top speed made for the two tall posts where the scarlet veterans were. The field was scattered, but at twenty-five yards he found himself hemmed in on the left and front, by a solid mass of red. With a quick turn that did not diminish his speed, he swerved to the right and sprang ahead, shaking off the huge guard and agile end of the opposing team. The goal was not five yards away now, but could he reach it? Between him and the goal stood one man—the wiry and terrible scarlet half-back, who was poised forward, prepared for the shock.

6. Gathering every effort of his muscles together, Tucker stamped one foot on the ground and with a mighty spring, threw himself head-first over his opponent's head. Taken by surprise the man in scarlet missed his hold upon the waist and clasped him by the feet instead. The impetus of his spring carried him to the edge of the white goal line, and with a wrench he dragged himself over it—and then half a ton of yelling humanity fell on top of him. The crowd on the eastern stand, where a blaze of golden ribbons and flags told of their sympathies, let loose a yell. Yet even amidst the pandemonium every eye was on the little heap of players at the goal posts.

7. When, at last, as one by one the men in scarlet picked themselves

from off the pile, there was found at the bottom a bloody, disheveled figure clad in yellow with the pig skin clasped tightly to his breast. With a quick movement four men picked him up and carried him towards the club house at the other end of the field.

8. To do this they had to pass the entire length of the grandstand. The cortege went slowly, and as soon as the spectators realized the nature of the case, a wave of silence flew over them and not a sound could be heard. Suddenly there was a slight scream and a half hysterical cry, and a young girl clad in dark gray with a huge pompon of scarlet ribbon at her throat darted hurriedly through the gates under the ropes, and before the men had reached the club house she was beside them. Tucker's head all bloody and bruised was falling back. She placed her hand under it and supported it until the men laid their burden on a little canvas cot which was there for emergencies such as this. Then while the doctor made his examination she paced up and down the club house porch, an aching sensation of grief and agony gnawing at her heart.

9. "It is a mere trifle," said the doctor, looking down with pity into her white, drawn face when he came out. "Some ribs and the collar bone are broken and he has been kicked in the head, but I do not think, Miss Lea, that it will result fatally."

"May—may I go in to see him," she said nervously.

"Why, of course," cried the doctor, quickly drawing her into the shaded room and routing the crowd of curious onlookers.

10. Amy said nothing but sank beside Cecil and began to wash the blood stains from his face. The doctor regarded her for a moment half gently, half quizzically and then set to work to bring his patient to consciousness. Restoratives were applied and gradually a faint color stole up to the cheeks of the young giant. Then came a fluttering of an eyelid and a long, quivering sigh. Tucker opened his eyes languidly.

"Now you will be all right in a minute," cried the doctor cheerily, as he gave him a glass of cordial. The patient drank it hurriedly, his eyes fixed the whole while on the girl who knelt beside him. He

started to say something but Amy put her fingers on his lips, saying: "Not now. When you are stronger."

In a few minutes the doctor left them and the wounded man turned toward her.

"Amy!" he whispered weakly.

"Yes, dear, you are doing nicely," she whispered back. Then glancing around to see that no one was looking she bent over him and kissed him tenderly on the lips. "That's to pay you back now that I am stronger than you."

Then Tucker said a strange thing.

"Amy," he whispered, "do you know how the score stands?"

"Six to nothing, in our favor," she replied, and Tucker as though overwhelmed by joy—fainted.—ROBERT COPLAND.

LESSON TALK.

In a presenting a selection like this, where physical powers and skill are the dominant theme, the reader's body must speak eloquently as well as the brain and tongue, and therefore must be *alive* in every part. Let there be no heaviness, deadness anywhere. Come to your audience brimming full of enthusiasm for your theme. Let attitude and voice express expectancy. Remember, the whole body gestures, and no parts so subtly and effectively as the eyes, the face about the lips, and the chest. Unless the speaker personifies and thus vivifies his theme, he is a mere repeater of words.

1. Begin easily, so as to allow for increasing action and intensity. Have all points of localizing fixed definitely in your own mind, so as not to confuse the audience—the club house, the spectators, the arena, etc. Give Tucker's soliloquy in an undertone, taking care to have it distinct enough to reach all your hearers.

2. Point out definitely each player or group you mention, or when necessary the position of the ball.

3. Follow the game with a concise, rapid, concentrated utterance—in fact suit your mental action, and thus your voice to the action of the players. Play the game as you talk about it. Live over the scenes yourself and you will have no difficulty in making them *live* in the imagination of your hearers.

4. Here is a critical point. Let voice and your own facial expression show plainly the increasing intensity. In rapid succession stand for Tucker, then the captain; sweep out the right arm and trace the course of the ball.

5. Let there be a constantly progressing gain of intensity and momentum. Show Tucker's dash; indicate, with rapid right hand, the position of the field. Suggest his quick turn and definitely indicate the "wiry and terrible scarlet half-back" and his poise.

6. Stand yourself for Tucker, taking a strong poise. Indicate the spring with a gesture of the arm rather than any attempt at a realistic picturing.

7 and 8. Here is a chance for a good breathing spell, so to speak, and by this very let-up in the tension of voice and action, make sharp and distinct the antithesis of the preceding scene and this. The doctor will speak in cool, calm, professional tones; the young girl, timidly, brokenly, nervously.

10. Make the last scene as delicately suggestive as possible—suggestive is the highest form of art, not the realistic—and expression oratory is the highest of the fine arts. In this, and for that matter in all selections, original with yourself or from authors interpreted by you, take care to make your points of thought clear, definite, sharp. It is the keenly analytical speaker who holds the minds of others. No glow of enthusiasm or flow of words can make up for brilliancy and keenness of intellectual action.

THE RACE OF THE BOOMERS.

[When the Government opens a new section, or strip, of territory to settlers, none can enter until a certain day and hour, in order that all may have an equal chance to stake out and secure the best claims. The wild rush that follows the signal for the settlers to enter is described in this graphic reading.]

THE break o' the dawn, and the plain is a-smoke with the breath of the frost,
And the murmur of bearded men is an ominous sound in the ear;
The white tents liken the ground to a flower-meadow embossed
By the bloom of the daisy sweet, for a sign that June is here.

They are faring from countless camps, afoot or ahorse, may be,
The blood of many a folk may flow in their bounding veins,
But, stung by the age-old lust for land and for liberty,
They have ridden or run or rolled in the mile-engulfing trains.

More than the love of loot, mightier than woman's lure,
The passion that speeds them on, the hope that is in their breast;
They think to possess the soil, to have and to hold it sure,
To make it give forth of fruit in this garden wide of the West.

But see! It is sun-up now, and six hours hence is noon;
The crowd grows thick as the dust that muffles the roads this way;
The blackleg stays from his cards, the song-man ceases his tune,
And the gray-haired parson deems it is idle to preach and pray.

Now thirst is a present pain and hunger a coming dread,
  Water is dear as gold, as the heat grows fierce apace;
Theft is a common deed for the price of a bit of bread,
  And poison has played its part to sully the morning's face.

The hours reel on, and tense as a bow-cord drawn full taut
  Is the thought of the Boomers all; a sight that is touched with awe;
A huddle of men and horse to the frenzy pitch upwrought,
  A welter of human-kind in the viewless grip of the Law.

Lo! women are in the press, by scores they are yonder come
  To find a footing in front—ah, how can they gain a place?
Nay, softly, even here in the rabble are harbored some
  Who think of their mothers, wives, who remember a fairer face.

For the black mass yawns to let these weak ones into the line,
  While as many men fall back: 'tis knighthood nameless and great,
Since it means goodbye to a claim—yea, the end of a dream divine,
  To be lord of the land, and free for to follow a larger fate.

High noon with a fusilade of guns and a deep, hoarse roar,
  With a panting of short, sharp breaths in the mad desire to win,
Over the mystic mark the seething thousands pour,
  As the zenith sun glares down on the rush and the demon's din.

God! what a race; all life merged in the arrowy flight;
  Trample the brother down, murder, if need be so,
Ride like the wind and reach the Promised Land ere night,
  The Strip is open, is ours, to build on, harrow and sow.

There comes a horror of flame, for look, the grass is afire!
  On, or it licks our feet, on, or it chokes our breath!
Swift through the cactus fly, swift, for it kindles higher;
  Home and love and life—or the hell of an awful death.

So, spent and bruised and scorched, down trails thick-strewn with hopes
  A wreck, did the Boomers race to the place they would attain:

Seizing it, scot and lot, ringing it round with ropes,
  The homes they had straitly won through fire and blood and pain

While ever up from the earth, or fallen far through the air,
  Goes a shuddering ethnic moan, the saddest of all sad sounds;
The cry of an outraged race that is driven otherwhere,
  The Indian's heart-wrung wail for his hapless Hunting Grounds.

RICHARD BURTON.

LESSON TALK.

The first line gives the key-note of this selection. It is tragedy—commonplace and homely, but nevertheless tragic and pathetic in its own way. There is an ominous undertone running through it from beginning to end.

The reader must be in sympathetic relation to his story. His attitude, facial expression and every gesture must give a trend to the thoughts of his hearers before he speaks a word. If he realizes keenly and sympathetically what a tragedy it all is, his voice will readily report attitude, both of body and of mind.

Assume an attitude as if seeing afar, at the moment, the terrible scene. The voice should be low-pitched and filled with sympathetic dread.

Bring out the pictures—word-pictures—as vividly as possible. Do not hurry—do not hurry ever in presenting thoughts. It takes time, infinitessimal though it seem to human powers of measurement, for the voice to travel to the ears of the hearers and then for the thought to travel to their consciousness. Let the mind poise on the salient points, thus making them definite and in sharp relief against the general background of the theme. This does not mean a dragging of the reading—it is poising of mind, time for intense thought, not a stopping of mental action.

Let the recitation gain constantly in intensity and force.

Wherever a bit of beautiful description occurs, as for instance in the latter part of the first verse, lighten the voice and soften the expression to make the relief positive and sharpen the antitheses. Bring out in full, generous tones the tribute to innate chivalric manhood in the eighth and ninth verses.

It is the lights and shadows that bring out the oil-painting and make a great work of art so far as technique is concerned. The laws of art are universal and thus are as true of word-painting as of that by the brush.

The verse next to the last marks the climax. Pause long after it to let the effect deepen, of what has gone before and of what is to come, and then tell the last of the sad story in subdued, sympathetic tones. If the interpretation of this poem fails to hold up the brotherhood of man and incite greater realization of the tragedy of every day, homely life all about us, it has failed utterly of its true intent. The reader who fails to elevate and inspire his hearers, falls short of his high calling.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

IT'S easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph! Job hed nothin' to try him!
Ef *he'd* been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.
Trials, indeed! Now I'll tell you what—ef you want to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm an inventor's wife.

And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up my coffee-pot,
That 'Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it, and it mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once, that would keep itself a-rockin';
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised shockin'?

And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll say;
But it hed one fault—it never stopped till the apple was peeled away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and all sech trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em, but they don't bring in no *cash*.

Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's the aggravatin'est man—
He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle, and think, and plan,
Inventin' a jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school and the weeds is chokin' our corn.

When I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm beside,
And look at 'Bijah a-settin there, I've jest dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun;
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st before 'twas done.

So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he sot it off at night.

Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does such cur'ous things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yit?—'Twas full of wheels and springs;

It had a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head;
All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more.

Wa'al 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear me! sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whir! I heerd a fearful snap!
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet up jest like a trap!

I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no use; then I worked that hull long night
A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a fright;
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be dyin;
So I took a crow-bar and smashed it in.—There was 'Bijah, peacefully lyin',

Inventin' a way to git out again. That was all very well to say,
But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all day.
Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of life?
Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife?

MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

LESSON TALK.

It is plain that Mrs. 'Bijah Brown is very much vexed with Mr. Brown. The tone and manner should show this and give expression to the contempt she feels for a man who does not even chop the wood, but wastes his time "inventin' a jews-harp to go by steam." There is also a vein of ridicule in this selection which you should show by an occasional half-sneering laugh, a toss of the head, and a gesture of the arm downward and back, shown in Figure 4, Part I.

This reading affords an excellent opportunity to produce effect by emphasis on words and clauses, for example, the word "him" in the first line, and "me" in the fourth. The character of 'Bijah should be personified by a slow, drawling utterance. When you reach the part where he is pictured as shut inside his bedstead, let there be a marked increase of animation and dramatic expression. Employ the easy, conversational tone throughout.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

WHAT is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir: this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor.

Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it; for what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.—FISHER AMES.

LESSON TALK.

This reading, you observe, is different from any of the preceding. It affords no opportunity for strong dramatic expression. The sentiment is elevated, grave and earnest. It appeals strongly to the emotion of patriotism, and the selection is a fine example of oratorical composition.

Read it with full round tones and in a manly way. Let your manner show that you appreciate the noble virtue here commended. You are speaking of *patriotism*, not of some trivial, unimportant matter. Make free use of the gesture shown in Figure 1, Part I, first elevating the hand, then bringing it down, and letting the gesture rest on the emphatic word, or on the climax of the thought.

With body erect, head elevated, and every nerve and muscle in active play, show that you have confidence in your theme and fully expect to carry conviction to the hearers. Let your manner be frank, your tones bold and decisive, your interrogations sharp, and the rising slides clearly defined. Pause a moment after the questions as if you expected an answer. Put strong force into the last sentence.

W. H. CRANE.

"WELL, WELL! IS THAT THE GAME?"

VIRGINIA HARNED and SYBIL ALGER.

"NOW RESTING HERE THY HEAD, SING ONE SWEET SONG,
AS RESTS THE BIRD UPON ITS WILLING PERCH
AND TWITTERS TO THE COMING DAWN."

PART III.

Readings with Accompaniments of Music.

[The words in this Part printed in italics are to be sung by the reader, or an assistant, to the accompanying music, or to other selections that may be preferred.]

SANDY'S ROMANCE.

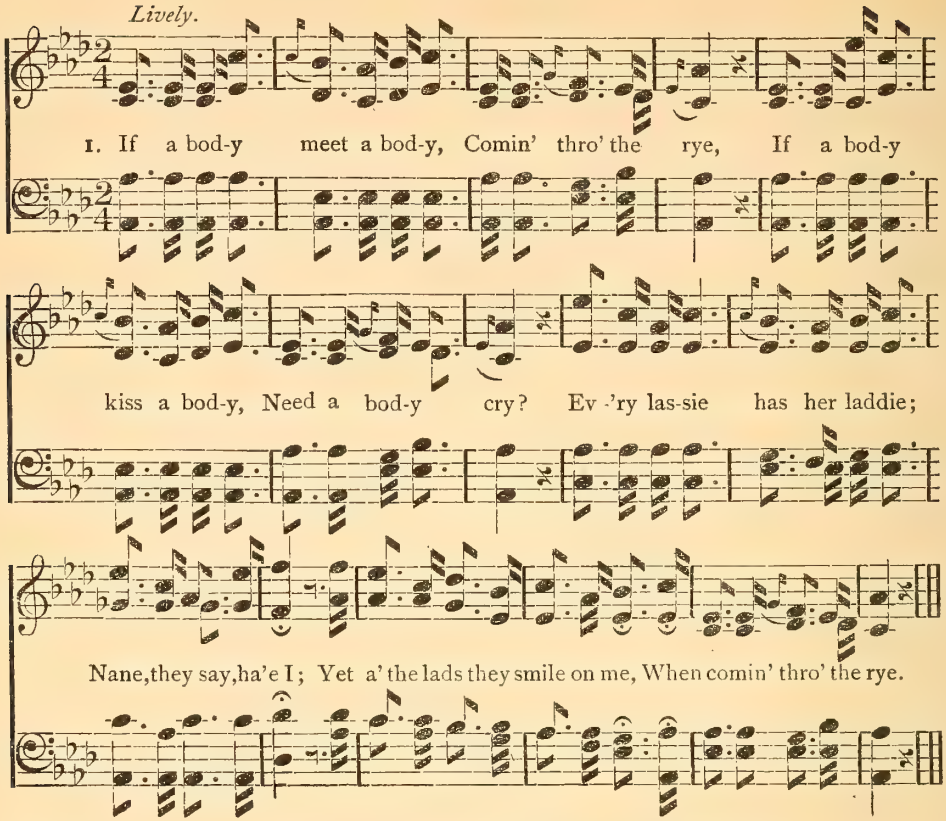
[Written expressly for this Volume.]

ONE summer day a country youth, arrayed in kilt and plaid,
Known well among his neighbors as an honest, manly lad,
Was sauntering among the fields, as one might say, by chance,
And met with an adventure that was tinctured with romance.

To all appearance Sandy—for by this name was he known—
To his present fine proportions had industriously grown
Without once intimating, by a single look or word,
That he knew there *was* a thing like *love*—of which *you* must have heard.

A soft and hazy lustre filled the cloudless summer sky,
And bird to bird within its nest was chirping on the sly,
When he began to wonder, as he rambled on alone,
If ever *he* would have a mate and cottage of his own.

Just then a maiden's merry voice rang out upon the air,
From one not far away he knew, but could not tell just where,
And this sweet snatch of music on the zephyrs seemed to fly—
If a body meet a body comin' thro' the rye.



Now Sandy paused in silence and he listened with a will—
If a body kiss a body—then a nameless thrill
Ran through him as the singer he attempted to espy,
While low and softly did she warble—*need a body cry?*

Ah, in the field of waving rye was pretty Jenny Burns,
Her hat bedecked with heather and with gaily-woven ferns;
Her cheeks were fresh as roses, and the lustre of her eyes
Would pale the light of evening stars, effulgent in the skies.

Quoth Sandy with a merry laugh and twinkle in his eye,
"You asked the question in your song, if one would need to cry;
That 'tis easy to determine, I am sure you'll not deny;
I am not much used to kissing, but this time I'd like to try."

Though Jenny blushed and chided, yet she didn't shed a tear,
But sang again her pretty song in accents loud and clear—
Amang the train there is a swain I dearly love mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame, I dinna choose to tell.

Said Sandy, "If I guessed *my* name, would that be guessing wrong?"
And Jenny with a look of pride thus ended her sweet song—
"*Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, nane they say ha'e I,*
Yet I have found my lad to-day, when comin' thro' the rye!"

HENRY DAVENPORT.

THE DROWNING SINGER.

THE Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessèd boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed!

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

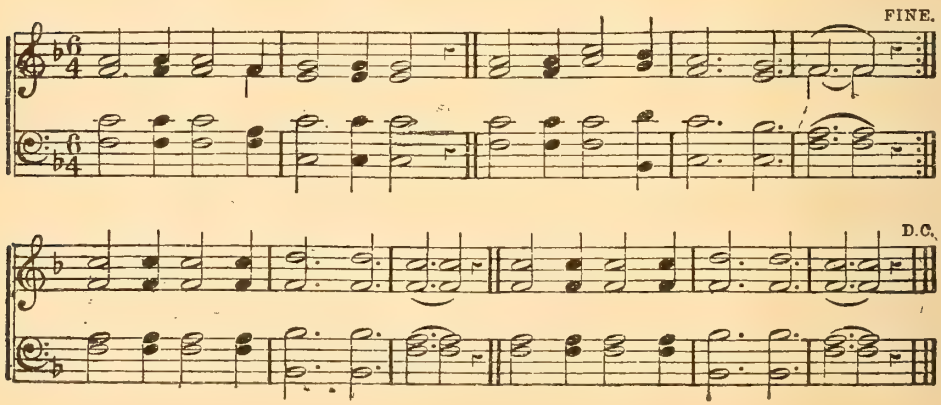
With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck, tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.



Then they listened. He is singing, "*Jesus, lover of my soul!*"
And the winds brought back the echo, "*While the nearer waters roll;*"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "*Till the storm of life is past,*"
Singing bravely from the waters, "*Oh, receive my soul at last!*"

He could have no other refuge! "*Hangs my helpless soul on thee,*
Leave, ah, leave me not!" The singer dropped at last into the sea,
And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE SOLDIER'S CRADLE-HYMN.

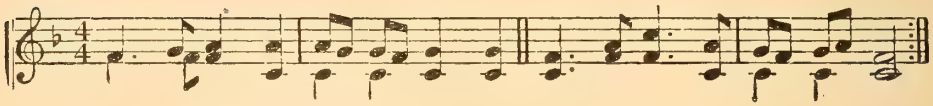
FROM a field of death and carnage
To the hospital was borne,
One May morn a youthful soldier,
With a face all white and worn.

Day by day he pined and wasted,
And 'twas pitiful to hear
Through the dreary long night-watches,
That sad call of "Mother, dear."

Weary sufferers, moaning, tossing,
Turned their sad eyes towards his cot;
But that cry was still incessant,
The young soldier heeded not.

It was night; the lights burned dimly;
O'er the couch his mother bent
Lovingly; with soft caresses
Through his hair her fingers went.

But he tossed in wild delirium,
From his pale lips still the cry,
With that same sad, plaintive moaning,
"Mother—come—before—I—die."



Then in song her voice rose sweetly,
On her breast she laid his head,
"*Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,*
Holy angels guard thy bed."

While she sang his moans grew fainter,
And she watched the white lids creep
O'er his eyes, till calm and peaceful
In her arms he lay asleep.

Dimmer burned the lights, and silence
Reigned within the white-washed walls;
Bearded cheeks were wet with tear-stains,
All forgot were cannon balls.

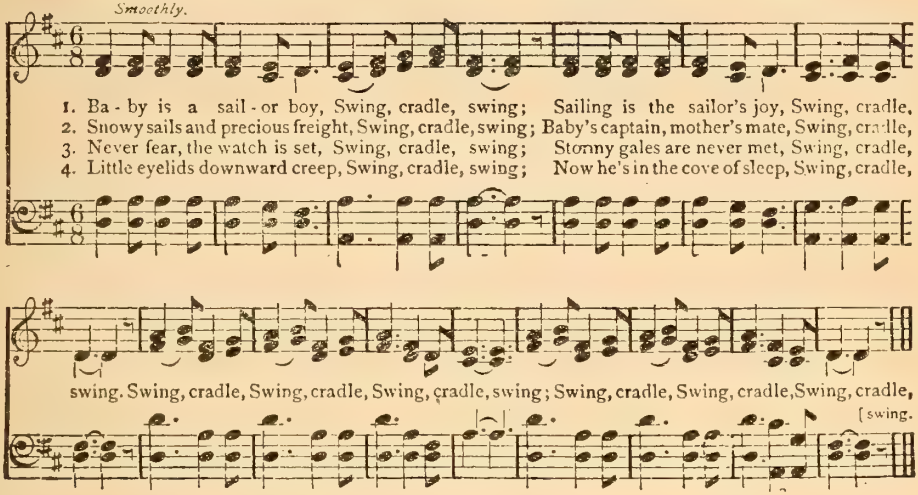
Far off scenes rose up to memory,
Tender thoughts—repelled so long—
Crept into the hearts of soldiers,
With that soothing cradle-song.

Morning dawned; but in the night-time
One tired soul had upward sped—
"*Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,*
Holy angels guard thy bed."

MARY MCGUIRE.

THE CRADLE SONG.

[The words of this selection can be recited while an assistant plays the music softly. Make a swinging motion of the hand, keeping time to the music.]



MILKING-TIME.

[This selection admits of recital while an assistant plays the accompanying music.]

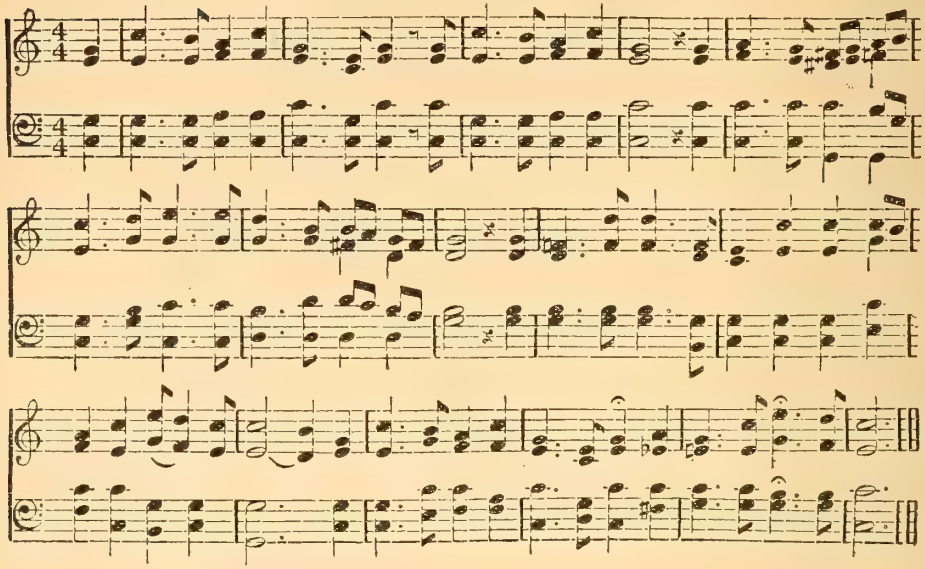
"I TELL you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And isn't yet five years old.

"Here comes Dick White. Please step right in;"
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follers;
And though it's cheap I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk-white stars;

You needn't drive her home at night,
  But jest le' down the bars.



"Then, when you've owned her, say a month,
  And learnt her, as it were,
I'll bet—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
  "Taint her I want—it's—*her!*"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be blest!—
  There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You've took me mightily aback,
  But then a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more;
  Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller you the whole world round,
  For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass,
  Her natur's like her ma's.
I've allus found it worked the best,
  To jest le' down the bars."

PHILIP MORSE.

PART IV.

Descriptive and Dramatic Readings.

WEDDING BELLS.

WANDERING away on tired feet,
Away from the close and crowded street,
Faded shawl and faded gown,
Unsmoothed hair of a golden brown,
Eyes once bright
With joyous light,
Away from the city's smoke and din,
Trying to flee from it and sin;
In shame cast down,
'Neath the scorn and frown
Of those who had known her in days that were flown;
The same blue eyes—the abode of tears,
The once light heart—the abode of fears,
While dark despair came creeping in,
As she fled from the city's smoke and din;
With a yearning sigh,
And a heart-sick cry—
"Oh, to wander away and die!
God, let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis the only boon I dare to crave!"
And she struggled on,
With a weary moan,
In the noon-day heat,
From the dusty street;

And they turned to gaze on the fair young face,
And marveled much at her beauty and grace.
What cared they if her heart was aching?
How knew they that her heart was breaking?

Forth from the West the red light glowed,
And the weary feet still kept on their road,
Wand'ring on in the golden sheen,
Where the country lanes were fresh and green.
The red light gleamed on the village tower,
And lit up the clock at the sunset hour;
And still her cry
Was, "Oh, to die!
God, let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis the only boon I care to crave!"
The sun uprose, and the light of day
Brightly scattered the clouds of gray;
And the village was gay
For a holiday.
Merrily echoed the old church bells,
Peal on peal, o'er the hills and dells;
Borne away on the morning breeze
Over the moorland, over the leas;
Back again with a joyous clang!
Merrily, cheerily, on they rang!
But they woke her not, she slumbered on,
With her head laid down on the cold gray stone.

The village was bright
In the gladsome light,
And the village maidens were clad in white,
As side by side
They merrily hied,
In gay procession, to meet the bride;

Strewing the path of the village street
With choicest flowers for her dainty feet.
A joyful chime of the bells again,
To proclaim the return of the bridal train;
A louder peal from the old church-tower
(As the bride passes on through the floral bower,
With the bridegroom happy, tender and gay),
And the echoes are carried away, away;
But they linger awhile o'er the tombstones gray;
And the sleeper awakes with a yearning cry—
"Oh, to die! oh, to die!
God let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis all my broken heart can crave!"
And she lays her head again on the stone,
With a long-drawn breath and a sobbing moan;
While the bridal train (with many a thought
Unspoken of omens with evil fraught)
Sweeps down the path from the old church door,
And the bells' glad music is wafted once more
Over the moorland, over the heath—
But they wake her not, for her sleep is death!

Why does the bridegroom's cheek turn pale?
Why in his eyes such a look of bale?
Why does he totter, then quicken his pace
As he catches a glimpse of the poor dead face?
Oh, woe betide,
That so fair a bride
As she who steps with such grace by his side,
Should have faced grim death on her wedding-day!
Did this thought trouble the bridegroom gay,
And dash from his eye the glad light away?
I wist not; for never a word he spoke,
And soon from his face the troubled look

Was gone, and he turned to his beautiful bride
With a radiant smile and a glance of pride:
And his eye was bright,
And his step was light,
As would beseem with her by his side.
Oh, his smile is glad, and his heart is brave!
What cares he for the dead on the grave?
The faded shawl, and faded gown,
And unsmoothed hair of golden brown?
Why should the face on the tombstone gray
Trouble him on his wedding-day?
Forgotten words that were long since spoken,
Thoughts of vows that were made to be broken?
Fling them away!
Be joyous and gay!
Death will never a secret betray.
Quaff the red wine, the glasses ring;
Drink! till the gloomy thoughts take wing;
Drink and be merry, merry and glad!
With a bride so lovely, who would be sad?

Hark! the wedding bells are ringing,
Over the hills their echoes flinging;
Carried away on the morning breeze
Over the moorland, over the leas,
Riding back on the zephyr's wing,
Joyously, merrily, on they ring!
But she will not wake, her sleep is deep,
And death can ever a secret keep.
Ah! thy smile may be glad and thy heart may be brave,
And the secret be kept betwixt thee and the grave;
But shouldst thou forget it for one short day,
In the gloom of night, from the tombstone gray,
Will come the sound of a wailing cry—

"Oh, to die! oh, to die!"
And the bride at thy bosom will raise her head
In affright, as she hears thee call on the dead
In a ghastly dream, on whose wings are borne
The memories of thy wedding morn!

Oh, the woeful sight of the pale, dead face,
With the cold, dank stone for its resting-place!
Oh, the mocking chime of the old church bell!
It shall seem to peal from the mouth of hell;
Into thy dreams its echoes bringing,
Merrily, madly, ceaselessly ringing!
The white face shall haunt thee!
The bells they shall taunt thee!
Echoed and tossed on the withering breath
Of a curse that shall cling round thy soul till death.

CHARLOTTE M. GRIFFITHS.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

"CAPTAIN GRAHAM, the men were sayin'
Ye would want a drummer lad,
So I've brought my boy Sandie,
Tho' my heart is woeful sad;
But nae bread is left to feed us,
And no siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps forever,
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true—

Give us 'Flowers of Edinboro',
While yon fifer plays it too.
Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Strike in truer time than he?"
"Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I give ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care
For the friendless, lonely laddie,
When the battle wark is sair;
For Sandie's eye been good and gentle,
And I've nothing else to love,
Nothing—but the grave off yonder,
And the Father up above."

Then, her rough hand gently laying
On the curl-encircled head,
She blessed her boy. The tent was silent,
And not another word was said;
For Captain Graham was sadly dreaming
Of a benison, long ago,
Breathed above his head, then golden,
Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother,
I'll come back some summer day;
Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers
Ever. Do they, Captain Gra——?
One more kiss—watch for me, mother,
You will know 'tis surely me
Coming home—for you will hear me
Playing soft the reveille."

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
  Seemed to link in strange affright,
As the scudding clouds before them
  Shadowed faces dead and white;
And the night-wind softly whispered,
  When low moans its light wing bore—
Moans that ferried spirits over
  Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
  Might go splashing down in blood,
Or a helpless hand lie grasping
  Death and daisies from the sod—
Captain Graham walked swift onward,
  While a faintly-beaten drum
Quickened heart and step together;
  "Sandie Murray! See, I come!

"It is thus I find you, laddie?
  Wounded, lonely, lying here,
Playing thus the reveille?
  See—the morning is not near."
A moment paused the drummer boy,
  And lifted up his drooping head:
"Oh, Captain Graham, the light is coming,
  'Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning! See the plains grow brighter—
  Morning—and I'm going home;
That is why I play the measure,
  Mother will not see me come;
But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain—"
  Hush, the boy has spoken true;
To him the day has dawned forever,
  Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

THE OLD MAN IN THE PALACE CAR.

WELL, Betsey, this beats everything our eyes have ever seen!
We're ridin' in a palace fit for any king or queen·
We didn't go as fast as this, nor on such cushions rest,
When we left New England years ago to seek a home out West.

We rode through this same country, but not as we now ride—
You sat within a stage coach, while I trudged on by your side
Instead of riding on a rail, I carried one you know,
To pry the old coach from the mire through which we had to go.

Let's see; that's fifty years ago—just arter we were wed;
Your eyes were then like diamonds bright, your cheeks like roses red,
Now, Betsey, people call us old, and push us off one side,
Just as they have the old slow coach in which we used to ride.

I wonder if young married folks to-day would condescend
To take a weddin' tour like ours, with a log house at the end?
Much of the sentimental love that sets young cheeks aglow
Would die to meet the hardships of fifty years ago.

Our love grew stronger as we toiled; though food and clothes were coarse,
None ever saw us in the courts a huntin' a divorce;
Love levelled down the mountains and made low places high;
Love sang a song to cheer us when clouds and winds were nigh.

I'm glad to see the world move on, to hear the engine's roar,
And all about the cables stretchin' now from shore to shore.
Our mission is accomplished; with toil we both are through;
The Lord just let us live awhile to see how young folks do.

Whew! Betsey, how we're flyin'! See the farms and towns go by!
It makes my gray hair stand on end; it dims my failin' eye.

CAROLINE MISKEL.

"OFT HAVE I READ IN THAT ROUND STAR—
THE EYE OF NIGHT—THOUGHTS THAT WERE NOT
OF HUMAN BRAIN."

WILSON BARRETT.

AMBITION'S DEBT IS PAID!

BRUTUS.

Soon we'll be through our journey and in the house so good
That stands within a dozen rods of where the log one stood.

How slow—like old-time coaches—our youthful years went by—
The years when we were livin' neath a bright New England sky;
Swifter than palace cars now fly our later years have flown,
Till now we journey hand in hand down to the grave alone.

I hear the whistle blowin' on life's fast flyin' train;
Only a few more stations in the valley now remain.
Soon we'll reach the home eternal, with its glories all untold,
And stop at the best station in the city built of gold.

JOHN H. YATES.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

IT HAD rained all night. Water lay here and there in the hollows of the plain, as in basins. At some points the wheels sank to the axles. The horses' girths dripped with liquid mud. The affair opened late. The plan of the battle which had been conceived was indeed admirable. Ney drew his sword, placed himself at the head, and the immense squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. Nothing like it had been seen since the taking of the grand redoubt at La Moscana by the heavy cavalry. Murat was not there; but Ney *was* there. It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, and had but a single mind. Each squadron undulated and swelled like the ring of a polyp. They could be seen through the thick smoke as it was broken here and there. It was one pell-mell of casques, cries, sabres; a furious bounding of horses among the canon; a terrible, disciplined tumult. Something like this vision appeared in the old Orphic Epics which tell of certain antique hippanthropes, those Titans with human faces and chests like horses, whose gallop scaled Olympus, horrible, invulnerable, sublime—at once gods and beasts.

All at once, at the left of the English, and on the French right, the

head of the column of cuirassiers reared with frightful clamor, and there appeared three thousand faces with gray mustaches, crying, "*Vive l' Empereur!*" Unmanageable, full of fury and bent on extermination of the square and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between them and the English, a ditch—a grave! It was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment. There was a ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first. The horses reared; threw themselves over; fell upon their backs; struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders. Without power to retreat, the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled with riders and horses rolled in together, grinding one another, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over and passed on.

Was it possible that Napoleon should win the battle of Waterloo? We answer, No? Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blücher? No. Because of God! For Bonaparte to conquer at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. It was time that this vast man should fall. He had been impeached before the Infinite! He had vexed God! Waterloo was not a battle. It was the change of front of the Universe.—VICTOR HUGO.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

THE first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging away,
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much as to say:
"Come, master, awake, and tend to the switch, lives now depend upon you,
Think of the souls in the coming train and the graves you're sending them to;

Think of the mother, and babe at her breast, think of the father and son,
Think of the lover, and the loved one, too, think of them, doomed every one
To fall, as it were, by your very hand, into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling and the deep river dashing below;
I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by the tempest were fanned,
But what was that noise at a distance? That—I could not understand!
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and near it came to me, and made my very ears hum;
What is this light that surrounds me and seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that yelling so shrilly? Oh, God! I know now—it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face,
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch;
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track,
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding it back;
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I laid there unconscious were impossible for me to tell
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell—
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives;
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes staring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "mamma" were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a second—the river should hide me away;
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand; she who owned it was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she guarded him now from above;
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey when she left for this last fatal ride;
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—Maggie, my wife!

Oh, Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one! At a blow Thou hast shattered my pride;
My life will be one endless night-time with Maggie away from my side;
How often we've sat down and pictured the scenes in our long happy life;
How I'd strive through all of my life-time to build up a home for my wife.
How people would envy us always in our cozy and neat little nest,
When I would do all of the labor and Maggie should all the day rest;

How one of God's blessings might cheer us when some day I p'r'aps should be rich—
But all of my dreams have been shattered while I lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial; the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court-room was steadfastly fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hung by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a bad night-mare, I guess."
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch—
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been asleep at the switch.

GEORGE HOEY.

BRIER-ROSE.

I.

SAID Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:
"What will become of you, my child, the Lord Almighty knows;
You will not scrub the kettles, and you will not touch the broom,
You never sit a minute still at spinning-wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled late at eve,
The good-wife as she bustled with pot and tray and sieve;
But Brier-Rose she laughed, and she cocked her dainty head,
"Why, I shall marry, mother, dear," full merrily she said.

"You marry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man he is not found.
To marry such a worthless wench, these seven leagues around."

But Brier-Rose she laughed and she trilled a merry lay:
"Perhaps he'll come, my mother dear, from eight leagues away."

The good-wife with a "humph" and a sigh forsook the battle,
And flung the pots and pails about with much vindictive rattle;
"O Lord, what sin did I commit in youthful days, and wild,
That thou hast punished me in age with such a wayward child?"

Up stole the girl on tip-toe, so that none her step could hear,
And, laughing, pressed an airy kiss behind the good-wife's ear.
And she, as e'er, relenting, sighed: "Oh Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-Rose!"

The sun was high, and summer sounds were teeming in the air;
The clank of scythes, the cricket's whirr, and swelling wood-notes rare,
From field, and copse, and meadow; and through the open door
Sweet, fragrant whiffs of new-mown hay the idle breezes bore.

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird of thoughtful mien,
Whose little life has problems among the branches green.
She heard the river brawling where the tide was swift and strong,
She heard the summer singing its strange, alluring song.

And out she skipped the meadows o'er and gazed into the sky;
Her heart o'er-brimmed with gladness, she scarce herself knew why,
And to a merry tune she hummed, "O Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!"

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied
She shook her head in warning, and scarce her wrath could hide;
For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and loom,
And not to drink the sunshine, and the wild-flowers' sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when Brier-Rose went by,
"You cannot knit a stocking, and you cannot make a pie."

But Brier-Rose, as was her won't, she cocked her curly head:
"But I can sing a pretty song," full merrily she said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they saw the maid at play:
"Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, how do you do to-day?"
Then she shook her tiny fist, to her cheek the color flew:
"However much you coax me, I'll never dance with you."

II.

Thus flew the years light-winged over Brier-Rose's head,
Till she was twenty summers old and yet remained unwed.
And all the parish wondered: "The Lord Almighty knows
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-Rose!"

And while they wondered, came the Spring a-dancing o'er the hills;
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the mountain rills,
With their tinkling and their rippling and their rushing, filled the air,
And the misty sounds of water forth-welling everywhere.

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty beast of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud and tossed its mane of spray;
Then hushed again its voice to a softly plashing croon,
As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled
Adown the tawny eddies that hissed and seethed and swirled,
Now shooting through the rapids and, with a reeling swing,
Into the foam-crests diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where, o'er a steep incline,
The waters plunged and wreathed in foam the dark boughs of the pine,
The lads kept watch with shout and song, and sent each straggling beam
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the stream.

III.

And yet—methinks I hear it now—wild voices in the night,
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's flaring light,
And wandering gusts of dampness, and 'round us, far and nigh,
A throbbing boom of water, like a pulse-beat in the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid east with spears of gold and red
As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, towards the narrows sped,
And terror smote us, for we heard the mighty tree-tops sway,
And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing showers of spray.

"Now, lads," the sheriff shouted, "you are strong like Norway's rock;
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks the lumber-lock!
For if another hour go by, the angry waters' spoil
Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary years of toil."

We looked each at the other; each hoped his neighbor would
Brave death and danger for his home, as valiant Norsemen should;
But at our feet the brawling tide expanded like a lake,
And whirling beams came shooting on, and made the firm rock quake.

"Two hundred crowns!" the sheriff cried, and breathless stood the crowd.
"Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!" in anxious tones and loud.
But not a man came forward, and no one spoke or stirred,
And nothing but the thunder of the cataract was heard.

But as with trembling hands and with fainting hearts we stood
We spied a little curly head emerging from the wood;
We heard a little snatch of a merry little song,
And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people 'round about.
"Fling her into the river!" we heard the matrons shout;
"Chase her away, the silly thing; for God himself scarce knows
Why ever he created that worthless Brier-Rose."

Sweet Brier-Rose she heard their cries; a little pensive smile
Across her fair face flitted that might a stone beguile;
And then she gave her pretty head a roguish little cock.
"Hand me a boat-hook, lads," she said; "I think I'll break the lock."

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats of young and old:
"Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your tongue was ever bold!"
And, mockingly, a boat-hook into her hands was flung,
When, lo! into the river's midst with daring leaps she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense and blinding spray;
From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-sprite at play;
And now and then faint gleams we caught of color through the mist—
A crimson waist, a golden head, a little dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of the hill,
A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred hearts stood still,
For hark! from out the rapids came a strange and creaking sound,
and then a crash of thunder which shook the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down o'er the rocky steep;
We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in the deep;
We saw a tiny form which the torrent swiftly bore
And flung into the wild abyss, where it was seen no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou couldst not weave nor spin,
Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than all thy mocking kin;
For thou hadst courage e'en to die, and by thy death to save
A thousand farms and lives from the fury of the wave.

And yet the adage lives, in the valley of thy birth,
When wayward children spend their days in heedless play and mirth,
Oft mothers say, half smiling, half sighing, "Heaven knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!"

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEEN.

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

IT WAS the seventh of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of autumn. The sky was cloudless, the foliage of the woods scarcely tinged with purple and gold. But the tread of legions shook the ground, from every bush shot the glimmer of rifle-barrels; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful as he watched the evolutions of the two armies. All at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle while the earth throbbed as with the pulsations of a mighty heart. Suddenly along the heights, on which Gates and his staff stood, came a rider upon a black horse, rushing towards the distant battle. Look! He draws his sword. The sharp blade quivers through the air; and now he is gone, gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there, through the intervals of cannon-smoke, you may see riding madly forward, that strange soldier mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as, with face red with British blood, he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare; and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff.

Thus it was all the day long; and wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, towards the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemus Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost. That cliff is too steep. That death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs. But look yonder! In this moment, when all is dismay, here, crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider

bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat, and dust, and blood. He lays his hand on that bold rifleman's shoulder; and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seizes his rifle and starts toward the rock. Now look as that black steed crashes up the steep cliff! That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! no! still on, still up the cliff, still on towards the fortress! The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on! men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the riflemen are on the rock. Now, British cannon, pour your fires, and lay your dead upon the rock in tens and twenties. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can; for look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by a hundred balls. But his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice, and shouts to Horatio Gates, sitting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven he falls, his leg shattered by a cannon ball.

Who was the rider of that black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was received at the storming of Quebec. That rider of the black horse was Benedict Arnold.—GEORGE LIPPARD.

ECHO AND THE FERRY.

[The reader should imitate the echoes in this selection.]

AY, OLIVER! I was but seven, and he was eleven;
He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where I stood.
They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven!
A small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh! a girl is no good!"
So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood.
It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only seven!
At home in the dark London smoke I had not found it out.
The pear-trees looked on in their white, and blue-birds flashed about.

And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?
I thought so. Yes, every one else was eleven—eleven!

So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom was littered;
And under and over the branches those little birds twittered,
While hanging head downward they scolded because I was seven.
A pity—a very great pity! One should be eleven.
But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet,
And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old.
Then I knew, for I peeped, and I felt it was right they should scold.
Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;
And then some one else—oh! how softly!—came after, came after,
With laughter—with laughter came after.

And no one was near us to utter that sweet mocking call,
That soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.
But this was the country—perhaps it was close under heaven;
Oh! nothing so likely; the voice might have come from it even.
I knew about heaven. But this was the country, of this
Light, blossom, and piping, and flashing of wings, not at all,
Not at all. No. But one little bird was an easy forgiver:
She peeped, she drew near as I moved from her domicile small,
Then flashed down her hole like a dart—like a dart from the quiver.
And I waded atween the long grasses, and felt it was bliss.

—So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and shiver
And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall
White branches, a humming of bees. And I came to the wall—
A little low wall—and looked over, and there was the river,
The lane that led on to the village, and then the sweet river,
Clear shining and slow, she had far, far to go from her snow;
But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to guard her long flow,
And she murmured, methought, with a speech very soft, very low.

"The ways will be long, but the days will be long," quoth the river,
"To me a long liver, long, long!" quoth the river—the river.

I dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard, the sky,
The voice that had mocked coming after and over and under.
But at last—in a day or two namely—Eleven and I
Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the wonder.
He said that was Echo. "Was Echo a wise kind of bee
That had learned how to laugh; could it laugh in one's ear and then fly,
And laugh again yonder?" "No; Echo"—he whispered it low—
"Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could see,
And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he;
But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder.

Yet I that had money—a shilling, a whole silver shilling—
We might cross if I thought I could spend it." "Oh! yes!" I was willing—
And we ran hand in hand, we ran down to the ferry, the ferry,
And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and merry
When they called for the ferry; but, oh! she was very—was very
Swift-footed. She spoke and was gone; and when Oliver cried,
"Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry—the ferry!"
By the still water's side she was heard far and wide—she replied,
And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry, "You man of the ferry,
You man of—you man of the ferry!"

"Hie over!" he shouted. The ferry man came at his calling;
Across the clear reed-bordered river he ferried us fast.
Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran on; it surpassed
All measure her doubling—so close, then so far away falling,
Then gone, and no more. Oh! to see her but once unaware,
And the mouth that had mocked, but we might not (yet sure she was there),

Nor behold her wild eyes, and her mystical countenance fair.
We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren in her stead;
In the field, and we found but the cuckoo that talked overhead;
By the brook, and we found the reed-sparrow, deep-nested in brown;
Not Echo, fair Echo, for Echo, sweet Echo, was flown.

So we came to the place where the dead people wait till God call.
The church was among them, gray moss over roof, over wall.
Very silent, so low. And we stood on a green, grassy mound
And looked in at the window, for Echo perhaps, in her round
Might have come in to hide there. But, no; every oak-carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible—old, old, very old.
And the parson's great prayer book beside it; we heard the slow beat
Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the clear gold
Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle, and then waver and play
On the low chancel step and the railing; and Oliver said,
"Look, Katie! look, Katie! when Lettice came here to be wed
She stood where that sunbeam drops down, and all white was her gown;
And she stepped upon flowers they strewed for her."

Then quoth small Seven:
"Shall I wear a white gown and have flowers to walk upon ever?"
All doubtful: "It takes a long time to grow up," quoth Eleven;
"You're so little, you know, and the church is so old, it can never
Last on till you're tall." And in whispers—because it was old
And holy, and fraught with strange meaning, half felt, but not told,
Full of old parsons' prayers, who were dead, of old days, of old folk.
Neither heard or beheld, but about us—in whispers we spoke.
Then we went from it softly, and ran hand in hand to the strand,
While bleating of flocks and birds' piping made sweeter the land.

And Echo came back e'en as Oliver drew to the ferry,
"O Katie!" "O Katie!" "Come on, then!" "Come on, then!"
"For see,

The round sun, all red, lying low by the tree"—"by the tree."
"By the tree." Ay, she mocked him again, with her voice sweet and merry;
"Hie over!" "Hie over!" "You man of the ferry"—"the ferry."
"You man of the ferry—"
"You man of—you man of—the ferry."

Ay, here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old;
All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.
Shall I cross by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my white
To that little low church? and will Oliver meet me anon?
Will it all seem an echo from childhood passed over—passed on?
Will the grave parson bless us? Hark! hark! in the dim failing light
I hear her! As then the child's voice clear and high, sweet and merry,
Now she mocks the man's tone with "Hie over! Hie over the ferry!"
"And, Katie." "And, Katie." "Art out with the glow-worms to-night,
My Katie?" "My Katie!" For gladness I break into laughter.
And tears. Then it all comes again as from far-away years;
Again, some one else—oh, how softly!—with laughter comes after,
Comes after—with laughter comes after.

JEAN INGELOW.

ANDRE AND HALE.

ANDRE'S story is the one overmastering romance of the Revolution. American and English literature are full of eloquence and poetry in tribute to his memory and sympathy for his fate. After a lapse of a hundred years there is no abatement of absorbing interest. What had this young man done to merit immortality? The mission whose tragic issue lifted him out of the oblivion of other minor British officers, in its inception was free from peril or daring, and its

object and purposes were utterly infamous. Had he succeeded by the desecration of the honorable uses of passes and flags of truce, his name would have been held in everlasting execration. In his failure, the infant republic escaped the dagger with which he was feeling for its heart, and the crime was drowned in tears for his untimely end.

His youth and beauty, his skill with pen and pencil, his effervescing spirits and magnetic disposition, the brightness of his life, the calm courage in the gloom of his death, his early love and disappointment, and the image of his lost Honora hid in his mouth when captured in Canada with the exclamation, "That saved, I care not for the loss of all the rest," and nestling in his bosom when he was slain, surrounded him with a halo of poetry and pity which have secured for him what he most sought and could never have won in battles and sieges —a fame and recognition which have outlived that of all the generals under whom he served.

Are kings only grateful, and do republics forget? Is fame a travesty, and the judgment of mankind a farce? America had a parallel case in Captain Nathan Hale. Of the same age as Andre, he graduated at Yale college with high honors, enlisted in the patriot cause at the beginning of the contest, and secured the love and confidence of all about him. When none else would go on a most important and perilous mission, he volunteered, and was captured by the British. While Andre received every kindness, courtesy and attention, and was fed from Washington's table, Hale was thrust into a noisome dungeon in the sugar-house. While Andre was tried by a board of officers and had ample time and every facility for defence, Hale was summarily ordered to execution the next morning. While Andre's last wishes and bequests were sacredly followed, the infamous Cunningham tore from Hale his letters to his mother and sister, and asked him what he had to say.

"All I have to say," was Hale's reply, "is that I regret I have but one life to lose for my country." His death was concealed for months, because Cunningham said he did not want the rebels to know they had a man who could die so bravely. And yet, while Andre rests in that

EDWIN BOOTH.

THE STATUES OF OUR STATELY FORTUNES
ARE SCULPTURED BY THE CHISEL—NOT THE AXE!
BENEATH THE RULE OF MEN ENTIRELY GREAT,
THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

RICHELIEU.

ALEXANDER SALVINI.

THERE! BRING MY LOVE THE SHATTERED GLASS—
CHARGE ON THE FOE! NO JOYS SURPASS
SUCH DYING!—THE TROOPER'S DEATH

grandest of mausoleums, where the proudest of nations garners the remains and perpetuates the memories of its most eminent and honored, the name and deeds of Nathan Hale have passsed into oblivion, and only a simple tomb in a village churchyard marks his resting-place.

The dying declarations of Andre and Hale express the animating spirit of their several armies, and teach why, with all their power, England could not conquer America. "I call upon you to witness that I die like a brave man," said Andre, and he spoke from British and Hessian surroundings, seeking only glory and pay. "I regret that I have only one life to lose for my country," said Hale; and with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that absorbing, passionate patriotism which pledges fortune, honor and life to the sacred cause.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

THE night was falling dreary, in merry Bandon town,
When in his cottage, weary, an Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendor had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No surrender!" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners, waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
And fife and drum were beating the *Battle of the Boyne*.

Ha! tow'rd his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger, though green my color be,
And in the day of danger may Heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.

Hark! hear that fearful warning, there's death in every tone—
Oh save my life till morning, and Heaven prolong your own!"

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green;
He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent press'd,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed—
"Arise, arise and follow the chase along the plain!
In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain!"

With rising shouts they gather upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father agast with sudden pain.
He seeks the frighted stranger, in covert where he lay—
"Arise!" he said, "all danger is gone and passed away!

"I had a son—one only, one loved as very life,
Thy hand has left me lonely, in that accursed strife.
I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease,
I kept the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace;"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale;
The father, broken hearted, lay brooding o'er that tale.
Full twenty summers after to silver turned his beard;
And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary, in merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin, weary, a peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of "Granua Uile."

Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gayly waving, was spread against the breeze—
In might chorus meeting, loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating, "*Down, Orangemen, lie down*!"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangor that woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger, rife on the evening air.
Like billows of the ocean he sees them hurry on—
And, 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band.
Full twenty years and over have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
When, fainting and defeated, I freely took him in.
I pledged my word to save him from vengeance rushing on,—
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son."

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood;
Remembrance kindly stirred him, and tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure, he pierced the listening train,
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling, that old man's tears came down;
Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee my being first shall end;
I'm living to defend thee, my savior and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning, addressed the wondering crowd;
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger from peril scowling dim,
So in his day of danger did Heaven remember him.
By joyous crowds attended, the worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended of Orange and of Green.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

TO A SKELETON.

The MSS. of this poem, which appeared during the first quarter of the present century, was said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and to have been sent by the curator to the *Morning Chronicle* for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer a reward of fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full:
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this smouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained,
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them,
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

THE MAJESTY OF TRIFLES.

NOTHING, in fact, is small, and any one who is affected by the profound penetrations of nature is aware of this fact. Although no absolute satisfaction is granted to philosophy, and though it can no more circumscribe the cause than limit the effect, the contemplator falls into unfathomable ecstasy when he watches all those decompositions of force which result in a beauteous unity. Everything labors for everything; algebra is applied to the clouds, the irradiation of the planet benefits the rose, and no thinker would dare to say that the perfume of the hawthorn is useless to the constellations.

Who can calculate the passage of a molecule? Who among us knows whether the creations of worlds are not determined by the fall of grains of sand? Who is acquainted with the reciprocal ebb and flow of the infinitely great and the infinitely little? A maggot is of importance, the little is great and the great little, all is in a state

of equilibrium in nature. This is a terrific vision for the mind. There are prodigious relations between beings and things; and in this inexhaustible total, from the flea to the sun, nothing despises the other, for all have need of each other.

Light does not bear into the sky terrestrial perfumes without knowing what to do with them, and night distributes the planetary essence to the sleepy flowers. Every bird that flies has round its foot the thread of infinity; germination is equally displayed in the outburst of a meteor and the peck of the swallow breaking the egg, and it places the birth of a worm and the advent of Socrates in the same parallel. Where the telescope ends the microscope begins, and which of the two has the grandest sight? You can choose. A patch of green mold is a pleiad of flowers, and a nebula is an ant-hill of stars.—VICTOR HUGO.

THE FIRE.

[An excellent reading for rapid modulations of voice, and dramatic effect.]

HUSH, hark, that knell!
What means that bell—
That rousing swell?
It dies, it sinks in parted links.

Again it thrills! Again it fills!
Waking, shaking, leaping higher,
Hoarse and deep with embodied fire.

See that smoke! See that cloud!
Darker, denser, wider growing,
Rising, falling, searching, blowing.

Again that stroke! See that crowd!
Rushing, pushing, shouting, yelling,
Love to save, each bosom swelling—
Swelling, swelling, swelling.

Place the engine! Seize the hose!
Let the water boldly float
On the fiendish fiery foes,
And the engine puff her throat.

O the flames! O the flames!
Winding, wafting, twisting, turning,
Cracking, scorching, blazing, burning!
Burning, burning, burning!

Hear those names! Hear those claims!
Save me, father! Save me, mother!
Sister, save me! Save me, brother!
O hear our angel baby's cry!
No more. Its lips in ashes lie.

Hush! that clash! Gods, that crash!
Madly rising, tearing, dashing!
Wildly flouncing, flaring, flashing!
Red flames lash the broken sash.

Hark, hark, within—a breath, a din!
Groaning, moaning, clinging, grasping,
Life on fire, a fireman clasping!
Clasping, clasping, clasping!
Such love of kin should glory win.

Now, now you see the flames are free!
Sprouting, spreading, waving, soaring,
Plunging, tossing, raging, roaring,
In one hot sea of dread decree.

The high-raised throws from spurting hose,
Tending, bending, warping, winding,
Seeking, chasing, meeting, blinding,
Each blast that blows from fiery foes.

O God, that wail! That prayer, that fall!
Ruin, wreck and desolation,
Ravage, waste and devastation,
Spread Death's sad pall dark over all.

That lurid glare! That ghastly stare!
Bruised, maimed, and gashed,
Soiled, stained, and broken,
Of former looks scare left a token.

Could those lips speak, how they could tell
Of direful woe and fortune fell!
For mother's grief those eyes have shed;
For brother's pain that still heart bled,

What now is light, or gloom, or earth, or air,
To that wild stare?
Or friend or foe, or joy or woe,
Or frown or smile, or trust or guile,
To that dead glare?
Truth rests but in the tomb.

HUGH F. MCDERMOTT.

HEROES OF THE LAND OF PENN.

[A good combination of vivid word-painting and dramatic passages.]

BEAUTIFUL in her solitary grandeur—fair as a green island in a desert waste, proud as a lonely column, reared in the wilderness—rises the land of Penn, in the history of America.

Here, beneath the Elm of Shackamaxon, was first reared the holy altar of Toleration. Here, from the halls of the old State House, was first proclaimed the Bible of the rights of man—the Declaration of Independence.

Here, William Penn asserted the mild teachings of the Gospel, whose every word was Love. Here Franklin drew down lightnings from the sky, and bent the science of ages to the good of toiling man. Here Jefferson stood forth, the consecrated Prophet of Freedom,

proclaiming from Independence Hall the destiny of a Continent, the freedom of a people.

She has no orator to celebrate her glories, to point to her past; she has no Pierpont to hymn her illustrious dead: no Jared Sparks to chronicle her Revolutionary grandeur.

And yet the green fields of Germantown, the twilight vale of the Brandywine, the blood-nurtured soil of Paoli, all have their memories of the past, all are stored with their sacred treasure of whitened bones. From the far North, old Wyoming sends forth her voice—from her hills of grandeur and her valleys of beauty, she sends her voice, and at the sound the mighty Dead of the land of Penn sweep by, a solemn pageant of the Past.

Pennsylvanians, remember that though the Land of Penn has no history, yet is her story written on her battle-fields.

Let us go to the battle of Germantown, in the dread hour of the retreat, and see how the children of Penn died. Let us go there, in the moment when Washington and his Generals came back from the fight.

A pause in the din of battle! The denizens of Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill come crowding to their doors and windows; the hilly streets are occupied by anxious groups of people, who converse in low and whispered tones, with hurried gestures, and looks of surprise and fear. See yonder group clustered by the roadside: the gray-haired man, with his ear inclined intently toward Germantown, his hands outspread, and his trembling form bent with age; the maiden, fair-cheeked, red-lipped, and blooming, clad in the peasant costume; the matron, calm, self-possessed and placid; the boy, with the light flaxen hair, the ruddy cheeks, the merry blue eyes;—all standing silent and motionless, and listening, as with a common impulse, for the first news of the battle.

There is a strange silence upon the air. A moment ago, and far off shouts broke upon the ear, mingling with the thunder of cannon, and the shrieks of the terrible musketry; the earth seems to tremble, and far around, the wide horizon is agitated by a thousand echoes. Now

the scene is still as midnight. Not a sound, not a shout, not a distant hurrah. The anxiety of the group upon the hill becomes absorbing and painful. Looks of wonder, at the sudden pause of the battle, flit from face to face, and then low whispers are heard, and then comes another moment of fearful suspense. It is followed by a wild, rushing sound to the south, like the shrieks of the ocean waves, as they fill the hold of the foundering ship, while it sinks far into the loneliness of the seas.

Then a pause, and again that unknown sound, and then the tramp of ten thousand footsteps mingled with a wild and indistinct murmur. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the air is filled with a sound, and then distinct voices break upon the air, and the clatter is borne upon the breeze.

The boy turns to his mother, and asks her who has gained the day. Every heart feels vividly that the battle is now over, that the account of blood is near its close, that the appeal to the God of battles has been made. The mother turns her tearful eyes to the south; she cannot answer the question. The old man, awakened from a reverie, turns suddenly to the maiden, and clasps her arm with his trembling hands. His lips move, but his tongue is unable to syllable a sound. He flings a trembling hand southward, and speaks his question with the gesture of age. The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? As he makes the gesture, the figure of a soldier is seen rushing from the mist in the valley below; he comes speeding round the bend of the road, he ascends the hill, but his steps totter and he staggers to and fro like a drunken man. He bears a burden on his shoulders—is it the plunder of the fight? Is it the spoil gathered from the ranks of the dead? No!—no! He bears an aged man on his shoulders.

Both are clad in the blue hunting shirt, torn and tattered and stained with blood, it is true, but still you can recognize the uniform of the Revolution. The tottering soldier nears the group, he lays the aged veteran down by the roadside, and then looks around with a ghastly face and a rolling eye. There is blood dripping from his attire, his face is begrimed with powder and spotted with crimson drops. He glances wildly around, and then, kneeling on the sod, he takes the

hand of the aged man in his own, and raises his head upon his knee.

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? The group cluster around as they ask the question. The young Continental makes no reply, but, gazing upon the face of the dying veteran, wipes the beaded drops of blood from his forehead.

"Comrade!" shrieks the veteran, "raise me on my feet, and wipe the blood from my eyes. I would see him once again." He is raised upon his feet, and the blood is wiped from his eyes. "I see—it is he—it is Washington! Yonder—yonder I see his sword—and Anthony Wayne—raise me higher, comrade—all is getting dark—I would see—Mad Anthony! Lift me, comrade—higher, higher—I see him—I see Mad Anthony! Wipe the blood from my eyes, comrade, for it darkens my sight; it is dark—it is dark!"

And the young soldier held in his arms a lifeless corpse. The old veteran was dead. He had fought his last fight, fired his last shot, shouted the name of Mad Anthony for the last time; and yet his withered hand clenched, with the tightness of death, the broken bayonet.

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? As the thrilling question again rung in his ears, the young Continental turned to the group, smiled ghastly, and then flung his wounded arm to the south.

"Lost!" he shrieked, and rushed on his way like one bereft of his senses. He had not gone ten steps, when he bit the dust of the roadside, and lay extended in the face of day, a lifeless corpse.

So they died; the young hero and the aged veteran, children of the Land of Penn! So died thousands of their brethren throughout the Continent—Quebec and Saratoga, Camden and Bunker Hill, to this hour, retain their bones!

Nameless and unhonored, the "Poor Men Heroes" of Pennsylvania sleep the last slumber on every battle-field of the Revolution. The incident which we have pictured is but a solitary page among ten thousand. In every spear of the grass that grows on our battle-fields, in every wild flower that blooms above the dead of the Revolution, you read the quiet heroism of the children of the Land of Penn.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

KATE SHELLY.

HAVE you heard how a girl saved the lightning express,—
Of Kate Shelly, whose father was killed on the road?
Were he living to-day, he'd be proud to possess
Such a daughter as Kate. Ah! 'twas grit that she showed
On that terrible evening when Donahue's train
Jumped the bridge and went down, in the darkness and rain.

She was only eighteen, but a woman in size,
With a figure as graceful and lithe as a doe;
With peach-blossom cheeks, and with violet eyes,
And teeth and complexion like new-fallen snow;
With a nature unspoiled and unblemished by art—
With a generous soul, and a warm, noble heart!

'Tis evening—the darkness is dense and profound;
Men linger at home by their bright-blazing fires;
The wind wildly howls with a horrible sound,
And shrieks through the vibrating telegraph wires;
The fierce lightning flashes along the dark sky;
The rain falls in torrents; the river rolls by.

The scream of a whistle! the rush of a train!
The sound of a bell! a mysterious light
That flashes and flares through the fast falling rain!
A rumble! a roar! shrieks of human affright!
The falling of timbers! the space of a breath!
A splash in the river! then darkness and death!

Kate Shelly recoils at the terrible crash;
The sounds of destruction she happens to hear;
She springs to the window—she throws up the sash,
And listens and looks with a feeling of fear.
The tall tree-tops groan, and she hears the faint cry
Of a drowning man down in the river near by.

Her heart feebly flutters, her features grow wan,
  And then through her soul in a moment there flies
A forethought that gives her the strength of a man—
  She turns to her trembling old mother and cries:
"I must save the express—'twill be here in an hour!"
Then out through the door disappears in the shower.

She flies down the track through the pitiless rain;
  She reaches the river—the water below
Whirls and seethes through the timbers. She shudders again:
  "The bridge! To Moingona God help me to go!"
Then closely about her she gathers her gown
And on the wet ties with a shiver sinks down.

Then carefully over the timbers she creeps
  On her hands and her knees, almost holding her breath.
The loud thunder peals and the wind wildly sweeps,
  And struggles to hurry her downward to death;
But the thought of the train to destruction so near
Removes from her soul every feeling of fear.

With the blood dripping down from each torn, bleeding limb,
  Slowly over the timbers her dark way she feels;
Her fingers grow numb and her head seems to swim;
  Her strength is fast failing—she staggers! she reels!
She falls——Ah! the danger is over at last,
Her feet touch the earth, and the long bridge is passed!

In an instant new life seems to come to her form;
  She springs to her feet and forgets her despair.
On, on to Moingona! she faces the storm,
  She reaches the station—the keeper is there.
"Save the lightning express! No—hang out the red light!
There's death on the bridge at the river to-night!"

Out flashes the signal-light, rosy and red;
  Then sounds the loud roar of the swift coming train,
The hissing of steam, and there, brightly ahead,
  The gleam of a headlight illumines the rain.
"Down brakes!" shrieks the whistle, defiant and shrill;
She heeds the red signal—she slackens, she's still!

Ah! noble Kate Shelly, your mission is done;
  Your deed that dark night will not fade from our gaze;
An endless renown you have worthily won:
  Let the nation be just, and accord you its praise.
Let your name, let your fame, and your courage declare
What a *woman* can do, and a *woman* can dare!

EUGENE J. HALL.

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State House bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands, shouted—*Ring!* RING! RING!"

[Read with spirit and animation.]

THERE was a tumult in the city,
  In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
  Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
  Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
  With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
  Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,

So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made the harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside,
Sat the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray,
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The expected news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,

As the boy beside the portal
  Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
  Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
  Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
  Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
  Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal,
  The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
  Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
  How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
  The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
  Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
  Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
  Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
  Still is living—ever young:
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
  On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
  Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence;"
  Which, please God, shall never die!

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I LOOKED far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial stone the creeping shadow passed,
And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little reck'ed they, when they sang, or knelt at the vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line!
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry.
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's charm, its sunshine and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;

And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes,
Upon the fast receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendors of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
The chosen land of chivalry, the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea!

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart SCEPTRE well she swayed, but the SWORD she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot's zeal, and fierce domestic broils;
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!

They come, they come!—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—
The ruffian's steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she said, "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing the Queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.
"My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown.

The scene was changed—Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad-axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood,
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts of all.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone.
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold!
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!

Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon the bridal morn,

A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change!—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—ALONE!
The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed!
—Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away!
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a Queen,
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen—
Lapped by a dog! Go think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

H. G. BELL.

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

The author of this thrilling sketch was called "The Learned Blacksmith," on account of having learned to speak many languages although he worked daily at the forge. This reading is one of his most vivid descriptions.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning these measureless piers is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up these perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand.

The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them and find that others have been

there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field he had been there and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that of the Father of his Country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a niche into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; and, as he draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall.

While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment more, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices of his terror-stricken companions below! What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is

impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma. He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon the father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair: "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye toward the top!"

The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother and sister on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall. Fifty more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge above. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God—mother" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of the last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.—ELIHU BURRITT.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

[Call "Charco'!" with a prolonged sound, and imitate the echoes.]

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"

"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that,
'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot, nor speck,—though still he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies,—
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness,
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies,—
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Mark, ho!"—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright,
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies,—

"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!"—"Ah, go!"—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusky as an African,
'Tis not for you that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies,
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

HIGH hopes that burn like stars sublime,
Go down the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!
But never sit we down and say,
"There's nothing left but sorrow:"
We walk the Wilderness to-day—
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming!
But life burns in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow!

Through all the long, drear night of years
  The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears,
  But our meek suffering endeth!
The few shall not forever sway,
  The many toil in sorrow:
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
  But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
  With smiling futures glisten:
For lo! our day bursts up the skies—
  Lean out our souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
  And ripens with her sorrow:
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day
  Shall wear the crown to-morrow!

O, Youth, flame-earnest, still aspire
  With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire
  Our yearning opes a portal!
And though Age wearies by the way,
  And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
  The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
  Be like the sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call—
  O! Chivalry of labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins—and aye
  Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
  Brings victory to-morrow!

GERALD MASSEY.

WASHINGTON.

IT MATTERS very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification; Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having

emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created!

> "How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
> Thou more than soldier and just less than sage;
> All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
> Far less, than all thou hast foreborne to be!"

Happy, proud American! the lightings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!—CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind came blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face.
Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,
Madder, merrier, chiller still,
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully, do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he has gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What terrible danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

NORA PERRY.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

"YAH, I shpeaks English a leetle; berhaps you shpeaks petter der German."

"No, not a word." "Vel den, meester, it hard for to be oonderstandt.
I vos drei yahr in your country; I fights in der army mit Sherman—Twentiet Illinois Infantry—Fightin' Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia—a veteran, eh?"—"Vell, I tell you Shust how it vos. I vent ofer in sixty, und landt in Nei-York;
I sphends all mine money, gets sick, und near dies in der Hospiddal Bellevue;
Ven I gets petter I tramps to Sheecago to look for some vork."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?"—"Yah, swansig apout; und der peebles
Vot I goes to for to ask for some vork, dey hafe none for to geef;
Efery von laughs; but I holds my head ope shust so high as der steeples;
Only dot var comes along, or I should have die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded? I notice you walk rather lame and unsteady.
Pshaw! got a wooden leg, eh? What battle?" "At Lookout!" "Don't say!
I was there too—wait a minute—why your glass is empty already.
Have another. There! tell me how 'twas you got wounded that day."

"Vell, ve charge ope der side of der mountain—der sky vos all smoky and hazy;
Ve fight all day long in der clouds, but I nefer get hit until night—
But—I don't care to say mooch apout it. Der boys call me foolish and crazy,
Und der doctor that cut ofe my leg, he say, 'Goot'—dot it serf me shust right.

"But I dinks I vood do dot thing over again, shust der same, and no matter
Vot any man say." "Well, let's hear it—you needn't mind talking to me,
For I was there, too, as I tell you—and oh! how the bullets did patter
Around on that breastwork of boulders that sheltered our Tenth Tennessee."

"So? Dot vos a Tennessee regiment charged upon ours in de efening,
Shust before dark; und dey yell as dey charge, und ve geef a hurrah;
Der roar of der guns, it vos orful." "Ah! yes, I remember, 'twas deafening,
The hottest musketry firing that ever our regiment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem back, und der night come on, I listen,
Und dinks dot I hear somepody a callin'—a voice dot cried,
'Pring me some vater, for Gott's sake'—I saw his peltblate glisten
Oonder der moonlight, on der parapet, shust outside.

"I dhrow my canteen ofer to vere he lie, but he answer
Dot his left handt vos gone, und his right arm proke mit a fall;
Den I shump ofer, und gife him to drink, but shust as I ran, sir,
Bang! come a sharp-shooter's pullet; und dot's how it vos—dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did they? Him you befriended—
The 'Reb,' I mean—what became of him? Did he ever come 'round?"
"Dey tell me he crawl to my side, und call till his strength vos all ended,
Until dey come out mit der stretchers, und carry us off from der ground.

"But pefore ve go, he ask me my name, und says he, 'Yacob Keller,
You loses your leg for me, und some day, if both of us leefs,
I shows you I don't vorget'—but he most hafe died, de poor feller;
I never hear ofe him since. He don't get vell, I beliefs.

"Only I alvays got der saddisfacshun ofe knowin'—
Shtop! vots der matter? Here, take some vater, you're vite as a sheet—
Shteady your handt on my shoulder! my gootness! I dinks you vos goin'
To lose your senses avay, und fall right off mit der seat.

"Geef me your handts. Vot! der left one gone? Und you vos a soldier
In dot same battle!—a Tennessee regiment?—dot's mighty queer—
Berhaps after all you're—" "Yes, Yacob, God bless you old fellow, I told you
I'd never—no, never forget you. I told you I'd come, and I'm here."

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

[With movement moderately rapid.]

"I FOUND a Rome of common clay," imperial Cæsar cried;
"I left a Rome of marble!" No other Rome beside!
The ages wrote their autographs along the sculptured stone—
The golden eagles flew aboad—Augustan splendors shone—
They made a Roman of the world! They trailed the classic robe,
And flung the Latin toga around the naked globe!

"I found Chicago wood and clay," a mightier Kaiser said,
Then flung upon the sleeping mart his royal robes of red,
And temple, dome, and colonnade, and monument and spire
Put on the crimson livery of dreadful Kaiser Fire!
The stately piles of polished stone were shattered into sand,
And madly drove the dread simoon, and snowed them on the land;
And rained them till the sea was red, and scorched the wings of prayer!
Like thistle-down ten thousand homes went drifting through the air,
And dumb Dismay walked hand-in-hand with frozen-eyed Despair!

Chicago vanished in a cloud—the towers were storms of sleet,
Lo! ruins of a thousand years along the spectral street!
The night burned out between the days! The ashen hoar-frost fell,
As if some demon set ajar the bolted gates of hell,
And let the molton billows break the adamantine bars,
And roll the smoke of torment up to smother out the stars!
The low, dull growl of powder-blasts just dotted off the din,
As if they tolled for perished clocks the time that might have been!

The thunder of the fiery surf roared human accents dumb;
The trumpet's clangor died away, a wild bee's drowsy hum,
And breakers beat the empty world that rumbled like a drum.
O cities of the Silent Land! O Graceland and Rosehill!
No tombs without their tenantry? The pale host sleeping still?
Your marble thresholds dawning red with holocaustal glare,
As if the Waking Angel's foot were set upon the stair!

But ah, the human multitudes that marched before the flame—
As 'mid the Red Sea's wavy walls the ancient people came!
Behind, the rattling chariots! the Pharaoh of Fire!
The rallying volley of the whips, the jarring of the tire!—
Looked round, and saw the homeless world as dismal as a pyre—
Looked up, and saw God's blessed Blue a firmament so dire!

As in the days of burning Troy, when Virgil's hero fled,
So gray and trembling pilgrims found some younger feet instead,
That bore them through the wilderness with bold elastic stride,
And Ruth and Rachel, pale and brave, in silence walked beside;
Those Bible girls of Judah's day did make that day sublime—
Leave life but them, no other loss can ever bankrupt Time!

Men stood and saw their all caught up in chariots of flame—
No mantle falling from the sky they ever thought to claim,
And empty-handed as the dead, they turned away and smiled,
And bore a stranger's household gods and saved a stranger's child!
What valor brightened into shape, like statues in a hall,
When on their dusky panoply the blazing torches fall,
Stood bravely out, and saw the world spread wings of fiery flight,
And not a trinket of a star to crown disastered night!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

BILL THE ENGINEER.

[Imitate as nearly as possible the puffing sounds of a locomotive when it starts.]

"ALL 'board!" "Spheee-ee-chee—sphee-ee-choof"—
And the iron horse moves his steel-rimmed hoof,
And snorts from his chest his breath of steam,
With a quickening pulse and warning scream;
Moves out with his freight of human lives—
A sinuous chain of humming hives.

Anon the hum is a rattling din,
As the bright steel arms fly out and in,

Till naught is heard save a deafening jar,
As the train speeds on like a shooting star,
With a lengthening trail like a smoky pall
Whose writhing folds envelop all.

"Stoke up!" shouts Bill, the engineer;
"We must rush this grade and the bottom clear
With a monstrous bulge, to pull up hill
T'other side—heavy train." "All right, Bill!"
And the coal went in and the throttle out.
"Watch yo' side the curve!" from Bill with a shout.

Adown the grade with open throttle
They swiftly glide as a flying shuttle—
Weaving in streaks of green and gray,
The warp and woof of bush and clay,
While steam and smoke and dust behind
Form mottled clouds in the tortured wind.

Through the cut and into the vale—
Across the trestle that spans the swale;
There the willows swirl, and the rank weeds sway,
And the heron starts with a shriek away—
Blown from her course—a shrill refrain,
'Mid the whirling gusts of the flying train.

Beyond the curve this side the hill,
There runs a creek—by the old saw-mill—
A covered bridge and a water tank,
With the watchman's shanty on this bank:
A quiet nook, for the mill is done,—
With crippled Jemmie it ceased to run.

Just round the curve in the shady wood
That fringes the creek, his low hut stood

Where Jemmie, the watch, spent his useful life
With a lovely child and a loving wife.
Naught now came their peace to mar
Worse than a swift train's rumbling jar.

To fame unknown, but to roadman dear,
For Jemmie had watched from year to year—
And more than once did his vigil save
A train and its lives from a watery grave,
Since broken in purse and form at the mill
He worked on crutches—a good watch still!

"Hark! 'Tis the train!" The mother's ear
Leans to the sound; then a mortal fear
Freezes her veins—she sees not her child!
"Oh, darling! Oh, Maggie!" in accents wild.
She starts from the hut—now *feeling* the way,
"*Keep Maggie in when the trains go by.*"

She strains her eyes out toward the creek,
Where up the track, with an ashen cheek,
Hobbled the watch—one pointed crutch
Where Maggie lay in the engine's clutch—
The wilting flowers across her breast;
She'd wearied to sleep in their eager quest.

"Save her, Mary! For God's sake run!"
Came Jemmie's voice like a signal gun;
The mother sprang like a startled deer,
But the rushing train was now too near—
She saw, and swooned with a piercing shriek
That echoed afar o'er the winding creek;

Ay, pierced the boom round the curve so near,
And smote on the ear of the engineer;

"Great God! Down brakes! Quick! Reverse!"
And Bill was out on the iron horse,
Treading his thrills o'er the roaring fires
With his nerves strung tense as electric wires.

Alas! the engine's speed is too great;
The baby dreams in the path of fate!
Yet Bill knows the force and just the brace
To lift a pound in such a case;
With a rushing train and the child asleep,
'Tis a giant's power his place must keep.

Still reaching forth with an iron grasp,
He does with his might this God-like task;
Bears the startled child on high—
So happy to hear its frightened cry—
Then crushing it to his manly breast,
Kisses its cheeks with a lover's zest.

"More brakes!" calls Bill, for the mother's seen,
And the crutches and form of Jemmie between
His wife and the train—that's crushed the life
From his child he thinks—"I'll die with my wife!"
But the train now slackens and stops apace—
Hard by a pallid upturned face.

"Saved!" cries Bill, from the engine's front;
"Saved!" echoes Jemmie, his crutches shunt;
"Saved?" shouted the passengers, "Saved from death!"
"Saved?" queries Mary, with conscious breath.
Then helped to her feet—"God bless you sir!"
And Bill's grimy hand wipes back a tear.

"All 'board!" "Sphee-ee chee—sphee-ee-choof!"
And the iron horse moves his steel-rimmed hoof;

And the train resumes its journey far.
Heroes have been, and heroes are—
Of battle and State, of travel and skill,
Of letters and art—but give us "Bill."

At the end of the road they gave him a purse.
"I don't want that!" and he muttered a curse;
But finally took it, and stowed it away,
And then threw it to "Mag" as he passed next day.
It whirled through the air and struck by the stoop,
Where the three stood to greet him, a joyful group.

BETTERSWORTH.

THE ACTOR'S STORY.

MINE is a wild, strange story,—the strangest you ever heard;
There are many who won't believe it, but it's gospel every word;
It's the biggest drama of any in a long, adventurous life;
The scene was a ship, and the actors—were myself and my new-wed wife.

You mustn't mind if I ramble, and lose the thread now and then;
I'm old, you know, and I wander—it's a way with old women and men,
For their lives lie all behind them, and their thoughts go far away,
And are tempted afield, like children lost on a summer day.

The years must be five-and-twenty that have passed since that awful night,
But I see it again this evening, I can never shut out the sight.
We were only a few weeks married, I and the wife, you know,
When we had an offer for Melbourne, and made up our minds to go.

We'd acted together in England, travelling up and down
With a strolling band of players, going from town to town;

We played the lovers together—we were leading lady and gent—
And at last we played in earnest, and straight to the church we went.

The parson gave us his blessing, and I gave Nellie the ring,
And swore that I'd love and cherish, and endow her with everything.
How we smiled at that part of the service when I said "I thee endow!"
But as to the "love and cherish," friends, I meant to keep that vow.

We were only a couple of strollers; we had coin when the show was good,
When it wasn't we went without it, and we did the best we could.
We were happy and loved each other, and laughed at the shifts we made,—
Where love makes plenty of sunshine, there poverty casts no shade.

Well, at last we got to London, and did pretty well for a bit;
Then the business dropped to nothing, and the manager took a fit,—
Stepped off one Sunday morning, forgetting the treasury call;
But our luck was in, and we managed right on our feet to fall.

We got an offer for Melbourne,—got it that very week.
Those were the days when thousands went over their fortunes to seek—
The days of the great gold fever, and a manager thought the spot
Good for a "spec," and took us actors among his lot.

We hadn't a friend in England—we'd only ourselves to please—
And we jumped at the chance of trying our fortune across the seas.
We went on a sailing vessel, and the journey was long and rough;
We hadn't been out a fortnight before we had had enough.

But use is a second nature, and we'd got not to mind a storm,
When misery came upon us,—came in a hideous form,
My poor little wife fell ailing, grew worse, and at last so bad
That the doctor said she was dying,—I thought 'twould have sent me mad—

Dying where leagues of billows seemed to shriek for their prey,
And the nearest land was hundreds—ay, thousands—of miles away.
She raved one night in a fever, and the next lay still as death,
So still I'd bend to listen for the faintest sign of breath.

She seemed in a sleep, and sleeping with a smile on her thin, wan face,
She passed away one morning, while I prayed to the throne of grace.
I knelt in the little cabin, and prayer after prayer I said,
Till the surgeon came and told me it was useless—my wife was dead!

Dead! I wouldn't believe it. They forced me away that night,
For I raved in my wild despairing, the shock sent me mad outright.
I was shut in the farthest cabin, and I beat my head on the side,
And all day long in my madness, "They've murdered her!" I cried.

They locked me away from my fellows,—put me in cruel chains,
It seems I had seized a weapon to beat out the surgeon's brains.
I cried in my wild, mad fury that he was the devil sent
To gloat o'er the frenized anguish with which my heart was rent.

I spent that night with the irons heavy upon my wrists.
And my wife lay dead quite near me. I beat with my fettered fists,
Beat at my prison panels, and then—O God!—and then
I heard the shrieks of women and the tramp of hurrying men.

I heard the cry, "Ship a-fire!" caught up by a hundred throats,
And over the roar the captain shouting to lower the boats;
Then cry upon cry, and curses, and the crackle of burning wood,
And the place grew hot as a furnace—I could feel it where I stood.

I beat at the door and shouted, but never a sound came back,
And the timbers above me started, till right through a yawning crack
I could see the flames shoot upwards, seizing on mast and sail,
Fanned in their burning fury by the breath of the howling gale.

I dashed at the door in fury, shrieking, "I will not die!
Die in this burning prison!"—but I caught no answering cry.
Then, suddenly, right upon me the flames crept up with a roar,
And their fiery tongues shot forward, cracking my prison door.

I was free—with the heavy iron door dragging me down to death;
I fought my way to the cabin, choked with the burning breath
Of the flames that danced around me like mad, mocking fiends at play,
And then—O God! I can see it, and shall to my dying day.

There lay my Nell as they'd left her dead in her berth that night;
The flames flung a smile on her features,—a horrible, lurid light,
God knows how I reached and touched her, but I found myself by her side;
I thought she was living a moment, I forgot that my Nell had died.

In the shock of those awful seconds reason came back to my brain.
I heard a sound as of breathing, and then a low cry of pain;
Oh, was there mercy in heaven? Was there a God in the skies?
The dead woman's lips were moving, the dead woman opened her eyes.

I cursed like a madman raving—I cried to her, "Nell! my Nell!"
They had left us alone and helpless, alone in that burning hell;
They had left us alone to perish—forgotten me living—and she
Had been left for the fire to bear her to heaven, instead of the sea.

I clutched her, roused her shrieking, the stupor was on her still;
I seized her in spite of my fetters,—fear gave me a giant's will.
God knows how I did it, but blindly I fought through the flames and the wreck
Up—up to the air, and brought her safe to the untouched deck.

We'd a moment of life together,—a moment of life, the time
For one last word to each other,—'twas a moment supreme, sublime,
From the trance we'd for death mistaken the heat had brought her to life,
And I was fettered and helpless, so we lay there, husband and wife!

It was but a moment, but ages seemed to have passed away,
When a shout came over the water, and I looked, and lo, there lay,
Right away from the vessel, a boat that was standing by;
They had seen our forms on the vessel, as the flames lit up the sky.

I shouted a prayer to Heaven, then called to my wife, and she
Tore with new strength at my fetters—God helped her, and I was free;
Then over the burning bulwarks we leaped for one chance of life.
Did they save us? Well, here I am, sir, and yonder's my dear old wife.

We were out in the boat till daylight, when a great ship passing by
Took us on board, and at Melbourne landed us by and by.
We've played many parts in dramas since we went on that famous trip,
But ne'er such a scene together as we had on the burning ship!

GEORGE R. SIMS.

ZARAFI.

THE sultry day has closed at night on Syria's glowing plains,
The stars are gleaming pure and bright, the moon in beauty reigns.
Far o'er the waste of drifting sand the fiery coursers speed,
Free as the air the Arab bands, the men of daring deed.
The white tents glimmer in the light by Acre's storied fane,
Where erst streamed out the banners bright on Syria's hoary plain—
And where the cross was held on high by Europe's knights of old,
Their lances pointing to the sky, their arms of burnished gold.

Beside the tent at midnight hour is heard a stifled moan,
A murmuring to Allah's power, to Allah's dazzling throne;
And suffering, weak, and wounded sore, the fainting captive lay.
His mem'ries with the battles were, his dread the coming day,
And home and wife and children dear came thronging through his brain.
Unmanned at last, the silent tear wets his dark cheek like rain—
But hark! he hears a gentle sound, it floats along the plain,
It makes his fainting pulses bound, it stills his maddening pain,

Zarafi calls—a friend in need—his master knows full well;
Oh, could he mount that gallant steed—then Acre's tents farewell!
His captor's eyes are closed in sleep, he groans with racking pain—
The cruel cords are cutting still in quivering muscles bare;
But naught can curb his iron will—no wailing of despair.
One purpose firm the Arab chief now nerves his utmost power—
Then welcome all the pangs of death and slav'ry's darkest hour.

"Poor friend," he said, in accents low, as at his feet he lay—
Zarafi bends his crest of snow and licks his tears away—
"Go forth across the burning sands where Jordan's infant stream
Descends to Zion's holy lands, the prophets' ancient dream—
To Zeenab's tent—oh, speed thee well—my courser swift and strong,
Where fair Arabia's mountains swell the land of love and song.
Oh, put thy head within the door—oh, speak with loving eyes!
Tell her El Marc returns no more, in slavery's bonds he dies.
But thou art free! no Turk shall ride my proud Zarafi's form,
Free as the air, my Arab pride, swift as the rushing storm.
Go forth! go forth! with stately grace across the burning sands,
And look once more in Zeenab's face and lick my children's hands."

His bleeding mouth untied the knot that held the good steed there,
His blending tears bedewed the spot upon the glossy hair:
Thy turn, Zarafi! bend thy crest, and lift thy master now,
Thy limbs must know no laggard rest, thy breath is on his brow.
He lifts him to his back. As breaks the opening day—
Swift as an arrow from the bow Zarafi speeds away.
Beneath the sun, oh, storied land, with energies unspent,
The good steed spurns the burning sand, his goal is Zeenab's tent.
Each bubbling spring that marks the way Zarafi knows full well;
Each tree that screens from burning ray, he knows each shaded dell,
Nor stays he by the grassy run, nor in the shade's cool breath,
Though strained is now each aching limb, though every stride is death.

His master faints unconscious now, nor thought of child or wife
Throbs through his pale and haggard brow as ebbs his fleeting life.
The night's cold dews are falling o'er Zarafi's drooping crest,
And Zeenab mourns her Arab mate, her face to Mecca's shrine,
She prays to him who guides her fate, to Allah all divine.
Her little ones are gathering round—as to her form they cling
They hear the distant beating sound; is it an angel's wing?
They hear a faintly uttered neigh, it is his latest breath.
At Zeenab's door his master lay—the horse lay still in death,
The death sweat lay upon his skin erst smooth and glossy fair,
His faithful heart was still within, and wet his matted hair.

El Marc yet lived, and loving hands brought back his fleeting life,
He led again the Arab bands in war's remorseless strife.
In tents of wandering Ishmael, as in the days of old,
Is heard the proud rehearsal now—Zarafi's deeds are told,
And sweetly flows the story, and glows each swarthy face,
And ever bright the glory of Zarafi's dying race.

LAMARTINE.

MY HERO.

[The figures in this selection indicate some of the gestures to be made, and refer to corresponding figures in Part I.]

WHY did I bow, you ask? And why
Did I raise my hat with such respect
To an old man passing slowly by?
Ah, none from his look would e'er suspect,[11]
But rest awhile by this gnarled old tree,
And list to the tale as told to me.[7]

There were two of them once, when their days were young.
She was as fair as a maid need be,
With a merry laugh and a merrier tongue,
And a dimpled cheek, and hair that clung

In clusters of ringlets gay to see,
And the way of a witch. But our hero? He
Was tongue-tied when in her presence fair;
Dumb[10] when he strove the girl to beguile
With the eloquent wile of a lover's smile,
And a heart that ached with a dull despair.

'Tis the old, old tale; another came
With a readier smile and a lighter speech
And sat himself down this maid to teach
The primer that comes before change of name.
But she with her witchery taught in turn
That players with flame may fingers burn.
So they were married one sunny day;
And the other knew, as he plied his oar,
What the gay bell pealing across the bay
Strove to tell in its mocking way
Of hope perfected and hope no more.[4]

But the years rolled on, and again the bell
Pealed across the sunlit sea
With note of sadness now,[19] the knell
That told where widow's weeds would be.
The girlish face was faded now.
For years, where curls had been, plain braids
Swept back from the wrinkled careworn brow,
And the witchery fled[23] that had been the maid's.
But blind to that was our lover true,
And he came again her love to sue.

Twice have the bells since crossed the sea,
Once for a wedding, once for the dead,
And another grave 'neath the apple-tree
Lies in the glow of sunset red.

Still in his dory the old man plies[2]
  His oar on the way to his fishing-net,
And the lingering light from the oar-blade flies
As the bent old shoulders fall and rise,
  And the ash stave bends in the sturdy fist
  Till his form is dark in the harbor mist.[24]
Scant are his daily earns; and yet
  A wreath of flowers is laid each day[7]
On the grave of the woman he loved so well;
And another wreath, from the selfsame dell,
On the other grave can be daily seen—
The grave of the lover who came between,
Of the man beloved by the silent dead,
Who lies by her side in the sunset red!

JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

THE leaders of the Greeks, worn with war and baffled by fate, built, with the aid of the divine skill of Pallas, a horse as huge as a mountain, and formed the sides of interlacing flanks of fir. In it they secretly enclose the picked warriors they have chosen, and fill full the vast caverns with armed soldiers.

In sight lies Tenedos, an island well known to fame, rich and powerful; hither they proceed and conceal themselves on the desolate shore. We supposed they had all gone away; therefore all the land of Troy freed itself from its long sorrow. The gates were opened. With joy we issue forth and view the Doric camp, and the deserted stations, and the forsaken coast. Some view with amazement the unusual offering to the maiden Minerva, and wonder at the stupendous bulk of the horse. Thymœtes is the first to urge that it be dragged within the walls and placed in the citadel. But Capys and others, whose minds had wiser sentiments, advise either to throw the thing into the sea, to put fire under it and burn it, or to pierce it and explore the inner recesses of the body.

The fickle multitude is split into opposite factions. Then it is that foremost, before all the rest, followed by a great crowd, Laocoon eagerly runs down from the heights of the citadel, and cries from afar:

"My hapless citizens, how has such wild frenzy seized you? Do you believe that the enemy have sailed away? Or do you think that any Grecian gifts are free from fraud? Is such your knowledge of Ulysses? Either the Achæans are concealed in this frame; or it is an engine wrought against our walls, intended to spy into our houses and come down upon our city from above; or there is some hidden deceit Trust not the horse, ye Trojans! Whatever it is, I fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts."

Lo, some Dardan shepherds meanwhile came, dragging to the king with loud shouts, a youth whose hands were bound behind his back; who, though they knew him not, had put himself in their way as they approached him, in order to work out his craft, and open Troy to the Greeks, or submit to certain death. At length he made this speech:

"I certainly will declare to you, O King, the whole truth, whatever be the consequence I will not deny I am by birth a Greek, and if fortune, the wicked goddess has fashioned Sinon to misery, she shall not fashion him to falsehood and deceit. After the death of my father through the malice of Ulysses, I dragged on my days in obscurity and sadness, and vowed that if ever I returned a conqueror to Argos, I would be his avenger. From this time began my downfall. The Greeks often wished to leave Troy, but the inclement fury of the sea kept them on land, and the wild winds alarmed them in the act of starting. In our bewilderment, we sent to inquire of the oracle, Phœbus, and this terrible response was brought back: 'By blood, you must seek the power to return, and the sacrifice demands an Argive life.' At last, forced by the loud outcries of Ithacus, he broke silence and doomed me to the altar. The dreadful day had come. I snatched myself from death and broke my bonds, and now I have no hope of seeing again my fatherland, nor the children I love, and the parent I long to see, at whose hands, perhaps, they will even require satisfac-

tion for my escape. Wherefore, by the gods above, pity a soul that suffers what it does not deserve."

We granted him his life and pitied his tears. "Whoever you are, from this time forward forget the Greeks; you shall be ours. Since this is so, explain to what end have they set up this horse of enormous bulk?"

By means of the deceptions of the perjured Sinon, with one voice, the people cry: "The image must be drawn to its temple and the goddess entreated." And threatening it glides into the heart of the city.

Meanwhile, the sphere of heaven moves round, and night rushes up from the ocean, wrapping in her universal shade both earth and sky, and the craft of the myrmidons. The Trojans are stretched in silent rest throughout the town; sleep clasps their weary limbs. And now, the Argive host was advancing in naval array from Tenedos, making for the well-known shores amid the friendly silence of the moon, when the royal ship suddenly shot forth the signal-flame, and Sinon, protected by the partial gloom unbolts the bars of pine, and sets free the Greeks imprisoned in the body of the horse. They assault the city buried in sleep and wine; the guards are slain, and, throwing open the gates, they admit all their comrades.

The town is filled with tumultuous woe; and, although the mansion of my father, Anchises, is retired from view by its secluded situation and its shadowing trees, still louder and louder grow the sounds, and the terror of battle comes close upon us. Startled from sleep, I mount to the highest point of the sloping roof, and take my stand, with keenly listening ears. Then, indeed, the truth is evident, and the stratagem of the Greeks revealed. Already the mansion of Deiphobus has fallen into ruins, as the god of fire prevails; the house of my neighbor, Ucalegon, is burning; far and wide the Sigean channel gleams with the blaze. There arises the cry of men and the clang of trumpets. Distractedly I take my arms, and yearn to muster a troop for battle, and to hasten to the citadel; frenzy and rage give me reckless resolution, and I think it were glorious to fall fighting.

But lo, Pantheus, escaped from the weapons of the Greeks, with his own hands drags along the sacred vessels, his vanquished gods, and his little grandson, and comes running to my door. "How stands the fortune of the State, Pantheus? What stronghold are we to seize?"

Scarce had I spoken the words, when, with a groan, he answers: "Troy has reached her final day and her inevitable hour. The Trojans are no more. Ilium is no more. Relentless Jove has transferred all power to Argos; the Greeks lord it in the city they have fired. The horse, erect in the heart of the town, pours forth from its height armed men, and Sinon, now a conqueror, insolently flings the flames abroad. Some are crowding in at the double gates, all the thousands that ever came from proud Mycenæ; others with their weapons have barred the narrower streets; the sharp sword with glittering blade is drawn and fixed, prepared to kill. The guards at the gates hardly attempt a contest!"

By such words and by the will of Heaven, I am carried into the flames and the fight, whither the fell fury of battle calls me. Comrades join me. When I saw that they formed a band, and were bold for battle, to incite them further: "Warriors," I began, "hearts most valiant, you see what is the state of our fortunes; the gods by whom this realm stood fast, have all departed, and left the sanctuaries and shrines. Haste ye, to succor a city that is set on fire! Let us rush into the thickest of the fight and, if need be, die!"

Thereupon, like ravening wolves, we make our way through weapons, through foes, and press on to the centre of the city. Who in words could describe the carnage of that night? An ancient city is falling! Helpless forms in vast numbers are stretched on all sides, throughout the streets, the houses, and the hallowed thresholds of the gods. Nor from the Trojans only is exacted the penalty of blood. Sometimes to the hearts of the vanquished also valor returns, and the victorious Greeks fall. Everywhere is cruel woe; everywhere is panic and death in many a shape.

When the night is spent, I find with astonishment that a vast number have flocked to join me, both matrons and husbands; a band of men

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SARA BERNHARDT.

OH, WELCOME, PURE-EYED FAITH, WHITE-HANDED HOPE,
THOU HOVERING ANGEL, GIRT WITH GOLDEN WINGS!

COMUS.

E. H. SOTHERN.

"FINE WORDS! I WONDER WHERE YOU STOLE 'EM."

assembled for exile, a piteous throng. They have resolved to settle in whatever lands I please to lead them to, over the sea. And now the morning-star was beginning to rise over the topmost ridges of Ida, bringing in the day; and, taking up my father we journeyed toward the mountains.—PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO VIRGIL.

THE TRIUMPH OF HECTOR.

[The figures refer to the corresponding numbers in Part I.]

SO equal, then, the war and battle hung,
Till Jove at length superior glory gave
To Hector, Priam's son who entered first
Achaia's wall. With loud, tremenduous shout,
He called his Trojan heroes:[2] "Sons of Troy,[8]
Equestrian warriors, to the onset come.
Break now the Grecian wall,[23] and on their ships
Throw flaming brands, like thunderbolts of Jove!"
He said, inspiring fury. They his call
With transport[16] heard throughout that numerous host!
Thronging together, to the wall they ran,[9]
Armed with keen spears, before them held erect;
And mounted scaling-ladders. [2]Hector seized
And bore a stone which stood before the gates,
Heavy and craggy, pointed sharp at top,
Which not two men, though stoutest of the race
Earth now sustains, could, without toil, have moved
By levers from the ground and heaved its mass
Into a wagon; yet did singly, he,
Toss it with ease, so light Saturnian Jove
Made it to him! For, as a shepherd brings
In one hand joyfully a ram's rich fleece,
And feels but small the weight, so Hector bore
That rock enormous toward the lofty gates,
Strong-framed, with double valves, of panels thick,

Compact and firm; two iron bars within,
Transverse, secured them, fastened by a bolt.

He near them took his stand, with legs astride,
That not in vain that weapon should be thrown;
Then smote them in the midst with all his strength,
And broke[23] both hinges. Thundering on, the stone,
With force overwhelming, fell within the wall.
Loud rang the yielding gates, asunder riven,
Nor could the bars retain them; flew the planks
In splintered fragments, scattered every way.[23]
Into the pass illustrious Hector leaped;[2]
Gloomy as night, with aspect stern and dread.
Arrayed in brazen panoply, he shone[22]
Terrific; in his hands two javelins keen.
And surely no one could have checked him then,
Except the gods, when through those gates he sprang!
His eyes, tremendous, flashed with living fire;
And, turning to his host,[8] he called them all
To pass the barrier. They that call obeyed.
Some clambered o'er the wall, while others through
The portals poured; and terror-struck,[22] the Greeks
Fled to their hollow ships. Confusion dire,[2]
And uproar wild and horrible ensued.

HOMER.

THE BESIEGED CASTLE.

[Ivanhoe, an English knight, has been taken prisoner by the Normans and lies wounded in a chamber in a castle, under the care of Rebecca, the Jewess, who is also a prisoner. To her question if his wounds pain him, he replies:]

"MY mind, gentle maiden, is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now I learn that I am a prisoner; and, if I judge aright of the loud, hoarse voice which even now dispatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-

Bœuf. If I could but drag myself to yonder window that I might see how this brave game is like to go! If I had but a bow to shoot a shaft, or a battle-axe to strike—were it but a single blow—for our deliverance! It is vain! it is vain! I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight. The sounds have ceased of a sudden; it may be they join not to battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it. This dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, expecting an instant attack. What we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yon window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight. I myself will stand at the lattice and describe to you, as I can, what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not! Each lattice, each aperture will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome."

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca, this is no maiden's pastime. Do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion. At least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of thy person at the lattice as may be."

Following his directions, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

"The skirts of the wood seemed lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous; he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"Seem there no other leaders?"

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station;

but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed—they appear even now to advance. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures Thou hast made!"

Her description was here interrupted by the shouts of both parties augmenting the fearful din; the assailants crying: "St. George for Merrie England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "En avant, de Bracy!" "Beau séant! Beau séant!" "Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!" according to the different war-cries of their commanders.

"Look from the window once again, kind maiden, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm. What dost thou see, Rebecca!"

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes and to hide the men who shoot them."

"That cannot endure if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms; the archery may avail but little against stone-walls and bulwarks. Look for the Black Knight and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not."

"Foul craven! Does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not! I see him now! He leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders! They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man."

"Look forth again, Rebecca! The archery must, in some degree, have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand."

"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?"

"The Black Knight! But no—but no—he is on foot again and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?"

"Yes; his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar. Their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls!"

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?"

"They have! they have!"

"Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The besieged have the better."

"Saint George, strike for us! Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No, they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din of the battle. The postern gate shakes—it crashes—it is splintered by his blows! They rush in—the outwork is won! O Heaven! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat. O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than battle."

"What do they now, maiden? This is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time."

"Our friends will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. Oh, no! I will put my faith in the good knight—I swear by the honor of my house; I vow by the name of my lady love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas! this impatient yearning after action will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca, thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest or a woman when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live; the dust, the mêlée, is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Would to Heaven that I could redeem Judah! Would that mine own blood might avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor from the chains of the oppressor! He sleeps! Nature exhausted by sufferance and waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moments of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber."

At that moment he awakened, only to be sensible of a new danger —the burning of the castle. The Templar came and bore Rebecca from the scene. At that instant the Black Knight entered the apartment, seized Ivanhoe and rushed to the postern. One turret was now in flames, which burst out furiously from window and shot-hole. The towering flames soon surmounted every obstruction and rose to the evening skies, one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide throughout the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down with blazing roof and rafter, and the combatants were driven from the court-yard.

The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with fear and wonder upon the flames. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, and a voice was heard: "Shout, yeomen, the den of tyrants is no more!"—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BOADICEA.

[The figures in this spirited selection refer to the corresponding numbers in Part I.]

[Boadicea was queen of the Iceni, a British tribe inhabiting what are now the counties of Cambridge, Suffolk and Norfolk. The King, her husband, having died, bequeathed all his possessions to the Emperor Nero and his two daughters. The Roman centurions, however, took his kingdom, and gave his daughters to their slaves, while Boadicea was publicly scourged for some real or imaginary offence. The Roman governor being absent, she burst into London, at the head of a large army, burned the city and killed thousands of the Romans and Roman subjects. The Roman governor immediately hurried home, and a battle was fought near St. Albans. The Britons, although they fought valiantly and fiercely, were defeated by the disciplined Romans. Boadicea poisoned herself, A. D. 62.]

WHEN the British warrior Queen, bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien, counsel of her country's gods;
Sage beneath a spreading oak sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke, full of rage and full of grief:

"Princess, if our aged eyes weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment[15] ties all the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish[23]—write that word in the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,[4] deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,[16] tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground[7]—hark![11] the Gaul is at her gates!
Other Romans shall arise, heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize, harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs from the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings, shall a wider world command,[15]
Regions Cæsar never knew thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew, none invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words, pregnant with celestial fire;
Bending as he swept the chords of his sweet but awful lyre.
She, with all a monarch's pride, felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle,[2] fought and died—dying, hurled them at the foe:
"Ruffians,[15] pitiless as proud! Heaven awards the vengeance due!
Empire is on us bestowed,[2] shame and ruin wait for you!"

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE RACE.

WHEN Vronsky looked at his watch, it was half-past five. On this day there were to be several races, and in the last he was to take part. When he reached his quarters no one was there except his valet. Everybody had gone to the races. He noticed near the stable Makhotin's white-footed chesnut Gladiator which they were leading out.

"Where is Cord?" he asked of the groom.

"In the stable; he is fixing the saddle."

Then appeared Frou-Frou. Vronsky gave a quick glance at his horse, as she stood trembling in every limb.

The two-verst dash was just at an end. The crowd flowed in from

all sides. The horses were getting ready for the hurdle race. The grooms were leading back the horses, wearied by the race which they had run; and, one by one, those intended for the next course appeared on the ground. Frou-Frou came out stepping high. Vronsky had scarcely time to make some adjustment of the saddle, when those who were to compete in the hurdle race were called to receive their numbers. They approached, seventeen men in all. Vronsky's number was seven.

"Mount!" was the cry.

The groom stood by the mare's head holding the reins in his hand. Frou-Frou shivered as though she had an attack of fever. Her master cast a final glance on his rivals, he knew he should not see them again until the race was over. Gulkum, one of the best racers, was turning around and around his bay stallion without being able to mount. A little hussar, in tight trousers, was off on a gallop, bent double over his horse in English fashion. Prince Kuzofief, white as a sheet, was trying to mount a thorough-bred mare. He was timid, still he had made up his mind to ride. They exchanged glances and Vronsky gave him an encouraging nod. One only now he failed to see—his most redoubtable rival, Makhotin, on Gladiator, was not there.

"Don't be in haste," said Cord, "and don't forget when you come to a hurdle not to pull back or spur on your horse; let her take her own way. If possible, take the lead, but don't be discouraged, if for a few moments, you are behind."

"Very good," replied Vronsky. The horse did not have time to stir before he gracefully and firmly took his seat on the saddle. Then he arranged the double reins between his fingers, and Cord let go the animal's head. Frou-Frou stretched out her neck, and started off at an easy, elastic pace, balancing her rider on her strong, flexible back. They were approaching the river's bank, where the starting-post was placed. Vronsky, preceded by some, followed by others, suddenly heard on the track the gallop of a horse, and Gladiator with Makhotin on his back, dashed by.

The course was a great ellipse with nine obstacles upon it—the river; a high barrier; in front of the pavilion a dry ditch; a ditch filled with water; a steep ascent; an Irish banquette, which is the most difficult of all, composed of an enbankment covered with twigs, behind which is concealed a ditch, obliging the horseman to leap two obstacles at once; then three more ditches; and, finally, the goal opposite the pavilion again.

At last, the signal was given, "Go!" and the riders spurred their horses. All eyes were directed toward the races.

"There they go!" "There they come!" was shouted on all sides. And in order to follow them, the spectators rushed singly or in groups toward the places where they could get a better view. Frou-Frou, nervous at first, lost ground, and several of the horses were ahead of her; but Vronsky, trying to calm her as she pulled on the bridle, soon outstripped the three who had won on him, and now had as competitors only Gladiator, who was a whole length ahead, and the pretty Diana, on whose back clung the unhappy Kuzofief, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

Gladiator and Diana leaped the reká at almost one and the same moment; Frou-Frou lightly leaped behind them, as though she had wings. While in the air, Vronsky caught a glimpse of Kuzofief almost under the feet of his horse; and heard, after the race, how he had loosened his reins as Diana jumped, and the horse had stumbled, throwing him to the ground. At this time, he only saw that Frou-Frou was going to land on Diana's head. But Frou-Frou, like a falling cat, making a desperate effort, landed beyond the fallen rider.

"O my beauty!" exclaimed Vronsky. After this he gained full control of his horse, even held her back, meaning to leap the great hurdle behind Makhotin, whom he had no hope of outstripping before they reached the long stretch free of obstacles. This great hurdle was built in front of the Imperial Pavilion. The Emperor, the Court, and an immense throng were watching. Vronsky saw only his horse's ears, and the ground flying under him, and Gladiator's flanks and the white feet beating the ground in cadence, always maintaining the same

distance between them. Gladiator flew at the hurdle, gave a whisk of his tail, and, without having touched the hurdle, vanished from Vronsky's eyes.

"Bravo!" cried a voice.

At the same instant the planks of the hurdle flashed before his eyes, his horse leaped without breaking; but he heard behind him a loud crash. Frou-Frou, excited by the sight of Gladiator, had leaped too soon, and had struck the hurdle with the shoes on her hind feet. Her gait was unchanged; and the distance had not increased or diminished between them, as Vronsky again caught a glimpse of Gladiator's crupper, his short tail and his white feet. Frou-Frou seemed to have the same thought as her master, for she increased her speed and gained on Makhotin by trying to take the inside track. But Makhotin did not yield the advantage. Frou-Frou changed and took the farther side of the slope. Her shoulder closed with Gladiator's flanks. For a few seconds they flew along almost side by side; but in order to take the outer side of the circle, Vronsky urged Frou-Frou on just as they passed the divide, and on the descent managed to get the lead. As he drew near, it seemed to him Makhotin smiled. Though he was behind, Vronsky could hear the regular rhythm of the stallion's feet and his hurried breathing.

The next two obstacles, the ditch and the hurdle, were easily passed; but Gladiator's gallop came nearer. Vronsky gave Frou-Frou the spur; the sound of Gladiator's hoof-beats grew fainter. He now had the lead and felt sure of success. A single serious obstacle remained —the Irish banquette—which, if cleared, would give him the victory. Vronsky was just lifting his whip, when it occurred to him that Frou-Frou knew what to do. The beautiful creature gave a start, rose from the ground, cleared the ditch, and far beyond, then fell again into the measure of her pace.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the throng.

The last ditch was left. Anxious to come in far ahead of the others, Vronsky began to urge his horse by falling into her motions, and leaning far over her head. He felt sure she was beginning to be exhausted;

her neck and sides were wet, her breath was short and gasping. Still he was sure she would reach the goal. Only because he felt himself near the end, and by the extraordinary smoothness of her motion did he realize how much she had increased her speed. The ditch was cleared—how, he did not know. She cleared it like a bird.

But Vronsky felt to his horror that instead of taking the swing of his horse, he had a wrong motion in falling back in the saddle. He knew something horrible had happened of which he could not get any clear idea. But there flashed by him a roan steed with white feet,—and Makhotin was the winner!

Frou-Frou stumbled. Vronsky had scarcely time to clear himself when the horse fell on her side, panting painfully, making vain efforts with her delicate, foam-covered neck to rise He saw only one thing —Gladiator was far ahead and he was standing there alone before his defeated Frou-Frou, who stretched her head toward him, and looked at him with her beautiful eyes. He pulled on the reins, the poor animal struggled and tried to get on her legs, but fell back all of a tremble. Vronsky, pale with rage, kicked her to force her to rise. She did not move, but gazed at her master with speaking looks.

"A-h! what have I done?" cried he, taking her head in his hands. "What have I done?"

By the movement he had made in the saddle he had broken her back!—LYOF TOLSTOI.

THE KING'S TRAGEDY.

[The theme is the well-known heroic act of Catharine Douglas, in barring the door of the King's chamber with her arm against the murderers of James I., the poet-king of Scotland.]

I, CATHARINE, am a Douglas born, a name to all Scots dear;
But Kate Barlass they've called me now, through many a waning year.
Aye, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass, and hark with bated breath,
How good King James, King Robert's son, was foully done to death.

When years had waned, loving, toiling years, England's fierce wrongs renewed
Drove James, by outrage cast on his crown, to the open field of feud.
'Twas when the King and his host were met at the league of Roxbro' hold,
The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp with a tale of dread to be told.

And she showed him a secret letter writ that spoke of treasonous strife,
And how a band of his noblest lords were sworn to take his life.
And when he summoned his Parliament, the louring brows hung round,
Like clouds that circle the mountain-head ere the first low thunders sound.

'Twas then upspoke Sir Robert Græme, the bold, o'ermastering man:
"O King, in the name of your three estates I set you under their ban!"
With that he laid his hands on his King: "Is this not right, my lords?"
But of all who had sworn to league with him not one spake back to his words.

Quoth the King; "Thou speak'st but for one estate, nor doth it avow thy gage.
Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!" The Græme fired dark with rage:
"Who works for lesser men than himself, he earns but a witless wage!"
But soon from the dungeon where he lay he won by privy plots,
And forth he fled with a price on his head to the country of the wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert Græme
To the King at Edinbro':
"No liege of mine thou art; but I see,
From this day forth, alone in thee,
God's creature, my mortal foe.

'Twas in the charterhouse of Perth, that the King and all his court
Were met, the Christmas feast being done, for solace and disport.
And the Queen was there, more stately fair than a lily in a garden set;
And as on the day when she was his bride, even so the King loved her yet.

And now there came a torch-light glare, and a clang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought of the foe, Sir Robert Græme.
The King knew all in an instant's flash; and like a king did he stand;
But there was no armor in all the room, nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door, and thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone, and the locks were riven and brast.
Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer: "O Catharine, help!" she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees, together side by side.
"For *her* sake most," I cried, and I marked the pangs that my words could ring.
"Wrench up the plank! and the vault beneath shall yield safe harboring."

Then he cried to the Queen, "God's will be done!"
For her hands were clasped in prayer,
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we closed the plank he had ripped,
And toiled to smooth it fair.

Then the Queen cried, "Catharine, keep the door, and I to this will suffice!"
At her word I rose, all dazed, to my feet, and my heart was fire and ice.
And now the rush was heard on the stair, and "God, what help?" was our cry.
I looked at each empty stanchion-hold, and no bar but my arm had I.

Like iron felt my arm, as through
  The staple I made it pass
Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
'Twas Catharine Douglas sprang to the door,
  But I fell back, Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall, half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before was a crowd of wrathful men.

And one of them seized the Queen and cried:
  "Now tell us, where is thy lord?"
And he held the sharp point over her heart.
She drooped not her eyes, nor did she start,
  But she answered never a word.

Then the sword half pierced the true, true breast,
  But it was the Græme's own son
Cried: "This is a woman, we seek a man!"
  And away from her girdle zone
And he struck the point of the murderous steel;
  And that foul deed was not done.

And forth flowed all the throng like a sea, and 'twas empty space once more;
And my eyes sought out the wounded Queen as I lay behind the door.
And I said: "Dear Lady, leave me here, for I cannot help you now;
But fly while you may, and none shall reck of my place here lying low."

But now again came the arméd tread, and fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less; and ere I saw, by the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them, who knew that chamber well,
And Stuart held a torch to the floor, and he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with their swords; and O God! I fainted not!

And through the vapor and fire, beneath, on the dark crypt's narrow wing,
With a shout that pealed to the room's high roof, they saw their hated King.
And he smote and trampled them under him; and a long month thence they bare
All black their throats with the grip of his hands when the hangman's hand came there.

But while the King o'er his foes still raged,
With a heart that none could tame,
Another man sprang down to the crypt,
And with his sword in his hand hard-gripped,
There stood Sir Robert Græme.

And the traitor looked on the King's spent strength,
And said: "Have I kept my word?
Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave?
No blackfriar's shrift thy soul shall have,
But the shrift of this red sword."

With that he smote his King through the breast, and three of them in that pen
Fell on him and stabbed him, and stabbed him there like merciless, murderous men.
'Twas in the fair-lit death-chapelle, lay the slain King's corpse on a bier,
And, girls, 'twas a sweet, sad thing to see how the curling, golden hair,
As in the day of the poet's youth, from the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come,
That this their soil was a different home,
And a different Scotland, girls.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE NEW SOUTH.

[Response to a toast delivered at the annual dinner of the New England Society.]

"THERE was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of Union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour."

I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North, and the grand review at Washington.

I ask you, gentlemen, to picture, if you can, the foot-sore soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by wants and wounds. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find?—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material or training—and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely, God, who has scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; the horses that had charged upon General Sherman's line marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. What answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with peace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benedition, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal.

But if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."—W. H. Grady.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.

There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
And there were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.

And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell;

"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'twas this, that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.

And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were as white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea;
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

A SCHOOLROOM IDYL.

HOW plainly I remember all!
The desks, deep-scored and blackened,
The row of blackboards 'round the wall,
The hum that never slackened;
And, framed about by map and chart,
And casts of dusty plaster,
That wisest head and warmest heart,
The kindly old schoolmaster!

I see the sunny corner nook
His blue-eyed daughter sat in,
A rosy, fair-haired girl, who took
With us her French and Latin.
How longingly I watched the hours
For Ollendorff and Cæsar!
And how I fought with Tommy Powers
The day he tried to tease her!

And when, one day, it took the "Next!"
  To stay some Gallic slaughter,
Because I quite forget the text
  In smiling at his daughter,
And she and I were "kept till four
  To study, after closing,"
We stopped the clock an hour or more
  While he, poor man, was dozing!

And there he sits, with bended head,
  O'er some old volume poring
(Or so he thinks; if truth be said
  He's fast asleep and snoring),
And where the shaded lamplight plays
  Across the cradle's rocking,
My schoolmate of the olden days
  Sits, mending baby's stocking.

CHARLES B. GOING.

ONE OF THE HEROES.

[Read rapidly and with intense feeling.]

HARK,—through the wild night's darkness rings out a terrible cry,
And the woman shudders to hear it in the room up close to the sky:
"Fire," in accents of terror, and voices the cry repeat,
And the fire-bells join in the clamor out in the stormy street.

"God grant we are safe, my darling," she says to the child in her arms,
While the voices far down in the darkness add to the bell's alarms;
Then she thinks of the two little children who are sleeping peacefully near,
And "God pity the people in danger," she adds with a thrill of fear.

The voices ring louder and louder. She hears the swift tread of feet
And the sound of engines rumbling below in the stormy street.

"It must be the fire is near us." She listens: a step on the stair,
Then the door is flung wide and beyond it she sees the red flames' glare.

"Give me the child," cries the fireman. "There's not a moment to spare,"
The flames like a glittering serpent are writhing up the stair.
"No, I will carry my baby," and then she points to the bed
Where the light from the hall shines brightly over a golden head.

One little head on the pillow,—one only,—the fireman sees,
With flossy curls stirring about it in the breath of the fiery breeze.
He lifts the child while the other is cuddled away from sight,
And springs down the stair where the flame-hounds snarl after their prey in its flight.

On, on, through the fire that leaps round him as a swimmer breasts the wave,
Scorched and blinded and breathless, to find escape or a grave!
On through the fiery whirlpool till at last he gains the street,
Thank God! and lays down his burden safe at the mother's feet.

"*One*, only *one?*" she cries wildly. "You have left the other to die!"
Oh! the terrible, terrible anguish that rings in the mother's cry.
"*I* will save you, my child, or die with you!" and, maddened by love's despair,
She puts her babe from her bosom and springs toward the flame-wreathed stair.

"You shall not go," he tells her, and holds her back from death,
"I left your child,—I will save it,—if I can." Then, catching his breath
For the terrible task before him, he leaps up the lurid way.
"God help him," the awed crowd whispers. "He goes to his death," they say.

Moments that seem like ages go by and he comes not back.
The flames leap higher and higher. The weak walls sway and crack.

"Oh, my lost little child!" cries the mother, forgetting the babes at her breast,
In this moment of awful anguish she loveth the lost child best.

Up from the crowd all breathless with hope and doubt and fear
Goes a cry: "Thank God, he's coming with the child!" and cheer on cheer
Rings through the night, blending strangely with the wind and the wild flames' roar,
As out of the tottering building the fireman springs once more.

Straight to the mother he staggers with the rescued child and cries:
"I left him, and I have saved him!" and the hero looks out of his eyes.
Then he falls at her feet; they crowd round him, and lift his drooping head.
"I—saved—the—child," he whispers,—a gasp—and the hero is dead.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE GRAVE.

[Written expressly for this Volume.]

MORE, more! My cry is never stilled,
I am the grave, and never filled.
Beneath the stones
I crunch their bones,
I claw their eyes, I freeze their veins,
I blast their life—no life remains.

I soil their beauty with damp rust,
I grind their beauty into dust,
Their hands I hold,
And turn to mould,
I smite the skull where brain hath been,
I smite the skull and break it in.

Ha, ha! I have them in my grip,
I hold them fast, they cannot slip,
Their throats I grab,
Their hearts I stab,
I quell their moans, I still their trouble—
I'm what the fire is to stubble.

Gods were they called by men, at birth,
I lay them low, low down in earth;
They once wore crowns,
And put on frowns;
I wind them in the clammy sheet,
I crush them 'neath my iron feet.

Jaws spoke decrees—I rend their jaws,
I rend their flesh with ghastly claws;
Go, bring them hither—
They come, they wither;
I slay their hopes, I kill their pride,
Their eyes are dead, their blood is dried.

Victor, come here! Thou homeless, come!
For one, defeat—for one, a home!
Thou pauper there,
Thou millionaire—
Beneath your ribs I dig and burrow,
I plough you under in one furrow.

I seize them all, there's no reprieve,
I munched old Adam, dined on Eve,
Cæsars I bound
Fast under ground;
I snuff out kings, the kings are not,
I rout their hosts, their armies rot.

Tears, tears? But what care I for tears?
Fears, fears? I laugh and mock at fears·
The tears I freeze,
No fears appease;
I skin the brow, I pale the cheek,
I still the laughter, hush the shriek.

Since time began I've crushed and killed—
More, more! My maw is never filled;
I take the worst,
The sin-accursed,
I take the best, give all blank rest,
I grin and swallow them with zest.

Back, back! Think'st thou to play the cheat?
Can I be bought? Can I be beat?
They hear my cry—
They faint, they die!
O Godlike man, O chain-bound slave,
Come here! Thy master is the grave!

HENRY DAVENPORT.

A BATTERY IN HOT ACTION.

[This thrilling description should be read with great animation and with rather rapid enunciation.]

DID you ever see a battery take position?

It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box has been emptied once or more, and one-fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is

heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush from the hills behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us making us forget the sight in front The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike a rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men, race for the brow of the hill as if he who should reach it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command:

"Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are. Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around; they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheels and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their

corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye! press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniacal singing, purring, whistling grape shot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister.

Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in twain. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them the last shot. That discharge picks the living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns. There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without passing over windrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.

SAM.

[Give the call, "Ho boss," in the different voices.]

A COUNTRY boy by the old stone wall,
That keeps the meadow and road apart,
Stands handsome and manly and strong and tall;
And sturdy is he as the maple tree
That's by his side. For Sam is young
And his honest heart is as light and free
As the bird that sings in the summer skies.
He looks far off o'er the distant hills,
While a soft light shines in his hazel eyes;
And leaning there by the meadow wall,
He gives this sweet, familiar call:
"Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!

Now to manhood grown, and the bells sound sweet
As the cows come slowly from out the wood;
And he leaves the wall and hurries to meet
The mild-eyed creatures, for they all know
The hand that strokes them as they pass
Along the road where the daisies grow.
And each one stands by the cow-yard bars
Seeming well content with the strong brown hand
That milks them there 'neath the summer stars;
And Sam's eyes look love as he sings again
The well-remembered, sweet refrain,
"Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

'Twas a day in June, such as poets love,
There by his side a fair girl stands,
And the flying clouds in the sky above
Seem to play at forfeits with the sun.
How well Sam knows that a lover's heart

Throbs 'neath his coat, and that every one
Of the clover blossoms in the field
Is breathing to him an old love-song,
And that every bud a joy can yield.
So the maiden there by the broken wall
Takes up and sings the old time call,
"Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

Once more Sam stands by the meadow bars
With his wife beside him, and her arms
Enfold a dear form, whose baby prate
Is sweeter to them than the brook's gay song
As it flows away at the foot of the hill.
Happy they wait, for they know ere long
The cows will come from the meadow side.
So Sam caresses his little son,
While the young wife looks with joy and pride;
And a piping voice o'er the old stone wall
Just breathes in baby notes the call,
"Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

ALBERT HARDY.

A TRIBUTE TO COLUMBUS.

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'ral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say, Sail on! sail on! and on!"

"My men grew mutinous day by day;
My men grew ghastly, wan and weak."

The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'ral say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day,
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'ral, speak and say—"
  He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate,
  "This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  With lifted teeth as if to bite.
Brave Adm'ral, say but one good word;
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
  Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
  A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled,
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  It grandest lesson—"On! and on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

MY LOVER.

AT last I am blest with a lover,
Just what a lover should be—
Devoted, and constant, and handsome,
Handsome as handsome can be.

Devoted!—devoted, believe me!
He never has left me a day;
I am ever his pride and his darling—
Without me he cannot be gay.

He cares for no lovelier lady;
To him I am very fair;
Contented, he rests on my bosom,
Kisses my lips and my hair.

Handsome!—his cheeks are like roses,
His head is run over with curls,
His forehead is white as a snow drift,
His teeth glimmer clearer than pearls.

His eyes, they're as bright as the sunshine,
With lashes that cannot be beat,
And then I know that you've never
Seen such hands and such feet.

Wealthy? He's careless of money—
Money to him is but dross;
Silver and gold, for my lover,
Are only for pitch and for toss.

He must have been born to a fortune—
He's lived at his ease ever since;
If you'd see but the style of his dressing
You'd probably think him a prince.

Shirts thick frosted with stitching,
  Silken embroidered socks;
I think the most of his money
  He keeps in a painted box.

He'll show you a golden guinea
  On which he cut his first tooth,
Strung on an azure ribbon,
  Tied with a love knot, forsooth!

Of teeth he has half a dozen,
  Set to the cunningest mould;
For I am my lover's mother—
  And he is but one year old!

EMMA MORTIMER WHITE.

THE RIDE OF PAUL VENAREZ.

[The figures in this selection refer to the corresponding numbers in Part I.]

PAUL VENAREZ heard them say, in the frontier town, that day,
  That a band of Red Plume's warriors was upon the trail of death;
  Heard them tell[3] of murder done—three men killed at Rocky Run.
"They're in danger up at Crawford's," said Venarez, under breath.

"Crawford's"—thirty miles away[9]—was a settlement, that lay
  In a green and pleasant valley of the mighty wilderness;
Half a score of homes was there, and in one a maiden fair
  Held the heart of Paul Venarez—"Paul Venarez' little Bess."

So no wonder he grew pale when he heard the settler's tale
  Of the men he had seen murdered yesterday, at Rocky Run.
"Not a soul will dream," he said, "of the danger that's ahead;
  By my love for little Bessie, I must see that something's done."

Not a moment he delayed, when his brave resolve was made.
"Why, my man," his comrades told him when they knew his daring plan,
"You are going[1] straight to death." But he answered, "Save your breath,[15]
I may fail to get to Crawford's but I'll do the best I can."

O'er the forest rail he sped,[9] and his thoughts flew on ahead
To the little band at Crawford's, thinking not of danger near.
"Oh, God help me save,"[21] cried he, "little Bess!" And fast and free
Trusty Nell bore on the hero of the far-away frontier.

Low and lower sank the sun.[9] He drew rein at Rocky Run;
"Here[7] these men met death, my Nellie," and he stroked his shorse' mane:
"So will they we go to warn, ere the breaking of the morn,
If we fail, God help us,[21] Nellie!" Then he gave his horse the rein.

Sharp and keen a rifle-shot woke the echoes of the spot.[17]
"Oh, my Nellie,[20] I am wounded," cried Venarez with a moan,
And the warm blood from his side spurted out in a red tide,
And he trembled in the saddle, and his face had ashy grown.

"I will save them[1] yet," he cried. "Bessie Lee shall know I died
For her sake." And then he halted in the shelter of a hill:
From his buckskin shirt he took, with weak hands a little book;
And he tore a blank leaf from it. "This,"[1] said he, "shall be my will."

From a branch a twig he broke, and he dipped his pen of oak
In the red blood that was dripping from the wound below the heart.
"Rouse," he wrote, "before too late. Red Plume's warriors lie in wait.
Good-by, Bess! God bless you always." Then he felt the warm tears start.

MR. KENDALL.

ONCE, THE CHALDEAN FROM THE TOPMOST TOWER
DID WATCH THE STARS, AND THEN ASSERT THEIR POWER
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.—THE FALCON.

MRS KENDALL.

"SOMETIMES A VAGRANT FANTASY
FLITS LIKE A WANDERING FIRE-FLY,
WE FAIN WOULD SEIZE IT, 'TIS SO NEAR—
LO! SWIFTLY DOES IT DISAPPEAR!"

Then he made his message fast, love's first letter, and its last;
To his saddle-bow he tied it, while his lips were white with pain.
"Bear my message,[2] if not me, safe to little Bess," said he.
Then he leaned down in the saddle, and clutched hard the sweaty mane.

Just at dusk, a horse of brown,[9] flecked with foam, came panting down
To the settlement at Crawford, and she stopped at Bessie's door.
But her rider seemed asleep. Ah, his slumber was so deep[17]
Bessie's voice could never wake him, if she called forever more.

You will hear the story told[3] by the young and by the old
In the settlement at Crawford's, of the night when Red Plume came;
Of the sharp and bloody fight; how the chief fell and the flight[23]
Of the panic-stricken warriors. Then they speak Venarez' name,

In an awed and reverent way, as men utter "Let us pray,"
As we speak the name of[16] heroes, thinking how they lived and died;
So his memory is kept green, while his face and heaven between
Grow the flowers Bessie planted, ere they laid[7] her by his side.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

La Tour D'Auvergne was a French soldier noted for his bravery. Napoleon, at one time, by order of the directory, sent him a sword with an inscription declaring him to be "First grenadier of the Armies of the Republic." This he refused to accept, saying: "Among soldiers there is neither first or last." He steadily refused advancement in military rank, and was killed, a simple Captain, June 28, 1800. When he died the whole French nation mourned for him three days, and until 1814 his name continued to be called at the muster-roll, when the oldest sergeant answered: "Died on the field of honor."

[The gesture figures refer to the corresponding numbers in Part I.]

ONCE at eve a soldier brave
Hastened up a stony way;
Rocks and shrubs and tangled vines
Failed[4] his struggling steps to stay.
Leaping swift[9] from crag to crag,
Not a moment did he lag,

Till he reached a wild ravine
Where a sheltered fort[9] was seen.

Then he shouted loud and clear,
"Guard, what ho!
Lo! the foe[17]
Gathers round the lowland mere!
Man the guns and bar the gate!
Make all ready;—watch and wait.
Keep the pass a single day;
Hold the Austrian foe[15] at bay
This brief space,
Then our army, van and rear
Calling troops from far and near,
Will apace
March to certain[16] victory.
Ho! awake;[21] arouse, ye dolts!
Turn the keys and draw the bolts!"

All amazed,[17] the grenadier
Lists, in vain, response to hear.
On he wends through open[2] door;—
Guard and garrison[23] are fled!
All their arms upon the floor
Tell of fright[22] and senseless dread.
Filled with shame and shocked surprise
At the sight before his eyes,
Wrathfully the soldier cries:
"Poltroons![1] cowards! knew ye not,
One brave Frenchman[14] in this spot
Might a thousand foemen rout?

Single file they must deploy
Through the narrow pass. Oh,[18] joy!
I will guard[6] the fort!" A shout

Leaps to the soldier's lips,
As hurriedly he slips
All the bolts within their sockets,
Loads the guns and mounts the rockets,
Makes all ready for the foe.
Then he waits; and list![11] a rustling;
'Tis the breeze? No, 'tis the bustling
Of stealthy footsteps creeping slow.

Whiz! a rocket shoots[21] in air.
"At your peril come![14] Beware!"
Shouts, in tone defiant,
This hero self-reliant.
Halts the foe, his plan[3] betrayed;
Now he'll wait for daylight's aid
To attack the fort.
While within, the grenadier;
Patient bides, with weapons near,
And courage high upwrought.

Bang! the first shot cleaves the air,
Just as Phœbus rises fair,
And smites the silent tower.
Bang, bang, bang, bang! the shots fly fast.
And BANG![1] the fort replies at last,
And strikes with telling power.
At every shot a foeman falls,
Though singly come the musket balls,
Whereat the Austrian[17] wonders.
No heads above the ramparts[24] rise,
No mark the enemy descries;
He blindly shoots[2] and blunders.

Hour by hour until the eve,
Fought the foe with slight reprieve,

Charging the grim redoubt,
Each time there fell some comrades dead;
No wasted shot passed overhead;
And still the fort[14] held out.

At length a herald drawing near
Confronts a simple grenadier,
To treat of terms of peace.
"If you your firing will withhold
Till daybreak," cried the Frenchman bold,
We will the fort[7] release
Into your hands, on promise sure
Our garrison shall pass secure
With all their arms."
The Austrian herald bowed assent;
Each party passed the night content,
Without alarms.

At dawn the Austrian rank and file
Drew up along[2] the close defile,
To see their brave foes pass.
How still[17] the fort! No noise within;
No hurrying feet; no parting din;
All quiet as at mass.

Slow the rusty hinges turn;
Slow the massive gates unfold;
Then with aspect calm and[14] stern,
Bearing weight of arms untold,
Comes a single[9] grenadier!
As he marches past the van,
Wondering[17] eyes are on him cast,
"Where is the garrison, my man?"
Cries the Austrian chief at last.
Proudly rose the soldier's head,
"*I* am[1] the garrison," he said.

"Your name, your name?" the Austrians cry.
"La Tour d'Auvergne," comes in reply.
"La Tour, La Tour," with three times three,
"Hurrah![16] hurrah! we honor thee!"
Cheer on cheer
Burst from every Austrian heart;
And again,
Down the[9] glen,
The ringing echoes start.
While the Colonel, bowing low,
Said in accents grave:
"I salute[1] my gallant foe,
The bravest of the brave!"

MAIDA BUON.

THE PRAIRIE MIRAGE.

A BURNING summer sun had beaten down on the prairie for days. Furnace-like, the south winds came racing out of the pulsing haze at the far horizon. The sky seemed of copper and the floor-like plain's once emerald disk was tinged by the heat with grayish-brown.

But one object broke the monotonous sameness of the scene,—a white-covered wagon, its flapping canvas top giving scant shelter to the emigrant and his wife crouched within. Their journey has been long, fever throbs in the woman's veins.

Suddenly the man looks up, startled. Their search for a home is over.

"See!" he cries in joy.

They have come out on the edge of a wide-reaching valley. Lines of dense-leaved, billowy forest, bend and sway in a gentle breeze. A lake with here and there a touch of foam to relieve the sparkling blue of the waves restlessly tosses and wrinkles its waters. Broad meadows suggesting clover and golden-rod are near by, and the undulations of the grass are like those of the lake. Yonder, along the

beach, they catch a glimpse of dwellings—seeming palaces whose bold frontage awes their simple minds.

"See!" calls out again the glad husband, and his strong arm lifts the fainting wife that she may get a better view.

Rest is there and hope and joy. The burdens of the past have been so great! In the fierce race of life they have been left so far behind; but now the journey over the thin-grassed prairie is almost ended—the haven is in sight. They can almost taste the fruits of the deep-foliaged trees and catch a scent of the clover and of the sea.

Hungrily, earnestly they feast their eyes as they gaze through the opening in the flapping canvas.

A passing cloud drifts suddenly before the sun.

A cry of pain and disappointment surges to the woman's lips as she sees again a dreary length of plain whose level lines had so long fatigued her eyes. The torrid wind finds not a leaf to stir. She falls back on her heat-filled pillow.

The mirage has lifted.

The emigrant is alone on the prairie with his dead.

HUNTING A MADMAN.

DON'T say that you think me courageous, for that's an assertion I doubt,
I did what I thought was my duty, and it's nought to go boasting about.
I will tell you the truth of the story, and I think you will easily see
There is nothing about the achievement to give any honor to me.

I was up at my station one morning, attending to trains as they came,
And as I was crossing the line, sir, I heard some one call me by name;
I turned and beheld an old schoolmate, who was up on the platform behind,
Who said he was going to London with a gent who was out of his mind.

The madman was standing beside him, as quiet and meek as could be,
He looked quite as sane as his keeper, as he courteously nodded to me;
And my friend said at times he *was* harmless, whilst at others his fury was such
That a person unused to such people would be just like a child in his clutch.

Then a down train ran into the station, and I had to cross over the line,
But when it had gone I returned, sir, when I saw that old schoolmate of mine
Fall, struck by the hand of the madman. I took in the scene at a glance,
As the madman leaped on to the rails, sir, to make the best use of his chance.

I thought it was right to pursue him, so I went for him just like a shot,
For I feared what would happen to him, sir, if into the tunnel he got.
On he went, without halting an instant, right into the darkness and gloom,
While I ran like the wind, sir, to save him from meeting a horrible doom.

The up train was due in a minute—how I hoped I might reach him ere then!
Then the thought of his strength burst upon me, for I'm not the strongest of men;
Still, I wouldn't go back, I would risk it, and put up with a bit of a strife,
If I could but reach him and keep him from foolishly losing his life.

Directly I entered the tunnel I was caught in a terrible grip,
And I lost all hope as my captor clutched my throat in a vise-like nip.
Yet I struggled as well as I could, sir, and I managed to loosen his clasp,
But he flew at me then like a tiger, and again I was tight in his grasp.

I heard the loud screech of the engine as the up train came dashing along,

And I fought with my foe like a trooper, but the madman was terribly strong.
Down, down, I was forced to the ground, sir, and my heart was beginning to quail,
While the lunatic grinned as he held me on the dangerous up line of rail.

I could see the red light of the engine as it shone through the thick, murky gloom ;
Along came the train, and I shuddered as I thought of our terrible doom.
All at once the man noticed the light, sir, and I fancied his grasp grew slack,
So, exerting myself, I sprang upwards, and set him right on to his back.

I had thrown him quite clear of the metals, and I quickly avoided the train,
Ere it swiftly rushed over the spot, sir, where a moment ago I had lain.
How thankful I felt you may guess, sir, my peril had not been in vain,
For in less than two minutes the madman was safe with his keeper again.

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

THE DRUMMER-BOY.

ONE cold December morning, about eighty years ago, a party of tourists were crossing the Alps—and a pretty large party, too, for there were several thousand of them together. Some were riding, some walking, and most of them had knapsacks on their shoulders, like many Alpine tourists now-a-days. But instead of walking-sticks, they carried muskets and bayonets, and dragged along with them some fifty or sixty cannon.

In fact these tourists were nothing less than a French army, and a very hard time of it they seemed to be having. Trying work, certainly, even for the strongest man, to make four miles through knee-deep snow in this bitter frost and bitter wind, along these narrow, slippery mountain paths, with precipices hundreds of feet deep all round. The soldiers looked thin and heavy-eyed for want of food and sleep,

and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at every step.

But there was one among them who seemed quite to enjoy the rough marching and tramping along through the deep snow and cold gray mist, through which the great mountain peaks overhead loomed like shadowy giants, as merrily as if he were going to a picnic. This was a little drummer-boy ten years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright and pretty among the grim, scarred visages of the old soldiers. When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and awoke all the echoes with a lively rattle of his drum, till it seemed as if the huge black rocks around were all singing in chorus.

"Bravo, *petit tambour !*" (little drummer) cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow every now and then to see how deep it was. "Bravo, Pierre, my boy! With such music as that one could march all the way to Moscow."

The boy smiled and raised his hand to his cap in his salute, for this rough looking man was no other than the General himself, "Fighting Macdonald," one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment. "Long live our General!" shouted a hoarse voice; and the cheer flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains like a peal of distant thunder.

But its echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind,—a strange, uncanny sort of whispering far away up the great white mountain side. Moment by moment it grew louder and harsher, till at length it swelled into a deep, hoarse roar.

"On your faces, lads!" roared the General; "it's an avalanche!"

But before the men had time to obey, the ruin was upon them. Down thundered the great mass of snow, sweeping the narrow ledge-path like a water-fall, and crashing down along with it came heaps of stone and gravel and loose, up-rooted bushes, and great blocks of cold,

blue ice. For a moment all was dark as night, and when the rush had passed, many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried down the precipice, and either killed or buried alive in the snow.

But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. When it was seen what happened, one cry arose from every mouth:

"Where's our Pierre? Where's our little drummer?"

Where, indeed? Look which way they would, nothing was to be seen of their poor little favorite, and when they shouted his name there was no answer. Then there broke forth a terrible cry of grief, and many hard old soldiers who had looked without flinching at a line of leveled muskets, felt the tears start into their eyes at the thought that the bright face would never be seen among them again. But all at once, far below them, out of the shadow of the black unknown gulf that lay between those tremendous rocks, arose the faint roll of a drum beating the charge. The soldiers started and bent eagerly forward to listen; then up went a shout that shook the air.

"He's alive, comrades! our Pierre's alive, after all!"

"And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to leave the old music to the last!"

"But we must save him, lads, or he'll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!"

"He shall be!" broke in a deep voice behind, and the General himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak.

"No, no, General!" cried the grenadiers, with one voice; "you mustn't run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all ours put together."

"My soldiers are my children," said Macdonald quietly; "and no father grudges his own life to save his son."

The soldiers knew better than to make any more objections. They obeyed in silence, and the General was soon swinging in mid-air — down, down, till he vanished at last in the darkness of the cold black depth below.

Then every man drew a long breath, and all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign of his appearing, for they knew well that he would never come back without the boy, and that chance was terribly against him.

Meanwhile Macdonald having landed safely at the foot of the precipice was looking anxiously around in search of Pierre; but the beating of the drum had ceased, and he had nothing to guide him.

"Pierre!" shouted he as loud as he could, "where are you, my boy?"

"Here, General!" answered a weak voice, so faint that he could barely distinguish it.

And there, sure enough, was the little fellow's curly head, half-buried in a huge mound of snow, which alone had saved him from being dashed to pieces against the rocks as he fell. Macdonald made for him at once, and although he sunk waist deep at every step, reached the spot at last.

"All right now, my brave boy!" said the General, cheerily. "Put your arms round my neck, and hold tight, we'll have you out of this in a minute."

The child tried to obey, but his stiffened fingers had lost all their strength, and even when Macdonald himself clasped the tiny arms about his neck their hold gave way directly.

What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing cold of that dismal place would make the rescuer as powerless as him whom he came to rescue. But General Macdonald was not the man to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his sash, and knotting one end of it to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other, and then gave the signal to draw up.

And when the two came swinging up into the daylight once more, and the soldiers saw their pet still alive and unhurt, cheer upon cheer rang out, rolling far back along the line, till the very mountains themselves seemed to be rejoicing.

"We've been under fire and under snow together," said Macdonald, chafing the boy's cold hands tenderly, "and nothing shall part us two after this, so long as we live."

And the General kept his word. Years later, when the great wars were all over, there might be seen walking in the garden of a quiet country house in the south of France a stooping, white-haired old man, who had once been the famous Marshal Macdonald; and he leaned for support upon the arm of a tall, black-moustached, soldier-like fellow, who had once been little Pierre, the drummer.

JOHN MAYNARD.

[Read with full, round tones. Let the manner indicate admiration of the hero. The figures refer to corresponding numbers in Part I.]

'TWAS on Lake Erie's broad expanse,[2]
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
Swept proudly on her way.
Bright faces clustered on the deck,
Or learning o'er the side,
Watched[9] carelessly the feathery foam,
That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
That smiling bends serene,
Could dream[11] that danger, awful, vast,
Impended o'er the scene—
Could dream that ere an hour had sped,
That frame of sturdy oak
Would sink[4] beneath the lake's blue waves,
Blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment[11] whispered low;
The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
He hurried down below.
Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp
And clear his orders came,

No human efforts[4] could avail
  To quench the insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
  It sped[3] from lip to lip,
And ghastly[17] faces everywhere
  Looked from the doomed ship.
"Is there no hope[19]—no chance of life?"
  A hundred lips implore;
"But one," the captain made reply,
  "To run the ship[2] on shore."

A sailor, whose heroic soul
  That hour should yet reveal—
By name John Maynard, eastern born—
  Stood calmly[2] at the wheel.
"Head her southeast!" the captain shouts,
  Above the smothered roar,
"Head her southeast without delay!
  Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror[4] pales the helmsman's cheek,
  Or clouds his dauntless eye,
As in a sailor's measured tone
  His voice responds, "Ay, Ay!"
Three hundred souls—the steamer's freight—
  Crowd forward wild with fear,
While at the stern[9] the dreadful flames
  Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched[24] the nearing flames,
  But still, with steady hand
He grasped the wheel,[14] and steadfastly
  He steered the ship to land.
"John Maynard," with an anxious voice,

The captain cries once more,
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we will reach the shore."
Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart
Responded firmly, still
Unawed, though face to face[22] with death,
"With God's good help I will!"

The flames approach with giant strides,
They scorch his hands and brow;
One arm disabled seeks his side
Ah, he is conquered now![20]
But no,[14] his teeth are firmly set,
He crushes down the pain—
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
He guides[2] the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet!
Brave heart, thy task is o'er!
The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
The steamer touches shore.
Three hundred grateful[16] voices rise,
In praise to God, that He
Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
And from the ingulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?
The captain saw[9] him reel—
His nerveless hands released their task,
He sunk beside the wheel.
The wave received[7] his lifeless corpse,
Blackened with smoke and fire.
God rest him![21] Hero never had
A nobler[16] funeral pyre!

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

BROAD over the grisly cañon the noontide hot and red,
And the sunbeams smote like javelins through the pine boughs overhead,
And all the valley far away
A-quiver and scorching breathless lay.

Twining out from the unsunned forests, a serpent huge and strong,
The railway rough and unballasted in the half-shade stretched along,
Creeping on as if led of conscious wiles
To the unbridged cañon's dark defiles.

A rude, rough station under the trees with groups of unkempt men;
And with throbs of pent-up power, which chafed for vent again,
Two powerful engines, burnished bright,
Stood panting in the sultry light.

Rex Pread with a startled gesture flashed round in the station-door
For he heard through the talk and laughter the jar and gathering roar
Of moving wheels; and hark! that shout—
"Tom Ainsworth's engine is lighting out!"

With a blaze as of summer lightning Rex saw—and his heart stood still—
That long down grade to th' cañon, the "wild engine" rushing at will
The trestle spanning the gorge below
And the workmen swarming to and fro.

With a leap like a startled panther, through the loafers dazed and pale,
He was facing Jim, his fireman, with hand on the tender's rail:
"Now fire her, Jim! we must stop her, man;
Give her all she'll bear! Yes, sir, we can!"

The throttle valve's wide open, the road is clear before;
Jim flung, with the strength of a demon, pine knots through the blazing door;

And the engine leaps like a blooded steed,
Shaking out her strength for the fearful need.

Away with the rush of the cyclone or a madman's leap to death;
And he stood with his hands on the lever, with set teeth and bated
breath.
Are they gaining? Not yet; ah, now
Their breathless plunge is yet too slow!

"Drive for her, Jim!" he thundered, and he hurled the pitch pine in,
And she leaped and reeled and panted like a mad thing in the din.
She's gaining now! Oh, yes, that's clear!
But look—the cañon! that's too near!

"Fling on your oil, man, and your resin!" he called through his white
set teeth;
And he groaned at the thought of the trestle, and the workmen thick
beneath.
The red flames curled, and with wilder sway
The engine leaped on her dizzy way.

They're gaining now! Yes, grandly! and the gap is narrowing fast;
The nerves' sharp test is the trial or death will soon be past.
"Here, Jim, that's enough; here's a job for you—
Stand here by the lever and put her through!"

Great heaven! Rex out on the engine where a squirrel would scarce
dare go!
And now he stands all uninjured on the cow-catcher there below.
With the coupling-rod he leans far out,
And steadies Jim with a ringing shout.

The flying pebbles sting him; and he does not see or feel;
The sickening swaying swings him, but yet his nerves are steel.

With a blinding blur the trees leap past,
And he knows the crisis has come at last.
A wilder sway, a groan, a jar and the race with death is won!
His firm hand guides the coupling-bar, the bolt drops in—the feat is done!
"Now, back her, Jim! For your life man, back!"
And the dust rose blinding on the track.

He's over Tom Ainsworth's tender—his hand on the lever now;
With engine reversed he's straining; you can hear the hot brakes plow,
With plunge and dust and shriekings shrill—
One moment more and the train is still.

But see the white, scared faces looking up from the gorge below,
As they vaguely guessed the ghastly death they were not yet to know.
Hurrah for Rex as he stands there, his strong chest heaving fast;
With quivering lip and swimming eye, with all the danger past.
'Twas a kingly thought and a hero's feat.
Hurrah for Rex in his joy complete!

W. W. Marsh.

THE SWAN-SONG.

THE great old-fashioned clock struck twelve, but as yet not one of the boys had stirred. All were listening too intently to what Carl Von Weber was saying to notice the time. Around one of the grand pianos a group of boys was gathered. Perched on the top of it was a bright, merry-looking boy of fourteen. By his side sat a pale, delicate little fellow, with a pair of soft, dark eyes, which were fixed in eager attention upon Carl's face. Below, and leaning carelessly upon the piano, was Raoul von Falkenstein, a dark, handsome boy of flfteen.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, scornfully, after Carl had finished. "Is that all? just for a few paltry thalers and a beggarly violin, to work

myself to death? No! I don't think I shall trouble myself about it."

"Oh, Raoul!" cried Franz, the little fellow who sat by Carl, "you forget that it is to be the most beautiful violin in Germany, and to be given to us by the Empress herself. And the two hundred thalers—just think of that!" and Franz's dark eyes grew bright to think what he could do with them.

"Really," returned Raoul, insolently, "you don't mean to say that you are going to try! Why, the last time you played you broke down entirely!"

The color mounted into Franz's face, and the tears came into his eyes; and Carl cried out angrily:

"For shame! you know very well that it was only fright that made Franz fail."

"Don't mind him," he said, putting his arm around his friend's neck, "he is only hateful, as he always is. Let us go and see who is to be chosen for the concert. Come, Franz!"

"No, Carl," said his friend, quietly; "I would rather stay here. You go and find out, and then come and tell me."

The Empress once a year gave a prize to the school, but this year it was to be finer than usual, and her Majesty had sent to Herr Bach and requested him to choose five of his best boys, each of whom was to compose a piece of his own. No one was to see it until the end of three weeks, when they were to play it at a grand concert, which the imperial family were to attend with the whole court. Franz was very anxious to be chosen, for he wanted the prize very much. He thought how pleased the mother would be, and he thought how hard she worked to give her little boy a musical education, and how many comforts the thalers would buy. Oh, he would work hard for it. The dear mother would be so surprised. And he fell into a brown study, from which he was awakened by feeling a pair of strong arms around him, and being frantically whirled around the room, while a voice shouted in his ear:

"We've got it! We're chosen—you Gottfried, Johann, old hateful Raoul, and I!"

The boys worked very hard, for there was only a short time given them. Franz put his whole soul into his composition, and made himself almost sick over it. Raoul went about declaring, in his usual contemptuous manner, that he did not intend to kill himself over it, but secretly he worked with great industry.

One lovely moonlight night, as he sat by his window composing, for the moon was so bright he could see very well, he impatiently flung his pen down and muttered, "There is no use; I can never do it; this will never do!" and began angrily to tear up one of the music sheets, when suddenly he stopped and raised his head and listened intently. Such a lovely melody, so soft and clear, rising and falling in the sweetest cadences, now growing louder and louder in a wild, passionate crescendo, and then dying away!

For a moment the boy remained silent; then, suddenly springing to his feet, he cried;

"It is Franz! I know it, for no one but he could write anything so beautiful. But it shall be mine, for it is the piece that will gain the prize! Ah, Franz, I play before you, and what I play shall be——"

He stopped, and the moonlight streaming in at the window glanced across the room, and revealed a look of half triumph, half shame on his dark, haughty face. Why had he stopped? Perhaps his guardian angel stood behind him, warning him against what he was about to do. For a moment, a fierce struggle seemed to take possession of the boy, between his good and his evil spirit. But, alas! the evil conquered, and, sitting down, he wrote off what he had heard, aided by his wonderful memory; and, after an hour, he threw down the piece, finished. Then, with an exulting smile, he cried, "The prize is mine!" and, throwing himself on the bed, he fell into a troubled sleep.

The time had come at last for the great concert, and the boys were so excited they could hardly keep still; even Franz, whose cheeks glowed with a brilliant hectic flush, and whose eyes were strangely bright. The hall was crowded. The imperial family was there, together with the whole court.

The concert began with an overture from the orchestra. Then came Fraulein, the prima donna of the Imperial Opera, and then the boys. Carl came first, and played a brilliant, sparkling little piece, and was loudly applauded; next Gottfried and Johann, and then Raoul. When he stepped out upon the platform, his handsome face and fine form seemed to make an impression on the audience, for they remained perfectly silent. Raoul commenced. At first Franz paid no attention to him, then suddenly he started. The melody flowed on; louder and louder, clearer and clearer it rose. Franz stood motionless, listening in strained, fixed attention, until at last, overcome with grief and astonishment, he sank upon the floor and cried out piteously, with tears streaming down his face:

"Oh, Raoul! Raoul! how could you, could you do it—my own little piece that I loved so much? Oh, mother! mother!"—and, burying his head in his arms, he sobbed in an agony of grief.

He heard the burst of applause that greeted his piece—not Raoul's; he heard it all, but moved not until he heard Carl say:

"Come, Franz! it's time to go. They are all waiting for you; but I am fraid that Raoul has won the prize."

What should he do, he wondered? And then he thought perhaps the kind Father in heaven would help him. So, breathing a little prayer in his heart, he walked calmly forth upon the platform.

At first, he trembled so that he could hardly begin; then a sudden inspiration seemed to come to him—a quick light swept across his face. He raised the violin to his shoulder and began.

The audience at first paid no attention; but presently all became quiet, and they leaned forward in breathless attention. What a wonderful song it was!—for it was a song. The violin seemed almost to speak, and so softly and sweetly and with such exquisite pathos were the notes drawn forth that the eyes of many were filled with tears. For it was pouring out all little Franz's griefs and sorrows; it was telling how the little heart was almost broken by the treachery of the friend; it was telling how hard he had worked to win, for the dear mother's sake; and it was telling, and the notes grew sweeter as

it told, how the good God had not forsaken him. The boy seemed almost inspired; his eyes were raised to heaven, and his face glowed with a rapid delight, as he improvised his beautiful song. Not a sound was heard; it seemed as if all were turned to stone, so intense was the silence. His heart seemed to grow lighter of its burden, and the song burst into a wild, sweet carol, that rang rich and clear through the hall; and then it changed and grew so soft it could hardly be heard, and at last it died away.

For a moment the vast audience seemed spell-bound; then, all rising with one uncontrollable impulse, and breaking into a tempest of applause that rocked the building to its very foundations, they rained down boquets on his head.

But the boy stood with a far-off look in his large and beautiful eyes, and then, giving a little sigh, fell heavily to the floor.

When he returned to consciousness, he heard a voice say, "Poor child!" It seemed like Herr Bach's; and then he heard Carl say, in a sobbing voice, "Franz! dear Franz!" Why did they pity him, he wondered; and then it all came back to him—the prize, the violin and Raoul.

"Where is the violin?" he murmured.

"It will be here in a moment," some one said.

Then he saw the pale, remorseful face of Raoul, who said: "Dear little Franz, forgive me!"

The boy raised his hand and pointed to heaven, and said softly: "Dear Raoul, I forgive you!"—and then all the pain and bitterness in his heart against Raoul died out.

The sweet face of the Empress, made lovely by its look of tender pity, bent over him, and she kissed him and murmured, "Poor little one!" Then she placed the beautiful violin in his arms, and the thalers in his hands.

And so, with the famed violin and bright thalers clasped on his breast, the life-light died out of his eyes, and little Franz fell asleep.

KATHARINE RITTER BROOKS.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

'TIS over a hundred years ago
Since the day the Count De Rochenbo—
Our ally against the British crown,
Met Washington in Newport town.

'Twas the month of March and the air was chill,
But bareheaded over Aquiduck Hill,
Guest and host, they took their way,
While on either side in grand display,
A gallant army, French and fine,
Were ranged three deep in a glittering line;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Conanicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered with a hearty zest
De Rochenbo and his honored guest.

And out of the windows women leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy, admiring glance
At the gay, young officers of France.

And the story goes that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochenbo;
And the gallant marshal, bending low,
Picked it up with a Frenchman's grace,
Kissed it back with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden, where she stood
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The marshal of France wore a faded rose

In his gold-laced coat. But he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, day after day,
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At church or at ball, or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night and day after day,
Was sailing farther and farther away
From the window, where her passionate heart
Had sudden felt love's piercing dart.

For her jealous father's watchful eyes
Had noted all in dismayed surprise
From the street below, and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart, in a moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire,
This daughter of his with her wit and grace,
With her dangerous heart and beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no rose of hers should fall at the feet
Of a cursed Frenchman, high or low.
And so, while the Count De Rochenbo,
In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
And waited the giver, hour by hour,
She was sailing away in the wild March night,
On the deck of the little sloop "Delight,"
Guarded well in the darkness there
By the watchful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks later a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Portsmouth town,
Towing a wreck. 'Twas the sloop "Delight"
Off Hampton Roads. In the very sight

Of the land she wrecked, she and her crew;
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
Went down to their doom on that April day.

When De Rochenbo heard the terrible tale,
He muttered an oath, for a moment grew pale,
Then "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "So my fine romance
Was from beginning to end a rose and a glance."

So the sad old story comes to a close.
'Tis a century since, but the story goes
On the same base round; still takes the gauge
Of its highest hearts in a moment's rage.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

[Let this spirited selection be read at a rather rapid rate and with intensity of expression.]

NO, children, my trips are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain i' my breast;
But here, as the twilight gathers,
I'll tell you a tale of the road,
That'll wring in my head forever,
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
The night was dropping her shade,
And the "Gladiator" labored—
Climbing the top of the grade;
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
  Ten minutes behind the time!
Lost in the slackened motion
  Of the up-grade's heavy climb;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
  That stretched a level track,
So I touched the guage of the boiler
  And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
  Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
  Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—ahold of the lever—
  It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
  My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
  Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
  Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
  Where a child of three or four,
As the up train passed, oft called me,
  A playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
  As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow,
  Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
  The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces
  Ahead was the child at its play!

One instant—one, awful and only,
  The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
  To keep back the terrible pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
  With mad irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night wind
  Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine—
  How I got there I never could tell—
My feet planted down on the crossbar,
  Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail,
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
  And one held out in the night,
While my eye guaged the distance and measured,
  The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;
  I saw the curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
  Was lit by the deadly glare.
I know little more—but I heard it—
  The groan of the anguished wheels,
And remember thinking—the engine
  In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying
  I shall think the old engine reared back,
And as it recoiled, with a shudder
  I swept my hand over the track;
Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
  But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
  As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
  My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
  To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying—
  We men that run on the road—
But that night, they said, there were faces,
  With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning
  As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward
  And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown her a greeting,
  She always would come to the door;
And her look with a fullness of heaven
  Now blesses me evermore.

JOHNNY BARTHOLOMEW.

THE journals this morning are full of a tale
  Of a terrible ride through a tunnel by rail;
  And people are called on to note and admire
How a hundred or more, through the smoke-cloud and fire,
Were borne from all peril to limbs and to lives—
Mothers saved to their children, and husbands to wives,
But of him who performed such a notable deed
Quite little the journalist gives us to read.
In truth, of this hero so plucky and bold,
There is nothing except, in few syllables told,
  His name, which is Johnny Bartholomew.

Away in Nevada—they don't tell us where,
Nor does it much matter—a railway is there,

Which winds in and out through the cloven ravines,
With glimpses at times of the wildest of scenes—
Now passing a bridge seeming fine as a thread,
Now shooting past cliffs that impend o'er the head,
Now plunging some black-throated tunnel within,
Whose darkness is roused at the clatter and din;
And ran every day with its train o'er the road,
An engine that steadily dragged on its load,
And was driven by Johnny Bartholomew.

With throttle-valve down, he was slowing the train,
While the sparks fell around and behind him like rain,
As he came to a spot where a curve to the right
Brought the black, yawning mouth of a tunnel in sight,
And peering ahead with a far-seeing ken,
Felt a quick sense of danger come over him then.
Was a train on the track? No! A peril as dire—
The further extreme of the tunnel on fire!
And the volume of smoke as it gathered and rolled,
Shook fearful dismay from each dun-colored fold,
But daunted not Johnny Bartholomew.

Beat faster his heart, though its current stood still,
And his nerves felt a jar but no tremulous thrill;
And his eyes keenly gleamed through their partly closed lashes,
And his lips—not with fear—took the color of ashes.
"If we falter, these people behind us are dead!
So close the doors, fireman—we'll send her ahead!
Crowd on the steam till she rattles and swings!
Open the throttle-valve! Give her her wings!"
Shouted he from his post in the engineer's room,
Driving onward perchance to a terrible doom,
This man they call Johnny Bartholomew.

Firm grasping the bell-rope and holding his breath,
On, on through the Vale of the Shadow of Death,

On, on through that horrible cavern of hell,
Through flames that arose and through timbers that fell,
Through the eddying smoke and the serpents of fire
That writhed and that hissed in their anguish and ire,
With a rush and a roar like a wild tempest's blast,
To the free air beyond them in safety they passed!
While the clang of the bell and the steam pipe's shrill yell,
Told the joy at escape from that underground hell
Of the man they called Johnny Bartholomew.

Did the passengers get up a service of plate?
Did some oily-tongued orator at the man prate?
Women kiss him? Young children cling fast to his knees?
Stout men in their rapture his brown fingers squeeze?
And where was he born? Is he handsome? Has he
A wife for his bosom, a child for his knee?
Is he young? Is he old? Is he tall? Is he short?
Well, ladies the journals tell naught of the sort,
And all that they give us about him to-day,
After telling the tale in a commonplace way,
Is—the man's name is Johnny Bartholomew.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE LIFEBOAT.

BEEN out in the lifeboat often? Ay, ay, sir, oft enough.
When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what *we* call rough!
It's when there's a gale a-blowin', and the waves run in and break
On the shore with a roar like the thunder and the white cliffs seem to shake;
When the sea is a hell of waters, and the bravest holds his breath
As he hears the cry for the lifeboat—his summons may be to death—
That's when we call it rough, sir; but, if we can get her afloat,
There's always enough brave fellows ready to man the boat.

You've heard of the Royal Helen, the ship as was wrecked last year?
Yon be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here;
The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had,
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad.
The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell you the truth,
sir, then
Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.
The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered,
But most on us here is married, and the wives that night was skeered.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin' lives,
But death that night looked certain—and our wives be only wives;
Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir; but here, when the man lies dead,
'Tain't only a husband missin', it's the children's daily bread;
So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps to stay—
I only heard on it after, for that night I was kept away.
I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end,
She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make her mend.

The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and prayed,
With my eyes as red as a babby's, that Death's hand might yet be
stayed.
I heered the wild wind howlin', and I looked on the wasted form
And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the ragin' storm;
The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my dear old wife,
Who'd sailed with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of life,
And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbor lights,
To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest, darkest nights.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly—she knew as her end was nigh,
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie,
For we'd had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son—
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done;
Then he'd bolted, his masters told us—he was allus what folk
call wild.

From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.
We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he went,
And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent.

I had my work to think of; but she had her grief to nurse,
So it eat away at her heartstrings, and her health grew worse and worse;
And the night as the Royal Helen went down on yonder sands,
I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands.
She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were opened wide,
And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from side to side;
Then half to herself she whispered, "Where's Jack, to say good-by?
It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die!"

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my cheek,
And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak,
When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there outside
With the news that the boat was launchin'. "Your'e wanted!" their leader cried.
"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards right.
There's a dozen of lives maybe, John, as lie in our hands to-night."
'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed at the women's doubt.
We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin' out

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—
"I can't go, mate," I murmured; "in an hour she may be dead.
I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."
As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was thrown;
And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me,
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin' sea.

Then she beckoned me near, and whispered, "Go, and God's will be done!
For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."

Her head was full of the boy, sir—she was thinking, maybe, some day
For lack of a hand to help him his life might be cast away.
"Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you; and spare me to see the light,
And bring you safe," she whispered, "out of the storm to-night."
Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,
And my mates outside, when they saw me, set up three hearty cheers;
But I rubbed my eyes wi' my knuckles, and turned to old Ben and said,
"I'll see her again, maybe, lad, when the sea gives up its dead."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in view,
And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through;
But our boat she stood it bravely, and weary and wet and weak
We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek,
But just as we come upon her she gave a fearful roll,
And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul!
We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark—
But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,
And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dashed by;
I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then
I stumbled, and struck my forrud, and fell like a log on Ben.
I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more,
Till I came to my senses here, sir—here, in my home ashore.
My forrud was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed—
I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a rulluck had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd heard I was comin' round.
At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed like a buzzin' sound;

ELLEN TERRY.

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE,
BUT LET CONCEALMENT, LIKE A WORM I' THE BUD
FEED ON HER DAMASK CHEEK.

VIOLA.

HENRY IRVING.

WHY, LOOK YOU, HOW YOU STORM?
I WOULD BE FRIENDS WITH YOU, AND HAVE YOUR LOVE.

SHYLOCK.

But as soon as my head got clearer and accustomed to hear 'em speak,
I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.
I guessed what the lads was hidin', for their poor old shipmate's sake,
I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break;
So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben, "Look here!
I'm able to bear it now, lad—tell me, and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,
And the others slinks away like, and I says, "What's this about?
Why can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is dead!"
Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head;
I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John!"
And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon;
For there by the bedside, standin' up and well was my wife.
And who do ye think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life.

It was him as I'd saved from drownin' the night as the lifeboat went
To the wreck of the Royal Helen; 'twas that as the vision meant.
They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his mother's bed,
And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead;
And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.
Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him through—
He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants a crew.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

[Supposed to be related by a veteran French officer.]

YES! I have served that noble chief throughout his proud career,
And heard the bullets whistle past in lands both far and near—
Amidst Italian Flowers, below the dark pines of the north,
Where'er the Emperor willed to pour his clouds of battle forth.

'Twas *then* a splendid sight to see, though terrible, I ween,
How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels of the machine;

Wide sounding leagues of sentient steel, and fires that lived to kill,
Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his will.

But *now* my heart is darkened with the shadows that rise and fall
Between the sunlight and the ground to sadden and appall:
The woeful things both seen and done we heeded little then,
But they return, like ghosts, to shake the sleep of aged men.

The German and the Englishman were each an open foe,
An open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding snow;
Intenser far, in blood-red light, like fires unquenched, remain
The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war from the brooding soul of Spain.

I saw a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,
Naught stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain stream;
The evening star just smiled from heaven with its quiet silver eye,
And the chestnut woods were still and calm beneath the deepening sky.

But in that place, self-sacrificed, nor man nor beast we found,
Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the ground;
Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each trailing vine,
Each path was foul with mangled meat and floods of wasted wine.

We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and burning way,
And when such welcoming we met, after that toilsome day,
The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts no more,
But, like the spirit of a wolf, hot on the scent of gore.

We lighted on one dying man, they slew him where he lay;
His wife, close-clinging, from the corpse they tore and wrenched away;
They thundered in her widowed ears, with frowns and curses grim,
"Food, woman—food and wine, or else we tear thee limb from limb."

The woman, shaking off *his* blood, rose, raven-haired and tall,
And our stern glances quailed before one sterner far than all.
"Both food and wine," she said, "I have; I meant them for the dead,
But ye are living still, and so let them be yours instead."

The food was brought, the wine was brought out of a secret place,
But each one paused aghast, and looked into his neighbor's face;
Her haughty step and settled brow, and chill indifferent mien,
Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the scene.

She glided here, she glided there, before our wondering eyes,
Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor surprise;
At every step, from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,
And made us pale and silent as that silent murdered man.

She sat, and calmly soothed her child into a slumber sweet;
Calmly the bright blood on the floor crawled red around our feet.
On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the wine,
And we like marble statues glared—a chill, unmoving line.

All white, all cold; and moments thus flew by without a breath,
A company of living things where all was still—but death;
My hair rose up from roots of ice as there unnerved I stood
And watched the only thing that stirred—the rippling of the blood.

The woman's voice was heard at length, it broke the solemn spell,
And human fear, displacing awe, upon our spirits fell—
"Ho! slayers of the sinewless! Ho! tramplers of the weak!
What! shrink ye from the ghastly meats and life-bought wine ye seek?

"Feed, and begone! I wish to weep—I bring you out my store—
Devour it—waste it all—and then—pass and be seen no more.
Poison! Is that your craven fear?" She snatched the goblet up,
And raised it to her queen-like head, as if to drain the cup.

But our fierce leader grasped her wrist—"No, woman! no!" he said,
"A mother's heart of love is deep—give it your child instead."
She only smiled a bitter smile—"Frenchmen, I do not shrink—
As pledge of my fidelity, behold the infant drink!"

He fixed on hers his broad black eye, scanning her inmost soul;
But her chill fingers trembled not as she returned the bowl.

And we with lightsome hardihood, dismissing idle care,
Sat down to eat and drink and laugh over our dainty fare.

The laugh was loud around the board, the jesting wild and light;
But *I* was fevered with the march, and drank no wine that night;
I just had filled a single cup, when through my very brain
Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an infant's cry of pain.

Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous cheer,
To every heart its feeble moan pierced, like a frozen spear.
"Aye," shrieked the woman, darting up, "I pray you trust again
A widow's hospitality in our unyielding Spain.

"Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God Himself I swore
To treat you as you treated *him*—that body on the floor.
Yon secret place I filled, to feel, that if ye did not spare,
The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.

"A mother's love is deep, no doubt; ye did not phrase it ill,
But in your hunger ye forgot that hate is deeper still.
The Spanish woman speaks for Spain; for her butchered love, the wife,
To tell you that an hour is all *my* vintage leaves of life."

I cannot paint the many forms of wild despair put on,
Nor count the crowded brave who sleep beneath a single stone;
I can but tell you how, before that horrid hour went by,
I saw the murderess beneath the self-avengers die.

But though upon her wretched limbs they leaped like beasts of prey,
And with fierce hands, like madmen, tore the quivering life away—
Triumphant hate and joyous scorn, without a trace of pain,
Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye of Spain.

And often now it breaks my rest, the tumult vague and wild,
Drifting, like storm-tossed clouds, around the mother and her child—
While she, distinct in raiment white, stands silently the while,
And sheds through torn and bleeding hair the same unchanging smile.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

IN THE SIGNAL BOX.

[A station master's thrilling story.]

YES, it's a quiet station, but it suits me well enough;
I want a bit of the smooth now, for I've had my share o' rough.
This berth that the company gave me they gave as the work was light;
I was never fit for the signals after one awful night.
I'd been in the box from a youngster, and I never felt the strain
Of the lives at my right hand's mercy in every passing train.
One day there was something happened, and it made my nerves go queer,
And it's all through that as you find me the station master here.

I was on the box down yonder—that's where we turn the mails,
And specials, and fast expresses on to the centre rails;
The side's for the other traffic—the luggage and local slows;
It was rare hard work at Christmas when double the traffic grows.
I've been in the box down yonder nigh sixteen hours a day,
Till my eyes grew dim and heavy, and my thoughts were all astray;
But I've worked the points half sleeping—and once I slept outright,
Till the roar of the limited woke me, and I nearly died with fright.

Then I thought of the lives in peril and what might have been their fate
Had I sprung to the points that evening a tenth of a tick too late;
And a cold and ghastly shiver ran icily through my frame
As I fancied the public clamor, the trial and bitter shame.
I could see the bloody wreckage—I could see the mangled slain—
And the picture was seared forever, blood-red, on my heated brain.
That moment my nerve was shattered, for I couldn't shut out the thought
Of the lives I held in my keeping and the ruin that might be wrought.

That night in our little cottage, as I kissed our sleeping child,
My wife looked up from her sewing and told me, as she smiled,

That Johnny had made his mind up—he'd be a pointsman, too.
"He says when he's big like father, he'll work in the box with you."
I frowned, for my heart was heavy, and my wife she saw the look;
Why, bless you, my little Alice could read me like a book.
I'd to tell her of what had happened, and I said that I must leave,
For a pointsman's arm ain't trusty when terror lurks in his sleeve.

But she cheered me in a minute, and that night, ere we went to sleep,
She made me give her a promise which I vowed I'd always keep—
It was ever to do my duty. "Do that and then, come what will,
You'll have no worry," said Alice, "if things go well or ill."

Now the very next day the missus had to go to the market town,
She'd the Christmas things to see to, and she wanted to buy a gown;
She'd be gone for a spell, for the Parley didn't come back till eight,
And I knew on a Christmas eve, too, the trains would be extra late.
So she settled to leave me Johnny, and then she could turn the key—
For she'd have some parcels to carry, and the boy would be safe with me.
He was five, was our little Johnny, and quiet and nice and good—
He was mad to go with father, and I'd often promised he should.

It was noon when the missus started—her train went by my box—
She could see, as she passed my window, her darling's sunny locks.
I lifted him up to see mother, and he kissed his little hand,
Then sat like a mouse in the corner, and thought it was fairyland.
But somehow I fell a thinking of a scene that would not fade,
Of how I had slept on duty, until I grew afraid;
For the thought would weigh upon me, one day I might come to lie
In a felon's cell for the slaughter of those I had doomed to die.

The fit that had come upon me like a hideous nightmare seemed,
Till I rubbed my eyes and started like a sleeper who has dreamed.
For a time the box had vanished—I'd worked like a mere machine—
My mind had been on the wander, and I'd neither heard nor seen.
With a start I thought of Johnny, and I turned the boy to seek.
Then I uttered a groan of anguish, for my lips refused to speak;

There had flashed such a scene of horror swift on my startled sight
That it curdled my blood in terror and sent my red lips white.

It was all in one awful minute—I saw that the boy was lost;
He had gone for a toy, I fancied, some child from a train had tossed;
The local was easing slowly to stop at the station here,
And the limited mail was coming, and I had the line to clear.
I could hear the roar of the engine, I could almost feel its breath,
And right on the centre metals stood my boy in the jaws of death;
On came the fierce fiend, tearing straight for the centre line,
And the hand that must wreck or save it, O merciful God! was mine.

'Twas a hundred lives or Johnny's. 'Twas that! what could I do?
Up to God's ear that moment a wild, fierce question flew—
"What shall I do, O Heaven?" and sudden and loud and clear
On the wind came the words, "Your duty," borne to my listening ear.
Then I set my teeth, and my breathing was fierce and short and quick.
"My boy!" I cried, but he heard not, and then I went blind and sick;
The hot black smoke of the engine came with a rush before,
I turned the mail to the centre and by it flew with a roar.

Then I sank on my knees in horror, and hid my ashen face—
I had given my child to heaven; his life was a hundred's grace.
Had I held my hand a moment, I had hurled the flying mail
To shatter the creeping local that stood on the other rail!
Where is my boy, my darling? My boy! let me hide my eyes.
How can I look—his father—on that which there mangled lies?
That voice! O merciful Heaven! 'tis the child's, and he calls my name!
I hear but I cannot see him, for my eyes are filled with flame.

I knew no more that night, sir, for I fell as I heard the boy;
The place reeled round, and I fainted—swooned with the sudden joy.
But I heard on the Christmas morning, when I woke in my own warm bed,
With Alice's arms around me, and a strange, wild dream in my head,

That she'd come by the early local, being anxious about the lad,
And had seen him there on the metals, and the sight nigh drove her mad—
She had seen him just as the engine of the Limited closed my view,
And she leaped on the line and saved him, just as the mail dashed through.

She was back in the train in a second, and both were safe and sound—
The moment they stopped at the station she ran here and I was found
With my eyes like a madman's glaring, and my face a ghastly white;
I heard the boy, and I fainted, and I hadn't my wits that night.
Who told me to do my duty? What voice was that on the wind?
Was it fancy that brought it to me? or were there God's lips behind?
If I hadn't a done my duty—had I ventured to disobey—-
My bonny boy and his mother might have died by my hand that day.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

MEN WHO NEVER DIE.

WE dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such men do not, cannot die. To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity.

Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your

pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

EDWARD EVERETT.

A LAUGHING CHORUS.

[Read in a bright, cheery manner and with a hearty laugh where called for.]

OH, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide!
Such whispering to and fro!
And "Are you ready?" the Snow-drop asked,
"'Tis time to start, you know!"
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "*Ha! ha! ha!*" a chorus came
Of laughter, soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes, millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."

And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
  And sweet grew the air of Spring.
Then "*Ha! ha! ha!*" a chorus came
  Of laughter, soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
  Yes, millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
  Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
  And the sleet and the hail came down,
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
  Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
  Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "*Ha! ha!*"
  In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
  Yes, millions—beginning to grow.

WRONGS OF IRELAND.

HEREAFTER, when these things shall be history, your age of thraldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop to declare, that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic traces of gratitude: they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding-doors, and the arms of the people changed, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment: neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in com-

mon with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty; I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of British chain clanking in his rags: he may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted: and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live: and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, shall not die with the prophet, but survive him.—HENRY GRATTAN.

A BALLAD OF BRAVE WOMEN.

[Off Swansea in a storm.]

WITH hiss and thunder and inner boom—
While through the darkness the great waves loom
And charge the rocks with the shock of doom.

A second sea is the hurricane's blast;
Its viewless billows are loud and vast,
By their strength great trees are uptorn and downcast.

To-night falls many a goodly tree,
As many a ship through the raging sea
Shall go with the strange sea-things to be.

At times, through the hurry of clouds, the moon
Looks out aghast; but her face right soon
Is hidden again, and she seems to swoon.

O, the wind waves, and oh, the sea waves,
The gulfs of wind and the sea-gulfs for graves,
Fast through the air how she flies and raves;

Raves with a magical, mad delight,
The viewless spirit of storm and night,
Heart of the wind, and soul of his might.

Hark to the voice which shouts from the sea,
The voice of a dreadful revelry!
The unseen hunters are out, and flee

Over the crests of the roaring deep,
Or they climb the ways that are wild and steep,
Or right through the heart of their light they leap.

Roar of the wind, and roar of the waves,
And song and clamor of sea-filled caves.
What ship to-night such tempest braves?

Yet see, ah, see, how a snake of light
Goes hissing and writhing up all the night,
While the cry, "*Going down!*" through the winds' mad might—

Through the roar of the winds and the waves together—
Is sent this way by the shrieking weather.
But to help on such night were a vain endeavor.

See! a glare of torches; and married and single,
Men and women confused commingle—
You can hear the rush of their feet down the shingle.

O, salt and keen is the spray in their faces;
From the strength of the wind they reel in their paces,
Catch hands to steady them there in their places.

How would a boat in such seas behave?
But the life-boat! Quick! The life-boat will save.
She is manned with her crew of strong fellows and brave.

See! They ride on the heights, in the deep valleys dip,
Until, with wild cries which the winds outstrip,
Their boat is hurled on the sinking ship.

Its side is gored, for the sea to have way through—
"It is over!" they cried. "We have done all men may do;
Yet there's one chance left!" and themselves they threw

Right into the wrath of the sea and the wind!
It rages all around them, before and behind.
Their ears are deafened; their eyes are blind.

Then in the middlemost hell of the night,
Yea, in the innermost heart of the fight,
They strain and struggle with all their might—

With never a pause, while God's mercy they cry on,
Their teeth are set, and their muscles are iron—
Each man has the heart and the thews of a lion.

Wave spurns them to wave. They may do it! Who knows?
For shoreward the great tide towering goes,
And shoreward the great wind thundering blows.

But, no! See that wave, like a Fate bearing on!
It breaks them and passes. Two swimmers alone
Are seen in the wave, and their strength is nigh gone.

Quoth three sailors on shore: "They must give up hope.
Neither swimmer nor boat with such surges could cope.
Nor could one stand steady to cast a rope.

"For he who would cast it must stand hip-high
In the trough of the sea, and be thrown thereby
On his face, nevermore to behold the sky."

But a woman stepped out from those gathered there,
And she said: "My life for their lives will I dare.
I pray for strength, God will hear my prayer."

And the light of her soul her eyes shone through,
But the men they jeered, and they cried "Go to!
Can a woman do what we dare not do?"

Spake another woman—"I, too! We twain
Will do our best, strive with might and main,
And if what we do shall be done in vain,

"And the great sea have us to hold and hide,
It was surely better thus to have died
Than to live as these others. Haste! Haste!" she cried.

They seized a rope, and with no word more,
Fearless of death, down the steep of the shore
They dashed, right into the light and the roar

Of the giant waves, which sprang on them there,
As a beast of prey might spring from his lair,
While the roar of his triumph made deaf the air.

O, loud is the Death they hurry to meet—
The stones slip shrieking from under their feet—
They stagger, but fall not. Beat, mad billows, beat!

They raise their arms, with their soul's strength quivering—
They pause—"Will it reach?"—Then they shout and fling.
And straight as a stone driven forth by a sling—

Driven far afield by a master hand—
The rope whizzes out from the seething strand;
A shout—"It is caught! For land, now, for land!"

A crash like thunder! They drop to their knees,
But they keep their hold in the under seas.
They rise. They pull. Nor falter, nor cease.

The strength of ten men have these women to-night.
And they shout with the rapturous sense of their might—
Shout as men shout when they revel in fight.

They reel, but they fall not. The rope winds in fast;
Hark, hark! what a shout answers their shout at last—
"That will do! We touch bottom! The danger is past!"

Then the women turn from the raging water
With the two they have snatched from its lust for slaughter,
But their feet flag now, and their breath comes shorter.

Hardly they hear in their sea-dimmed ears
The sound of sobs, or the sound of cheers—
Their eyes are drowned, but with spray, not tears.

When deeds of valor Coast vaunts over Coast,
As to which proved bravest, and which did most,
Two Swansea women shall be my toast.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN FREEDOM.

SIR, our institutions are telling their own story by the blessings they impart to us, and indoctrinating the people everywhere with the principles of freedom upon which they are founded. Ancient prejudices are yielding to their mighty influence. Heretofore revered, and apparently permanent systems of government, are falling beneath it. Our glorious mother, free as she has ever comparatively been, is getting to be freer. It has blotted out the corruptions of her political franchise. It has broken her religious intolerance. It has greatly elevated the individual character of her subjects. It has immeasurably weakened the power of her nobles, and by weakening in one sense has vastly strengthened the authority of her crown, by

forcing it to rest for all its power and glory upon the breasts of its people.

To Ireland too—impulsive Ireland—the land of genius, of eloquence, and of valor, it is rapidly carrying the blessings of a restored freedom and happiness. In France, all of political liberty which belongs to her, is to be traced to it; and even now it is to be seen cheering, animating, and guiding the classic land of Italy, making the very streets of Rome itself to ring with shouts of joy and gratitude for its presence. Sir, such a spirit suffers no inactivity, and needs no incentive. It admits of neither enlargement nor restraint. Upon its own elastic and never-tiring wing, it is now soaring over the civilized world, everywhere leaving its magic and abiding charm. I say, then, try not, seek not to aid it. Bring no physical force to succor it. Such an adjunct would serve only to corrupt and paralyze its efforts. Leave it to itself, and sooner or later, man will be free.

REVERDY JOHNSON.

ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

THE sun had dropped into the distant west,
The cannons ceased to roar, which tells of rest,
Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

'Twas early spring, and calm and still the night,
The moon had risen, casting softest light;
On either side of stream the armies lay,
Waiting for morn, to then renew the fray.

So near together a sound was heard by all,
Each could hear the other's sentry-call,
The bivouac fires burned brightly on each hill,
And save the tramp of pickets all was still.

The Rappahannock silently flows on
Between the hills so fair to look upon,

Whose dancing waters, tinged with silver light,
Vie in their beauty with the starry night.

But list! from Northern hill there steal along
The softest strains of music and of song.
The "Starry Banner," our nation's glorious air,
Which tells to all of gallant flag "still there."

Then "Hail Columbia" a thousand voices sing
With all their soul, which makes the hill-tops ring.
From fire to fire, from tent to tent then flew
The welcome words, "Lads sing the 'Boys in Blue.'"

And well they sang. Each heart was filled with joy,
From first in rank to little drummer-boy;
Then loud huzzas, and wildest cheers were given,
Which seemed to cleave the air and reach to heaven.

The lusty cheering reached the Southern ear,—
Men who courted danger, knew no fear,
Whilst talking of their scanty evening meal,
And each did grasp his trusty blade of steal.

Those very strains of music which of yore
Did raise the blood, are felt by them no more.
How changed! What now they scorn and taunt and jeer,
Was once to them as sacred, just as dear;

And when the faintest echo seemed to die,
The last huzza been wafted to the sky,
The boys in blue had lain them down to rest,
With gun and bayonet closely hugged to breast,—

There came from Southern hill with gentle swell
The air of "Dixie," which was loved so well
By every one who wore the coat of gray,
And still revered and cherished to this day.

In "Dixie's land" they swore to live and die,
That was their watchword, that their battle cry.
Then rose on high the wild Confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell;—

Cheer after cheer went up that starry night
From men as brave as ever saw the light.
Now all is still. Each side had played its part,
How simple songs will fire a soldier's heart!

But hark! From Rappahannock stream there floats
Another air; but, ah! how sweet the notes—
Not those which lash men's passions into foam,
But, richest gem of song, 'twas "Home, Sweet Home,"

Played by the band, which reached the very soul,
And down the veteran's cheeks the tear-drop stole.
Men who would march to very cannon's mouth
Wept like children, from both North and South.

Beneath those well-worn coats af gray and blue
Were generous, tender hearts, both brave and true.
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,
While back to home his thoughts did swiftly run.

Thinking of loving wife and children there,
With no one left to guide them, none to care,
Stripling lads not strong enough to bear
The weight of sabre, or the knapsack wear,

Tried to stop with foolish, boyish pride
The starting tear; as well try stop the tide
Of ceaseless rolling ocean, just as well,
As stop those tears which fast and faster fell.

Then, lo! by mutual sympathy there rose
A shout tremendous, forgetting they were foes,

A simultaneous shout, which came from every voice,
And seemed to make the very heavens rejoice.

Sweet music's power! one chord doth make us wild,
But change the strain, we weep as little child;
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun,
And by those martial strains—a victory's won;
It matters not from whence, how far you roam,
No heart so cold that does not love "Sweet Home."

CHARLES H. TIFFANY.

LAST CHARGE OF MARSHAL NEY.

THE whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his Empire rest on a single chance.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that great column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column

seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse that Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him.

Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into the living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them.

But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.—J. T. Headley.

LASCA.

I WANT free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The medley of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca!
Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet,
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter, and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound

Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown,—a deep, deep brown
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire
One does not drink in little sips.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That, once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.

For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one,—
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows;
And the summer shines, and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyoté trots here and there,

And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are, like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

FRANK DESPREZ.

THE TEA-KETTLE AND THE CRICKET.

[Read in an animated, conversational style.]

IT appears as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal, it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire.

To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the Royal George has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle, before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then, carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me."

But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good humor, dusted her

chubby little hands against each other and sat down before the kettle laughing. Meantime the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood stock still before the Moorish palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame.

Now it was, you observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convival sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosy and hilarious as never maudlin nigtingale yet formed the least idea of.

So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book; better than some books you and I could name, perhaps. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud, which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney corner, as its own domestic heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire; and the lid itself, the recently-rebellious lid—such is the influence of a bright example—performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb young cymbal that had never known the use of its twin brother.

That this song of the kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors, to somebody at that moment coming on towards the snug small home and the crisp fire, there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth.

"It's a dark night," sang the kettle, "and the rotten leaves are lying by the way, and above all is mist and darkness, and below all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country

is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming!—"

And here, if you like, the cricket did chime in with *Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup!* of such magnitude, by way of chorus, with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the kettle, (size, you couldn't see it!)—that if it had then and there burst itself, like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

The kettle had had the last of its solo performances. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the cricket took first fiddle, and kept it. Good heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star.

There was an indescribable little thrill and tremble in it, at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still they sang it in their emulation.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* cricket a mile ahead. *Hum, hum, hum-m-m!* kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* cricket round the corner. *Hum, hum, hum-m-m!* kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* cricket fresher than ever. *Hum, hum, hum-m-m!* kettle slow and steady. *Chirp, chirp, chirp!* cricket going in to finish him. *Hum, hum, hum-m-m!* kettle not to be finished.

Until at last they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-scurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the cricket hummed, or the cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with certainty.

Of this is no doubt; that the kettle and the cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent each his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person, who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! welcome home, my boy!"

This end attained, the kettle, being dead beat, boiled over, and was taken off the fire.—CHARLES DICKENS.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient suffering of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were in the minority, that, through blood, and tears, and bootings and scourgings—dying the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! if a man stands for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stands for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets,

while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are there are always

"Troops of beautiful, tall angels"

gathered round him, and God Himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him with scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.—JOHN B. GOUGH.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

[The voices of the birds should be imitated. With practice this can be done with rare effect.]

"PHŒBE! Phœbe! Phœbe!"
The trees were bare and the sky was gray,
But the Peewee sang his blithesome lay,
For this was good Saint Valentine's Day,
When each bird was to choose his mate
Cock Robin came in his scarlet vest,
The Bluebird wore his Sunday best,
The Oriole nodded his jaunty crest,
And looked about for his fate.

"Bob White! Bob White!"
The brown Quail whistled his clearest strain,
The Catbird caroled a sweet refrain,
And the Blackbird piped, with might and main,
His merriest roundelay;
The Partridge drummed on a red-oak tree,
The Sap-sucker ran up and down in glee,
And the red-headed Woodpecker made quite free,
And chattered a chorus gay.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!"
The Rain-crow's note was plainly heard,

And the merry call of the Sugar-bird,
As over the maple groves he whirred
  And winged his airy flight.
The Killdee came from the marsh's brink,
The Chuck-will's-widow and Bobolink,
And the Shy-poke, looking ready to sink
  With bashfulness and affright.

"Hoot-hoot-to-hoo!"
The Horn-owl flew from his hollow tree,
Looking as wise as "who-but-he;"
The Chimney Swallow and pert Jo Ree
  Skimmed merrily here and there;
The Thrush and the Ground-bird, and Tom-tit blue,
The Meadow-lark and the Yellow-bird, too,
The Shrike and the Kite and King-bird flew
  To choose each a partner fair.

"Coo! coo! coo!"
The Wood-dove sang with a tender trill,
While soft and low from the crested hill
Came the plaintive cry of the Whip-poor-will,
  And the call of the blue-winged Jay.
The Yellow-hammer arrived quite late,
The Crow cawed aloud as he sat in state,
And each one merrily chose a mate
  On good Saint Valentine's Day.
And then what a flood of song broke out!
Each bird trilled forth in a merry bout,
With a "Coo, coo, coo! Hoot-hoot-to-hoot!
Bobolink, bobolink, chee, chir, chink!
Piree-whee, piree-whee, piree-whee!
Tu-re-lu, tu-re-lu! Chee, chee, chee, chir-r-r-ink!

HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

[Let your voice come out full and hearty on "Up with her, lads," etc.]

A GUN is heard at the dead of night—
"Lifeboat ready!"
And every man, to the signal true,
Fights for place in the eager crew;
"Now, lads! steady."
First a glance at the shuddering foam,
Now a look at the loving home,
Then together, with bated breath,
They launch their boat in the gulf of death.
Over the breakers wild,
Little they reck of weather,
But tear their way
Through blinding spray.
Hear the skipper cheer and say!
"Up with her, lads, and lift her!
All together!"

They see the ship in a sudden flash
Sinking ever,
And grip their oars with a deeper breath,
Now it's come to a fight with death,
Now or never!
Fifty strokes, and they're at her side,
If they live in the boiling tide,
If they last through the awful strife.
Ah, my lads, it's a race for life!
Over the breakers wild,
Little they reck of weather,
But tear the way
Through blinding spray.
Hear the skipper cheer and say

"Up with her, lads, and lift her!
All together!"

And loving hearts are on the shore,
Hoping, fearing;
Till over the sea there comes a cheer,
Then the click of the oars you hear
Homeward steering—
Ne'er a thought of the danger past
Now the lads are on land at last;
What's a storm to a gallant crew
Who race for life, and who win it, too?
Over the breakers wild,
Little they reck of weather,
But tear their way
Through blinding spray.
Hear the skipper cheer and say,
"Up with her, lads, and lift her!
All together!"

SACRILEGE.

BESIDE the wall, and near the massive gate
Of the great temple in Jerusalem,
The legionary, Probus, stood elate,
His eager clasp circling a royal gem.

It was an offering made by some dead king
Unto the great Jehovah, when the sword
Amid his foes had mown a ghastly ring,
Helped by the dreaded angel of the Lord.

There, on his rival's crest, among the slain,
Through the red harvest it had clearly shone,

Lighting the grimness of the sanguine plain
  With splendors that had glorified a throne.

Above the altar of God's sacred place,
  A watchful star, it lit the passing years,
With radiance falling on each suppliant's face,
  Gleaming alike in love's and sorrow's tears,

Till swept the war-tide through the sun-lit vales
  Leading from Jordan aud the western sea,
And the fierce host of Titus filled the gales
  With jubilant shouts, and songs of victory.

Then came the day when over all the walls
  The Romans surged, and Death laughed loud and high,
And there was wailing in the palace halls,
  And sounds of lamentations in the sky.

Torn from its place, it lay within the hand
  Of Probus, whose keen sword had rent a way,
With rapid blows, amid the priestly band
  Whose piteous prayers moaned through that dreadful
    day.

And there, beside the wall, he stopped to gaze
  Upon the fortune that would give his life
The home and rest that come with bounteous days,
  And bring reward for toil and war-like strife.

There was no cloud in all heaven's lustrous blue,
  Yet suddenly a red flash cleft the air,
And the dark shadow held a deeper hue—
  A dead man, with an empty hand, lay there.

THOMAS STEPHENS COLLIER.

JULIA MARLOWE.

O, WHAT A NOBLE MIND IS HERE O'ERTHROWN!

OPHELIA.

E S WILLARD

"DEAD! AND I HAVE KILLED HIM!"

PART V.

Grave and Pathetic Readings.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

[This beautiful selection, written by Charles Dickens, should be read with deep feeling, and in an easy, conversational style.]

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them so lovely.

They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at the window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before laying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when

they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand at the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears. Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showing him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his

arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and, while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been a child, saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"—and the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

CHARLES DICKENS.

HILDA, SPINNING.

[The figures refer to the corresponding numbers in Part I.]

SPINNING, spinning, by the sea,
All the night!
On a stormy, rock-ribbed shore,[9]
Where the north-winds downward pour,
And the tempests fiercely sweep[21]
From the mountains to the deep,
Hilda spins beside the sea,
All the night!

Spinning, at her lonely window,
By the sea!
With her candle burning clear,
Every night of all the year,

And her sweet voice crooning low
Quaint old songs of love and woe,
Spins she at her lonely window
By the sea.

On a bitter night in March,
Long ago,
Hilda, very young and fair,
With a crown of golden hair,
Watched the tempest raging wild,
Watched the roaring sea[17]—and smiled—
Through that woeful night in March,
Long ago!

What, though all the winds were out
In their might?
Richard's boat was tried and true;[2]
Staunch and brave his hardy crew;
Strongest he to do or dare.
Said she, breathing forth a prayer:
"He is safe,[6] though winds are out
In their might!"

But, at length, the morning dawned
Still and clear;
Calm, in azure splendor, lay[23]
All the waters of the bay;
And the ocean's angry moans
Sank to solemn undertones,
As, at last, the morning dawned
Still and clear!

With her waves of golden hair.
Floating free,
Hilda ran along the shore,[9]

Gazing off the waters o'er;[24]
And the fishermen replied:
"He will come in with the tide,"
As they saw her golden hair
Floating free!

Ah! he came in with the tide,
Came alone!
Tossed upon the shining sands,
Ghastly face and clutching hands,[22]
Seaweed tangled in his hair,
Bruised and torn his forehead fair—
Thus he came in with the tide,
All alone!

Hilda watched beside her dead[19]
Day and night.
Of those hours of mortal woe
Human ken may never know;
She was silent,[10] and his ear
Kept the secret, close and dear,
Of her watch beside her dead,
Day and night!

What she promised in the darkness
Who can tell?
But upon that rock-ribbed shore[9]
Burns a beacon evermore;
And, beside it, all the night,
Hilda guards the lonely light,
Though what vowed she in the darkness
None may tell!

Spinning, spinning by the sea,
All the night!

While her candle, gleaming wide[9]
O'er the restless, rolling tide,
Guides with steady, changeless ray,
The lone fisher up the bay—
Hilda spins beside the sea,
Through the night.

Fifty years of patient spinning
By the sea!
Old and worn, she sleeps to-day,[7]
While the sunshine gilds the bay;
But her candle shining clear
Every night of all the year,
Still is telling[3] of her spinning
By the sea!

THE OLD SCHOOL CLOCK.

[John Boyle O'Reilly's first poem was written in 1866 while a prisoner in Arbor Hill prison, Dublin, and lay hidden several years in the register of his cell. Mr. Vere Foster, a philanthropist, discovered it on one of his visits to the prison, and published it in one of a series of copybooks, owned by him and adopted by the National Board of Education in Ireland. When the board learned who the author was and where the poem had been written, the entire edition of books containing it was suppressed. The board was unwilling to sanction a production from a political offender who had been imprisoned.]

OLD memories rush o'er my mind just now,
Of faces and friends of the past;
Of that happy time when life's dream was all bright,
Ere the clear sky of youth was o'ercast.
Very dear are those memories; they've clung round my heart
And bravely withstood Time's rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now,
Than the face of the old school clock.

'Twas a quaint old clock, with a quaint old face,
And great iron weights and chains;

It stopped when it liked, and before it struck
  It croaked as if 'twere in pain.
It had seen many years, and it seemed to say,
  "I'm one of the real old stock,"
To the youthful boy, who, with reverence, looked
  On the face of the old school clock.

How many a time I have labored to sketch
  That yellow and time-honored face,
With its basket of flowers, its figures and hands,
  And the weights and chains in their place!
How oft have I gazed with admiring eye,
  As I sat on the wooden block,
And pondered and guessed at the wonderful things
  That were inside that old school clock.

What a terrible frown did the old clock wear
  To the truant who timidly cast
An anxious eye on those merciless hands,
  That for him had been moving too fast!
But its frown soon changed, for it loved to smile
  On the thoughtless, noisy flock,
And it creaked and whined and struck with glee
  Did that genial, good-humored clock.

Well, years had passed, and my mind was filled
  With the world, its cares and ways,
When again I stood in that little school
  Where I passed my boyhood's days.
My old friend was gone! and there hung a thing
  That my sorrow seemed to mock,
As I gazed with a tear and a softened heart
  At a new-fashioned Yankee clock.

'Twas a gaudy thing, with bright painted sides,
  And it looked with an insolent stare

On the desks and the seats and on everything old;
And I thought of the friendly air
Of the face that I missed, with its weights and chains—
All gone to the auctioneer's block;
'Tis a thing of the past; nevermore shall I see
But in memory that old school clock.

'Tis the way of the world; old friends pass away,
And fresh faces arise in their stead;
But still, 'mid the din and the bustle of life,
We cherish fond thoughts of the dead.
Yes, dearly those memories cling round my heart;
And bravely withstand Time's rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
Than the face of that old school clock.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said;
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue——

Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
  But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
  Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
  The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
  In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of that Little Boy Blue
  Since he kissed them and put them there.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE PURITANS.

[This extract from the writings of the great English historian has justly been considered one of the finest passages in our language. It should be read with full, round tones and in a manner suited to the elevation of the sentiment. The figures refer to the corresponding numbers in Part I.]

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast,[21] for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him was with them the great end of existence. They rejected[4] with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul.

Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness,[21] and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt[4] for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title

to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised[4] all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels[21] had charge of them.

Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory[16] which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt:[4] for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure,[2] and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth[23] should have passed away.

Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and[4] decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony,[4] by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened,[21] that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the[19] sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men,—the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud,[16] calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust[7] before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck[14] of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions[19] and groans and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the

lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam[17] of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself entrusted with the scepter of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness[19] of his soul that God had hid his face from him.

But when he took his seat in the council,[2] or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate[1] or in the field of battle.—LORD MACAULAY.

THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT.

THE auctioneer leaped on a chair, and bold and loud and clear,
He poured his cataract of words,—just like an auctioneer.
An auction sale of furniture, where some hard mortgagee
Was bound to get his money back and pay his lawyer's fee.

A humorist of wide renown, this doughty auctioneer;
His joking raised the loud guffaw, and brought the answering jeer;
He scattered round his jests like rain, on the unjust and the just:
Sam Sleeman said he laughed so much he thought that he would bust.

He knocked down bureaus, beds, and stoves, and clocks aud chandeliers,
And a grand piano, which he swore would "last a thousand years;"
He rattled out the crockery, and sold the silverware;
At last they passed him up to sell a little baby's chair.

"How much? how much? come make a bid; is all your money spent?"
And then a cheap, facetious wag came up and bid, "one cent."
Just then a sad-faced woman, who stood in silence there,

Broke down and cried, "My baby's chair! My poor, dead baby's chair!"

"Here, madam, take your baby's chair," said the softened auctioneer,
"I know its value all too well; my baby died last year;
And if the owner of the chair, our friend, the mortgagee,
Objects to this proceeding, let him send the bill to me!"

Gone was the tone of raillery; the humorist auctioneer
Turned shame-faced from his audience to brush aside a tear,
The laughing crowd was awed and still, no tearless eye was there
When the weeping woman reached and took her little baby's chair.

S. W. Foss.

RHYMES FOR HARD TIMES.

[The numbers refer to the cuts in Part I.]

COURAGE, brother![2] do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God,[16] and do the right."

Though the road be long and dreary,
And the end be out of sight;[9]
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
"Trust in God,[16] and do the right."

Perish policy[4] and cunning;
Perish all[4] that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God,[16] and do the right."

Shun[15] all forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright.
Heed no custom,[2] school or fashion,
"Trust in God,[16] and do the right."

NORMAN MCLEOD.

THE WEIGHT OF A WORD.

HAVE you ever thought of the weight of a word
That falls in the heart like the song of a bird,
That gladdens the springtime of memory and youth,
And garlands with cedar the banner of truth,
That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain,
Like dewdrops that fall on a meadow of grain,
Or that shrivels the germ and destroys the fruit
And lies like a worm at the lifeless root?

I saw a farmer at break of day
Hoeing his corn in a careful way;
An enemy came with a drouth in his eye,
Discouraged the worker and hurried by.
The keen-edged blade of the faithful hoe
Dulled on the earth in the long corn row;
The weeds sprung up and their feathers tossed
Over the field, and the crop was—lost.

A sailor launched on an angry bay
When the heavens entombed the face of the day;
The wind arose, like a beast in pain,
And shook on the billows his yellow mane;
The storm beat down as if cursed the cloud,
And the waves held up a dripping shroud—
But hark! o'er the waters that wildly raved
Came a word of cheer, and he was—saved.

A poet passed with a song of God
Hid in his heart, like a gem in a clod.
His lips were framed to pronounce the thought,
And the music of rhythm its magic wrought;
Feeble at first was the happy trill,
Low was the echo that answered the hill,

But a jealous friend spoke near his side,
And on his lips the sweet song—died.

A woman paused where a chandelier
Threw in the darkness its poisoned spear;
Weary and footsore from journeying long,
She had strayed unawares from the right to the wrong.
Angels were beck'ning her back from the den,
Hell and its demons were beck'ning her in;
The tone of an urchin, like one who forgives,
Drew her back, and in heaven that sweet word—lives.

Words! words! They are little, yet mighty and brave;
They rescue a nation, an empire save—
They close up the gaps in a fresh bleeding heart
That sickness and sorrow have severed apart.
They fall on the path, like a ray of the sun,
Where the shadows of death lay so heavy upon;
They lighten the earth over our blessed dead.
A word that will comfort, oh! leave not unsaid.

AN OLD VALENTINE.

MY wife looked o'er a valentine,
And did not know that I was near;
She read it over line by line—
I could not help but hear.

What was it made my pulses stir,
And lit the light of days long dead?
'Twas one that I had sent to her
The year before we wed.

'Twas full of young love's fondest terms,
Without regard to rhyme or sense;

Possession dulled, and planted germs
Of wild indifference.

I listened to the words I heard,
While shame surprised me with its dart;
'Twas long since I had breathed a word
Of love to that lone heart.

Then noiselessly I stepped behind
Her chair, and heard a sob of pain.
My heart cried out: "I have been blind!"
And love awoke again.

I drew her gently to my breast—
I soothed her, kissed her, called her mine;
And all the love once more confessed
Told in that valentine.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE SONG OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

UP in the attic stowed away,
Out of the light of the golden day,
All in a cob-web mantle drest,
Grandma's spinning-wheel stands at rest,
Turn it round with a motion strong,
And loud it singeth an old-time song,
Round and round,
Round and round,
Drowsy drowning with a dreary sound,
Steady motion the spindle keeps;
Thread runs smooth while the baby sleeps!
Sleeps! sleeps!

Turn again and the wheel will tell,
How happy days to the old home fell,

And children played all the cottage o'er,
While back and forth on the sanded floor,
Grandma stepped in her golden spring,
And this is the song that the wheel will sing:
Round and round,
Round and round,
Loudly laughing with a lithesome sound,
Thread like gold in the sunlight ray;
Spindle whirls and the children play;
Children play!

Turn again and the song flows on;
But some of its merriment is gone;
It singeth now in a sadder key;
It tells of the children, one, two, three,
Boys, fast growing from day and day,
Soon to wander from home away;
Round and round,
Lazily lagging with lonesome sound;
Thread runs slow to the whirling spool;
Happy children have gone to school;
Gone to school!

Give the old wheel a few quick turns—
The kettle sings and the back log burns;
The old log cabin looms up to view;
Grandpa and grandma, loving, true,
Wait for the boys to come back again,
And this is the old wheel's sad refrain:
Round and round,
Round and round,
Softly singing with a solemn sound;
Gone alas! all the children, gay—
Grown to manhood and gone away,
Gone away!

One more turn at the droning wheel,
One more glimpse of the past to steal—
Boys grown aged, all far away;
Cabin fallen to sad decay;
Two old graves on the neighboring hill—
That will do—let the wheel be still;
Round and round,
Round and round,
Sadly sighing with sobbing sound;
Baby, childhood, youth, gray head;
Death comes softly and snaps the thread—
Snaps the thread!

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

OH, never sit we down, and say
There's nothing left but sorrow!
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
And harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labor!

Triumph and toil are twins; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

GERALD MASSEY.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
For I've brought you sumpin' great,
Apples! Ho, a heap sight better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I knowed you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus—
Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it.)
Sich a' imp you was, you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I broke yer in,

(Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'
  Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
  So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
  Fur the first time with your crutch.
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
  'Pears to weaken every day;"
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
  That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
  You is quite yourself to-night;
Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
  Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I m glad to hear it!
  Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
  Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
  Flowers growin' everywhere!
Some time when your better, Joey,
  Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
  Dunno much about it, though;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
  On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
  That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
  B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;

So good people, when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made fur such as you is—
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey!
Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead?*

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

"KISS ME, MAMMA."

[The unutterable sadness of this selection calls for the strongest expression of grief.]

THE child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath, and shuts its heart from the light!

The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin, and the most mournful, large blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock. Misfortune could not daunt, though discipline trained me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offense, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch, I said:

"Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her mournful eyes wide open—I supposed she had forgotten her misconduct till then, and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma you will kiss me; I can't

go to sleep if you don't!" she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembled, and she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, "give her the kiss of peace;" my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That was the way that I had been trained till I was a most submissive child, and I remembered how I had often thanked my mother since for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside. "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall. I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with half-suppressed sobs, and saying, "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night. Alas! in my desire to be severe, I forgot to be forgiving.

It must have been twelve o'clock when I was awakened by my nurse. Apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber. I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from forehead to throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life, and what think you was the incessant plaint that poured unto my anguished heart?

"Oh, kiss me, mamma, do kiss me; I can't go to sleep! You'll kiss your little Ellen, mamma, won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll kiss me! Oh, kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep."

Holy little angel! She did go to sleep one gray morning, and she never woke again, never. Her hand was locked in mine, and my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out of the beautiful eyes, whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, mamma, if you'll kiss me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but unavailing were my

kisses upon her cheek and lips after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have given up my very life could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is unavailing now! She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rosebush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day, and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

WHISPERIN' BILL.

SO you're takin' the census, mister? There's three of us livin' still,
My wife, and I, an' our only son, that folks call Whisperin' Bill;
But Bill couldn't tell ye his name, sir, an' so it's hardly worth givin',
For ye see a bullet killed his mind an' left his body livin'.

Set down fer a minute, mister. Ye see Bill was only fifteen
At the time of the war, an' as likely a boy as ever this world has seen;
An' what with the news o' battles lost, the speeches an' all the noise,
I guess every farm in the neighborhood lost a part of its crop o' boys.

'Twas harvest time when Bill left home; every stalk in the fields of rye
Seemed to stand tiptoe to see him off an' wave him a fond good-bye;
His sweetheart was here with some other girls,—the sassy little miss!
An' pretendin' she wanted to whisper 'n his ear, she gave him a rousin' kiss.

Oh, he was a han'some feller, an' tender an' brave an' smart,
An' tho' he was bigger than I was, the boy had a woman's heart.
I couldn't control my feelin's, but I tried with all my might,
An' his mother an' me stood a cryin' till Bill was out o' sight.

His mother she often told him when she knew he was goin' away,
That God would take care o' him, maybe, if he didn't fergit to pray;

An' on the bloodiest battle-fields, when bullets whizzed in the air,
An' Bill was a-fightin' desperate, he used to whisper a prayer.

Oh, his comrades has often told me that Bill never flinched a bit
When every second a gap in the ranks told where a ball had hit.
An' one night when the field was covered with the awful harvest of war,
They found my boy 'mongst the martyrs o' the cause he was fightin' for.

His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass—oh, no, sir, he wasn't dead,
But he lay sort o' helpless an' crazy with a rifle ball in his head.
An' if Bill had really died that night I'd give all I've got worth givin';
For ye see the bullet had killed his mind an' left his body livin'.

An officer wrote and told us how the boy had been hurt in the fight,
But he said that the doctors reckoned they could bring him around all right.
An' then we heard from a neighbor, disabled at Malvern Hill,
That he thought in a course of a week or so he'd be comin' home with Bill.

We was that anxious t' see him we'd set up an' talk o' nights
Till the break o' day had dimmed the stars an' put out the northern lights;
We waited and watched for a month or more, an' the summer was nearly past,
When a letter came one day that said they'd started fer home at last.

I'll never fergit the day Bill came,—'twas harvest time again;
An' the air blown over the yellow fields was sweet with the scent o' the grain;
The dooryard was full o' the neighbors, who had come to share our joy,
An' all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the sight o' that soldier boy.

An' all of a sudden somebody said: "My God! don't the boy know his mother?"
An' Bill stood a-whisperin', fearful like, an' staring from one to another;

"Don't be afraid, Bill," said he to himself, as he stood in his coat o 'blue,
"Why, God 'll take care o ' you, Bill, God'll take care o ' you."

He seemed to be loadin ' an ' firin ' a gun, an ' to act like a man who hears
The awful roar o ' the battlefield a-soundin ' in his ears;
I saw that the bullet had touched his brain an ' somehow made it blind,
With the picture o ' war before his eyes an ' the fear o ' death in his mind.

I grasped his hand, an ' says I to Bill, "Don't ye remember me?
I'm yer father—don't ye know me? How frightened ye seem to be!"
But the boy kep ' a-whisperin ' to himself, as if 'twas all he knew,
"God 'll take care o ' you, Bill, God'll take care o ' you."

He's never known us since that day, nor his sweetheart, an ' never will;
Father an ' mother an ' sweetheart are all the same to Bill.
An ' many's the time his mother sets up the whole night through,
An ' smooths his head, and says: "Yes, Bill, God'll take care o ' you."

Unfortunit? Yes, but we can't complain. It's a livin ' death more sad
When the body clings to a life o ' shame an ' the soul has gone to the bad;
An ' Bill is out o ' the reach o ' harm an ' danger of every kind;
We only take care of his body, but God takes care o ' his mind.

IRVING BACHELLER.

OUT AT SEA.

I KNOW that I am dying, mate; so fetch the Bible here,
What's laid unopen in the chest for five and twenty year;
And bring a light along of you, and read a bit to me,
Who haven't heard a word of it since first I came to sea.

Its five and twenty year, lad, since she went to her rest,
Who put that there old Bible at the bottom of my chest;
And I can well remember the words she says to me:
"Now, don't forget to read it, Tom, when you get out to sea."

And I never thought about it, mate; for it clean slipped from my head;
But when I come from that first voyage, the dear old girl was dead.
And the neighbors told me, while I stood as still as still can be,
That she prayed for me and blessed me as was just gone out to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot the Bible there,
For I never gave a thought to it—a-sailing everywhere.
But now that I am dying, you can read a bit to me
As seems to think about it, now I'm ill and down at sea.

And find a little prayer, lad, and say it up right loud,
So that the Lord can hear it if it finds him in a crowd.
I can scarce hear what you're saying, for the wind that howls to lee;
But the Lord'll hear above it all—for he's been out at sea.

It's set in very dark, mate; and I think I'll say good-night.
But stop—look there! Why, mate; why Bill; the cabin's turning light;
And the dear old mother's standing there as give the book to me!
All right; I'm coming! Bill, good-by! My soul's going out to sea!

J. S. FLETCHER.

"NO SALOONS UP THERE."

DEAD! Dead in the fullness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty, and we who loved him were glad.

His coffin rested on his draped piano, his banjo and his flute beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his sealed lips, of which wit and melody had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead.

Always courteous in manner, kind in word, obliging in act, everybody liked Ned, the handsome, brilliant Ned.

Three generations of ancestors, honorable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass as gentlemen, but never lowered themselves to

drunkenness; but their combined appetite they had given as an heir-loom to Ned, and from his infancy he saw wine offered to guests at the dinner parties, and, when he had been "a perfect little gentleman," was given by his father one little sip.

He grew and the taste grew, and when his father was taken, all restraint but a mother's love was taken.

As the only son of a praying mother, now the church would hold him up, now the saloon would draw him down; now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the anthems of the church, now make the night hideous with his ribald songs. So all along the years he was her idol and her woe.

When her last sickness was upon her the mother said to a friend:

"They tell me when I am gone Eddie will go down unchecked, that in some wild spree or mad delirium he will die. But he will not. His father created the appetite they gave my poor boy. His disgrace is their sin, and my sin, too. He saw it on our table, tasted it in our ice-creams, jellies and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear but for the sure faith that God has forgiven me and will answer my daily, nightly prayers, and Eddie will die an humble penitent. It is just that I be forbidden to enjoy here the promised land, but I know whom I believe, and my boy will be carried safely over."

As death drew nigh every breath was a prayer for "Eddie," and as he chafed her death-cold hands the pallid lips formed the words no ear could catch, "Meet—me—in—heaven." And his voice, rich and full, responded, "I will, mother—I will."

And as from her mountain height of faith and love she caught a sight of that "promised land," with a seraph's smile she whispered, "I—thank Thee—O Father," and was gone.

And his uncontrollable grief made one say to another, "His mother's death will be his salvation."

He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his lone home, and the oppressive silence drove him out

to walk. He passed a saloon; some of his old associates came out and said kind words of sympathy. His soul was dark and sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in.

Before the long spree was over he bade a crony "Take that old book out of my sight."

That old book! the Bible he had seen his sainted mother reading morning, night, and often mid-day, and from which he had read to her those suffering, dying days.

Then a friend of his mother took him to her home and brought him back to soberness, remorse and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly and became active in Christian work, and refused all the urging to "just step in and see your old friends," and we felt there was joy in heaven.

Then he was asked to bring his banjo and sing at an oyster supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink."

A wild spree was the result, and his robe was so mired he doubted if it had been white. And he lost hope, lost faith in himself, and worse, lost faith in God.

Kind arms were thrown about him, and again he was placed upon his feet. Very humble, very weak, he tried once more to walk the heavenward path.

"I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day when I met him.

"I don't know how long it will last," he said sadly.

"Forever, I hope," I said cheerily.

"I shall try hard to have it, but there will come an unguarded moment—but you know nothing about it."

Some two weeks after I met a physician.

"I have a case for you, ladies. Ned is very sick."

"Has liquor anything to do with it?"

"No, not at all. He has pneumonia, but his old drinking has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him."

His nurse told us he thought he would die, and constantly exclaimed: "My wasted life! my wasted life! God cannot forgive

it." He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past; then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken away from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up self and grew calm in Christ.

One Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face, and "mother" on his lips he passed beyond.

As I came out of the house one of his whilom associates, sober and sad, took off his hat and asked, "Is it all over?"

Impressed with the vast meaning of these two little words, I bowed and answed back:

"All over!"

With a voice full of pathos, he said:

"The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there."

I walked on, repeating to myself: "No saloons up there! Thy will be done on earth as it is heaven."

THE TIDES.

IN the golden gleam of dawn,
  See the children on the shore—
They are playing every game
  Known to childhood's merry lore;
In the harbor sails are set
Heaven's early breeze to win—
"Tell us, boatman, how's the tide?"
  "Coming in."

Lovers loitering by the waves
  And they whisper soft and low;
Can the little sea-bird hear them
  With its darting to and fro?
Lips are meeting in their bliss,
Tell us ere we seaward pull,
"Tell us, boatman, how's the tide?"
  "At the full."

Watching children at their play,
  Picture of the olden time;
And the blue and sparkling waves
  Ring the same familiar chime,
Telling tales of long ago;
While for childhood's days we yearn—
"Tell us, boatman, how's the tide?"
  "Past the turn."

Waiting while the sun goes down,
  Silver hair upon the breeze,
Gazing lone and sorrow-eyed,
  On the waves of purple seas;
Calmly waiting on the shore,
Till the night of life is gone—
"Tell us, boatman, how's the tide."
  "Ebbing on."

A CHILD ONCE MORE.

[Imitate as nearly as possible the voice of a little child in the three passages requiring it.]

THE doctors said it was no unusual thing in delirium, but it seemed strange and pathetic to the loving watchers that the middle-aged, careworn man, tossing wearily on a sick bed, should fancy himself again a child at his mother's knee. The green grave far away in a country churchyard, where she slept, had no existence as far as he was concerned. She had never died, but was with her boy again. The many trials of life that had worn those deep lines on his brow had all passed from his memory now, and boyish woes and confidences alone were on his lips.

When his weeping wife laid her hand upon his fevered brow, he looked up and smiled and called her "mother." The hand that held the medicine to his lips, that smoothed the pillow, was "mother's," and in all the faces that came and went about his bed he saw but hers,

which had been the first his baby eyes had known, and over which the dews and snows of twenty years had lain.

He had forgotten her, oh, so many years! He had been too busy to yearn to lean his tired head upon that faithful, tender breast, and a thousand transient worldly things had clouded the image of that kind old mother; but as death's mighty hand set aside those perplexing, fretting distractions, all so little now, clear and sweet to his parched soul came the memory of an innocent childhood and a mother's love, and all at once he knew himself a weary, tumbled creature, sick and faint over earth's fevered, muddy draught, and he went back, like a little child, to her whose tenderness had never failed him, to drink once more of that pure, cleansing stream.

"I'm sleepy—and—I want—to go—to bed—I've been a—bad boy—some—to-day, but—I'll ask God—to forgive—me—and—if—you do—I guess—He will—too. Hear—my prayers—mother—I've—learned—them—quite—by—heart—now."

They saw that the end was close at hand then, and his wife made a frantic appeal to him to recognize her; but his ear was fast dulling to all earthly sounds, and he only struggled to raise himself to his knees. They could have restrained him, but he said:

"Why—I—can't—go—to sleep—without—saying—my prayers. I've been—a bad—boy—to-day—and God—would be—angry—mother."

Then they helped him up, and with tender arms supported the weakened form, while he knelt with upturned eyes fast dimming with death's film, and clasping his hands as a little child by its crib side, prayed the sweet old petition:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

And which among us dares to say that the lisping, childish prayer had not the power divine to wash away the dust and sin which are this sad old world's dark heritage?

THE IRISH WOMAN'S LAMENT.

"AN sure I was tould to come till yer Honor,
To see would ye write a few lines to me Pat?
He's gone for a soldier is Mister O'Conner,
Wid a stripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

"And what'll ye tell him? Sure it must be aisy
For the likes of yer Honor to spake wid a pen.
Tell him I'm well, and mavourneen Daisy
(The baby, yer Honor) is better again.

"For when he went off, so sick was the darlint,
She never hilt up her blue eyes till his face,
And when I'd be cryin' he'd look at me wild-like,
And ax, 'Would I wish for the counthry's disgrace?'

"So he left her in danger, an' me sorely gravin',
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
And it's often I drame of the big drums a batin',
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

"Tell him to send us a bit of his money
For the rint, and the doctor's bill due in a wake,
But sure—there's a tear on your eyelashes, honey,
In faith, I'd no right wid such fradom to speak.

"I'm over much triflin'. I'll not give ye trubble—
I'll find some one willin'—oh! what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper yer foldin' up double?
Yer Honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me.

"Dead! Patrick O'Conner! oh, God! it's some ither
Shot dead! Sure a week's scarce gone by;
An' the kiss on the cheek o' his sorrowing mither,
It hasn't had time yet, yer Honor, to dry.

GEORGIA CAYVAN.

"WEAK CREATURES THEY WHO, WHEN CLEAR CONSCIENCE SPEAKS,
CANNOT RESOLVE, AND BUILD RESOLVE AS FIRM
AS YONDER GRIM AND BATTLEMENTED ROCK!"

BROTHERS MOUNET.

THIS MANY-HEADED MONSTER!

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

"Dead! Dead! Oh, my God, am I crazy?
Shure it's brakin' my heart, yer tellin' me so.
And what in the world will become of me Daisy?
Oh, what can I do! Oh, where shall I go?

"This room is so dark, I'm not seein', yer Honor;
I think I'll go home"—and a sob, hard and dry,
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

THE LAST HOURS OF LITTLE PAUL DOMBEY.

[Among the many pathetic passages in the writings of Dickens this is entitled to the foremost rank. It should be read in an easy, fluent style, and with evident emotion.]

PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and the gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars, and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to

try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun: and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself —pictured! he saw—the high church-towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!"

By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch *you*, now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus, the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble down stairs and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of

anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centered in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

Late one evening Paul closed his eyes and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro: then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at the sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that? who said Walter?" he asked, looking round. "Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly, but his father said to Susan, "Call him back, then: let him come up!" After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said, "Good-by!"

"Good-by, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by?"

For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said, placidly, "good-by! Walter dear, good-by!" turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face, —"remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "good-by!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down again," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves. They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face? But tell

them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!—CHARLES DICKENS.

DEATH OF HOPE.

DO you know what it is when the clouds creep onwards,
And shadow your world you know not why;
When tears seem falling amid all laughter,
And each sound in the air seems a wailing sigh,—

When you wake at morn still tired, and shudder
From every hour that hurries past,
And pray without cause to sleep for ever,
And long for each night to be the last,—

When you know that the world has naught to give you,
Having plucked the flowers that fell so soon,
That hardly lived through the brief bright morning,
And you feel the breath of the coming noon?

Do you know what it is, when your heart is beating
Like a prisoner starved in his lonely cell,
And you long to flee from yourself so weary,
And the beaten track which you know so well?

For you see that your sun is surely setting,
And leaving your life for evermore;

And the gloom is gathering you cannot lessen,
  While youth is closing his golden door;

And you know the darkness is coming, coming,—
  The past a failure, the future dead,
And the present blank as a page unwritten,
  With memory filling the lines instead.

Do you know what it is, this great reaction,
  The Death of Hope which must come to all?
The stage may be bright and the actors merry,
  But sooner or later the curtains fall.

MARY EVERED.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

[This selection, written for this volume, should be read with subdued, deep feeling. The return to the Old Homestead, after years of absence, naturally produces profound emotion by reason of old associations and memories. The character described is that of an uneducated countryman, yet of tender heart and sympathetic nature.]

WHAT did you say? Does the ole place look kind o' nat'ral like?
  Seem as it used ter forty years ago an' even more?
  How can it when I do not hear grandfather's ole clock strike,
An' don't see any youngsters playin' roun' the kitchen door?

The ole-time fireplace we had—no fire now burns there,
The peg where father hung his hat is broken from the wall,
The shaky doors an' stairways are a-waitin' fur repair,
An' the ceilin's overhead are jest ready fur to fall.

Ah me! There is the mantel where my mother kep' her switch,
She didn't mean ter save the rod an' let us youngsters spoil.
There's the corner where she sat an' did her mendin' stitch by stitch,
An' her face grew ole an' handsome like with daily care an' toil.

Full forty years have passed an' gone—long time ter be away!
Out there in Californy's mines I dug an' strove fur gold,

An' thought that with a fortune I would happen roun' some day,
An' make the pillow softer fur the dear ones, gray an' old.

Don't blame me if I kind o' choke an' words stick in my throat;
Some folks trained to it, don't you know, whose words are never lame,
Can 'spress their feelin's properly an' do it as by wrote;
I know I'm awk'ard at it, but have feelin's jest the same.

Ah, yonder, is the dear ole barn where many an hour I've played,
O, how the joy uv those bright days in memory returns!
An' there's the brook on whose cool banks in summer time we laid,
An' same ole woods an' hillside where we rambled through the ferns.

But tell me, where is Uncle Josh—you know he used ter live
Down yonder—there, I see the roof jest peepin' through the trees—
What! he, too, gone? And all are gone? No other news to give?
While grass upon their mildewed graves is wavin' in the breeze?

I see the orchard where we planted trees when I was young,
But these can't be the trees, though perhaps they've grown so tall;
An' pretty birds—where are they all that in the branches sung,
An' those tame squirrels that would come if once they heard my call?

A drink uv water? Yes, my throat is blisterin' an' dry—
Ah, that's the same—God brews it—an' it is the same ole well;
Hark! from the village yonder there's a soun' a-floatin' by—
I heard it forty years ago—yes, 'tis the same old bell.

Kind o' silent like wus Sunday mornin' all the country roun',
No mowers in the meadows an' no hand upon the plough,
An' the hills an' valleys waited jest to hear that ole bell soun',
But the people that it called to church—I guess they're not there now.

Wa'al, yes, my life's been rough, I know—I've had my ups and downs,
Hev seen the wust uv ev'rything, misfortun's been my lot,
The world has had some smiles fur me, but fewer than the frowns;
Yet where I played in boyhood—O, I've allers loved the spot.

You've lived here many years, you say—w'y then maybe you know
The one I want ter ask about—she wuz Malindy Gray;
Skule girls together, like ez not, you were long, long ago—
Why do I ask? Wa'al now maybe I wouldn't like ter say.

I know my love wuz countrified, but still 'twuz warm an' true,
I tried my best ter tell her, but I think she guessed the same—
W'y what's the matter—you look queer—Malindy can't be you—
Malindy Gray—the one I loved—w'y say, is that your name?

It is! an' you're a widder, livin' in the ole homestead?
W'y bless my heart—that's mighty strange—you know me now I guess;
'Twas for your sake, believe me, that I wouldn't ever wed—
An' forty years I hev been true—that much I will confess.

I'm rayther blunt, Malindy, an' perhaps I'm forward, too,
But s'pose we fix the ole house up 'fore swallers home'ard fly,
An' all my life that's yet to be shall be a life fur you,
An' 'neath the roof where I wuz born, there let me stay an' die.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troup—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help *my* mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,

Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

A WHITE LILY.

THE season of music was closing. Parepa Rosa stepping from the private entrance of "The Grand" was about to enter her carriage when her attention was arrested by "Please, mi ladi—" It was only the shrunken, misshappen figure of little Elfin, the Italian street singer, with his old violin under his arm, but the face upturned in the gaslight, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo. While the eager, wistful light, in the great, brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice, held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well?"

The slender brown hands of the dwarf held up a fragrant white lily with a crystal drop in its golden heart. "Would mi ladi, please?"

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?"

"Yes, mi ladi."

"You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I hid under the stairs—'twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh! mi ladi, I could die!"

The loud plaudits of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rose the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in those soft dark eyes aflame, and in those sobbing, broken words.

"Child, meet me here to-morrow at five o'clock." And holding the lily caressingly and stepping into her carriage, she was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin like a child entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords and ran amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook, and a look so rapt, so intense came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled.

Now the wondrous notes thrilled softly like the faint sound of bugles in early morn, and again its sweetness stole over you like the distant chimes of vesper bells. Encore after encore followed. The

curtain rolled up for the last time, and the manger related the incident of the previous night, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell would be the ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Loud and prolonged was the applause, and at the first pause, sweeping in with regal grace with the white lily on her breast came our queen of song. Queen too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood, she stood a moment, and then sang clearly and softly the ballad with the refrain "Farewell, sweet land." Accompanying her came the low, tender wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in that great house at the close. Then a shout went up that shook the very pillars.

Parepa Rosa, God called thee in thy perfect womanhood, but thy voice lives in our hearts, and at the last great day it shall be written in shining letters on thy name, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."—MARY L. WRIGHT.

JACK.

HE wasn't a good-lookin' feller—
The hair on his tough, old hide
Was a sort o' dirty yeller,
He limped, too—being lame on one side.
But a better sort, in his days, sirs—
More steady, and sure, and straight—
You wouldn't ha' found in a hundred curs
(That's to say, of Jack's size and weight),
And many and many a penny
He's brought to his master's till;
Mac wouldn't ha' swapped him for any,
But the dog grew old and ill.

He warn't no use for the field no more,
An' he warn't no good in the ring;

His poor old legs being weak and sore,
And he hadn't no strength to cling;
At least, so the publican told me—
Hob-nobbing, and chatting one night,
He showed how Jack's teeth and claws was worn,
And he soon must lose his sight.
"He's been a good friend to me," says he,
And many a dollar he's brought me in.
'Twas him as paid the doctor's fee,
When I came near losin' a limb.

"He came to me first, a pup, sir,
And many and many a time,
He's helped me the good wife's bread to win
When we was both young and prime.
But he's getting worn out and feeble now,
He wouldn't sell for a lot!"
And then he went on and told us
He was going to have poor Jack shot.
Well, I tried to talk down that notion,
But I found it was no use to crow
About the old dog's devotion,
My talking was all no go.

It's the way of the world, my brothers—
A cold, hard world, of sin—
Poor Jack's but a figure of others,
Who, trying their way to win,
Are exalted beyond all measure
By Fortune's fickle hand,
Next minute cast down forever,
Wrecks on life's desolate strand!
While the hearts we prize most dearly—
Sworn friends of yours yesterday—

In adversity prove themselves merely
  The friends of our corn and hay!

But I'm losin' the drift of my story—
  Home, through the clear moonlight
That whitened the streets with its glory,
  Wearied, I trudged that night,
And turned into bed right gladly
  And slept—how long I can't tell—
When, clanging and clamoring madly,
  Came shouts, and the sound of a bell.
And in dashes one o' the neighbors,
  His face lookin' white as flour—
"Mac's public-house is a-fire!" shouts he,
  "It'll burn to the ground in an hour."

I was on the spot in a minute,
  The whole front wall had fell,
When above the crash and above the roar
  Rose one heart-sickening yell,
And dashing us right and left, sirs,
  There came the publican, Mac—
"My child! Great god! my child is there!"
  He shrieked as we held him back.

Poor Mac, in a frenzy raved to pass,
  'Twas sheer madness to venture in,
For he couldn't ha' reached the poor little lass,
  For out of the noise and din
Rose a mass of smoke—came an awful crash—
  And part of the roof fell in!
It carried away the bedroom wall
  And left the staircase bare—
The smoke rose up like a funeral pall,

And blackened the moonlit air.
But our straining eyes, through the dense dark fog,
Saw something moving there!

And, yes—it is!—it is Jack, the dog—
Crouched low on the crumbling stairs—
Staunch to his duty, true to the last,
For Mac's little child is there!
He holds her fast in his strong old teeth,
And clears at a single bound
The yawning chasm of flame and death,
And headlong they come to the ground—
Headlong, on a pile of rotten old thatch—
Soft as a feather bed.
And the child? Why, she'd scarcely received one scratch—
But the dog?—ah! poor Jack was dead!

F. M. STANLEY.

THE OLD WIFE.

[Do not attempt to read this selection unless you can interpret its profound pathos, and can imitate the voices of an old man and woman.]

BY the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil sad and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight shadows brown
Slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking (for her spirit seemed to hover,
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bedtime cares of this),
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her,
Answered: "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures

Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow;
But her heart was with them living, back among her toils and pleasures
Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet old summer weather,
"Where is little Charlie, father? Frank and Robert—have they come?"
"They are safe," the old man faltered; "all the children are together
—safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held and kissed her wrinkled hand,
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies and broken verses,
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving heeds,
While the midnight found the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped in weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man listened lonely—
Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden on his breast,
For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's early love and only,
Lay at rest.

"Fare-you-well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you will meet the babes before me;
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long abide,
And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and Heaven will restore me
To your side."

It was even so. The spring-time in the steps of winter treading,
Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old man closed his eyes,
And they buried him by Sarah—and they had their "diamond wedding"
In the skies.

THERON BROWN.

BORN DUMB.

MY little love! My little speechless child!
Can I forget my woman's heart and be
Forever mute to grief, forever mild?
Is it not hard to bear the falling rod
When such an ailment for these baby lips
Divinely suits the policy of God?

The lambs that play too long at hide-and-seek
Have tongues that ask for mothers; these, I know,
Learn lovely meanings when the children speak.
The mother comes from far across the field
And calls assurance to her anxious child,
As I had answered had my lamb appealed.

So with unfeathered blackcaps; so with things
Whose tones are pitched too low for mortal ears;
They plead, and nature sends them breast and wings.
But I shall never hear that storied speech,
That lovely language whose expression is
Defiance of all rules that man may teach.

I have brought silence to my husband's knee!
And he (O baby, baby, try to speak!)
So greatly counted on thy mimicry
Of words his wit prepared to plague thy lips,
Ready to kiss that rosebud impotence,
Thy mouth, and garner all thy precious slips.

"Mother," he used to say, "when I am worn
In days to come with writing, you shall bring
This bud of April on your shoulder borne,
And he shall chatter to my chain, or tear
My latest lyric, or shall cry to touch
The raining splendors of your ravished hair,

"Until he dwindle and his eyes grow dim,
And we can worship him before the fire,
And kiss each other many times for him.
Then I will have him at my heart awhile,"
(O baby, baby, baby, try to speak!)
"And watch the fading of his sleepy smile

"Till dimples cannot follow kisses pressed
Upon the pouting slumber of his mouth,
And I restore his beauty to thy breast."
O husband, husband, and the child is dumb!
The lamb outspeaks him, and the day-old thrush—
How shall I break this news when that you come?

NORMAN GALE.

OLD JACK WATTS'S CHRISTMAS.

IT was during holiday week, many years ago, that the ill-fated steamship Atlantic was wrecked upon the reefs on "Devil's Cradle," within forty feet of the lofty rock-bound west coast of Nova Scotia. It was one of the most disastrous of ocean horrors on record. The oldest resident of that vicinity is venerable, silver-haired Jack Watts, who has just turned his eighty-second year. He is a stalwart, hardy, rough, weather-beaten fisherman with a brilliant record for bravery.

"Do I remember that night? Do I? You wouldn't ask that question, my boy, if you had been here, for if you lived ever so many lives you would not forget that awful night through all eternity," said he, and the sturdy old man's voice quivered as he paused to clear his throat, and his eyes glistened.

"Well, sir," he continued, "you remarked that this was a stormy night when you came in. Pshaw! this is nothing. Sure there is a bit of a storm brewing and a rather stiff breeze, but nothing worth noticing. Look out a bit." And as he opened the door a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, leaving the room in darkness.

We walked out toward the bluff. The air was murky, raw, and growing bitter cold. Eighty feet below, the waves dashed against the rocks, pounding like some enormous sledge-hammer, with a noise like distant thunder, and causing the ledge under our feet to vibrate with each blow. The phosphorescent foam on the crests of the breakers enabled me to dimly see the huge, angry billows tumultuously chasing each other shoreward, and breaking upon the projecting edges of the rocky reef. Far away in the distance there was now and then visible a tiny point of light—of some vessel; so far that it would wholly disappear for awhile, and then again come into view.

"That light is about sixty miles away, and a steamer, likely one of the English or French liners," he said. We had reached near the very edge of the bluff—as far as it was safe to go—when my companion pressed my arm and paused. Stretching out his arm and pointing with his long, bony fingers, he exclaimed: "Down there, just beyond us,—it is only eighty feet from dry land,—you see that dark streak in the sea? That is the 'Devil's Cradle,' and is under water at very high tide. It is called that name because the reef is like a set of big saws; the sharp rocks hold a vessel that runs on them, and sometimes the sea has beaten and pounded and shook the wrecks, very much as a cradle is rocked, until they are torn to pieces. Nine have been lost there during my time.

"But that was not the luck of the Atlantic, which was too firmly set in the rocks to be moved, and the waves pounded and broke her in two, and after awhile tore her to pieces. But that night set in hard. It was cold—bitter cold—and the sun went down in the blinding snow-storm, and the wind blew every way with a force that was awful; then came sleet and hail that cut your very clothes, and drew blood wherever it struck your flesh. All the time the wind was raising and the air was getting more bitterly cold. It was so cold that the air seemed to sting you, and the wind would whirl you around almost off your feet; it whistled and howled and screeched with a frightful noise. I says to my pious old woman: 'Mary Ann, it does seem as though hell itself had been let loose to-night;' and says she to me, 'Jimmy, I

believe it is—but—Jimmy—hark!' and she and I ran to the window and looked out and listened.

"Well, with all that unearthly uproar of the tempest, you could not hear much else, yet we did hear a faint 'boom,' like the sound of a cannon. In a minute or two we saw a streak of fire shooting up through the snow and hail, and then we knew that the Devil's Cradle had, or would have, another wreck. 'God help the poor souls,' I cried, and Mary Ann went down on her knees and prayed for them and the poor lad of ours—our boy Jamie—who, we thought, was on an East Indian merchantman. But—he—wasn't though——" and the old man's voice was choked into silence.

"Well, sir," he resumed, "the wife put on a boiler of water, and I put wood to the fire. We always do when we think we may have good use for it, if some are rescued. Then I ran out in the storm. I was a good bit of a strong man then, sir, but I could hardly stand up in that gale; it blew with awful force, and one could not see ten feet away, yet I pushed on to just about where we are standing. Another rocket shot up, and its track of fire disclosed an awful sight. It was all in a minute, and I had to strain my eyes and look under the peak of my hat through the blinding storm. There was a great big, splendid ocean steamship driven over the outer edge of the reef; the waves looked as though the whole bottom of the ocean had violently heaved them up; they were actually like mountains, and they lifted that huge steamer up and let it down, bumping over those jagged points of flinty rock.

"Then all was pitchy darkness again, and although I could not see anything I kept my eyes in the same direction. In a few minutes another rocket shot up, and again I saw that noble vessel lifted up almost out of the water by a mighty wave; astern it seemed caught and pivoted on one great point of rock; then it was wheeled around, and as the waters receded the bare, rough rocks seemed like a huge jaw, down into which the steamer dropped with a crashing noise of broken iron, glass, tackling, and machinery. Loud above all, I could hear the smothered but unmistakable sound of women's shrieks and

the shouts of men. Then all was inky-black darkness, and the waves and winds vied with each other in performing their fiendish part. I had hard work to hold my balance, keep my feet, and get to our little home.

"We were up at daybreak, and as the storm abated I joined some neighbors and went down to the cliffs. There we saw the noble steamship hard fast on the rock, split in the centre and strained all over. The waves were yet furiously breaking over her; ice had formed on various parts of the deck, bulwarks, and rigging; bodies were frozen stark and stiff. All was as silent as the grave—not a living soul in sight on board. But few bodies were washed ashore until the next day, and one had been thrown up near where I stood. I leaned and reached forward and drew it in. It was the body of a man; his overcoat had been twisted over the face, and was stiff with a casing of ice. We turned the corpse over, loosened the garment, and drew it down, showing the face.

"Merciful God! it was our Jamie! As we were afterward informed by a shipmate of his, he had planned it to come home and surprise us Christmas Day."

The old man sobbed a moment or two, and then exclaimed: "Yes, our Jamie did come home, and he did surprise us, but what a sad surprise it was. You will not wonder now I remember so well the night of the wreck of the Atlantic, when our Jamie came home."

THE ORGANIST.

[May be given with organ accompaniment.]

AT the keyboard still he lingered,
For a theme by some old master
Smote his heart, and louder, faster
Beat it as the notes he fingered.

And the evening shadows creeping
Round the spot where he was sitting,

Watched his ghost-like fingers flitting,
Listened to the music weeping.

From its tears he sought to borrow
Solace for his bitter anguish,
Peace for all things doomed to languish
In the bleeding breast of sorrow.

And as rises from the ocean,
Bright and beautiful, the morning,
Hill and mead and stream adorning—
Rose the past to his emotion.

On its wings the music bore him
Straight from city, street and alley,
Bore him to his own loved valley,
Set the lordly Rhine before him.

Home he saw, familiar places,
Vine-clad hills and shining meadows;
And from out the deepening shadows
Crowded long-forgotten faces.

And he heard the low of cattle,
And the goat-bells tinkling faintly,
And the brown bees murmuring quaintly
To the brooklet's merry prattle.

And the sound of falling water
With it brought a vision holy,
For where turned the mill-wheel slowly,
Smiled the miller's gentle daughter.

And in accents soft and tender
Spake he as in times long vanished,
Ere by ruthless fortune banished
From the presence of her splendor.

O the rapture of the vision!
  O blue eyes and silken tresses!
  What to him the world's distresses,
What its laughter and derision?

Sudden gleams and bursts of glory
  Lit the hopeless miserere,
  As through midnight dark and dreary
Rolled the passion of his story.

Come away, the place is haunted,
  Leave him quietly with his sorrow,
  There shall dawn a brighter morrow
When his pleading shall be granted.

MATTHIAS BARR.

IF WE KNEW.

COULD we but draw back the curtains
  That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
  Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
  Purer, than we judge we should;
We should love each other better,
  If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
  See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
  All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
  To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each others errors
  With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
  Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
  Understood the loss and gain,
Would the grim, external roughness
  Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help, where now we hinder?
  Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! We judge each other harshly,
  Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
  Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
  All the golden grains of good;
Oh! We'd love each other better,
  If we only understood.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A TRAVELER on a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased in heats of noon to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great, a watchfire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death;
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first but mighty at the last.

CHARLES MACKAY.

NELLIE'S PRAYER.

IT'S a month to-day since they brought me
The news of my darling's death;
I knew what it meant when the neighbors
Whispered under their breath;
And one good motherly creature,
Seeing my Nell at play,
Stooped down, with her eyelids streaming,
And kissed her and turned away.

I knew that my Nell was an orphan
And I was a widowed wife,
That a soldier for Queen and country
Had bravely given his life;
That out on the field of battle,
Under the far-off skies,
He had thought of his absent dear ones
With the film of death on his eyes.

It was there in the evening paper,
His name was among the dead—

We had won a glorious battle,
  And the enemy, beaten, fled.
Then they counted the dead and wounded,
  And found him among the slain;
O God! had I known when we parted
  We were never to meet again!

I couldn't believe the story,
  I couldn't believe that he—
My darling, my soldier husband—
  Would never come back to me.
I had thought of him night and morning;
  I had passed long nights on my knees
Praying that God would bring him
  Back to me over the seas.

It all came back like a vision;
  I could hear the band as it played
When the regiment marched to the station,
  And the noise that the people made
As they shouted "Good luck!" to the soldiers,
  And gave them three ringing cheers,
While the women, with ashen faces,
  Walked by the side in tears.

We walked by *his* side that morning,
  And Nellie was quite elate
With the band and the crowd and the cheering—
  My Nellie was only eight.
She never thought of the danger;
  He had tried to make her gay,
And told her to take care of mother—
  He wouldn't be long away.

He held her up at the station,
  Lifted her up to kiss,
And then, with her arms flung round him,
  Said to her, softly, this:
"Nellie, my pet, at bedtime,
  When you kneel at your mother's knee
To pray to the God who loves us,
  Say a wee prayer for me.

"I shall think of you in the twilight,
  When the stars come out above,
And fancy I see you kneeling
  With your blue eye full of love,
Breathing my name to Heaven;
  And if, as the good folks say,
God hears the prayers of the children,
  He'll guard me while I'm away.

"He'll guard me, and bring me safely
  Back, little Nell, to you:
There's many a danger, darling,
  He'll have to help me through."
And the child looked up at her father,
  The tears in her pretty eyes;
There was something of shame in her manner—
  Something of sad surprise.

"You needn't have asked me, daddy,
  I always do that!" she said;
"Don't I pray for you and for mammy
  At night when I go to bed?
God loves the little children,
  And answers their prayers, they say;
I'm sure that you'll come back safely,
  I'll ask in my prayers that you may."

It's only a month since they started.
  We thought when the regiment went
That long ere the troops were landed
  The force of the war would be spent.
And so I had taken courage,
  And looked on the bright side first,
Though now and again I fretted,
  And sometimes feard the worst.

They took little Nellie from me,
  Took her away for awhile;
How could I hear her prattle,
  And watch her eager smile,
As she counted the days till daddy
  Would be back from the foreign shore?
How could I tell my darling
  She would see his face no more?

I was left alone with my sorrow—
  Alone in my little room,
Where the evening shadows deepened
  Into the twilight gloom.
I had heard the words they uttered,
  I had seen his name on the list;
But I sat and peered through the darkness
  As a sailor peers through the mist;

I sat like a sleeper doubting
  If she dreams or is wide awake,
Till the truth came on me fiercely,
  And I thought that my heart would break.
As I sat in the deepening gloaming
  The child came back again,
And I picked her up and kissed her
  While my tears ran down like rain.

"Why are you crying, mammy?"
  I only shook my head.
"It's nothing, Nellie," I whispered;
  "Kiss me, and go to bed."
"Let me say my prayers, mammy—
  Will you hear me say them now?"
She prayed for her absent father;
  I listened, but God knows how.

She prayed to the Lord to bring him,
  Safe and sound and well,
Back from the far-off country
  To mother and little Nell—
Prayed *that*, with her father lying
  In that far-off country, dead!
"Now, father's safe till to-morrow,"
  She whispered, and went to bed.

I hadn't the heart to tell her,
  So night after night she prayed,
Just as she promised her father
  When the last good-bye he bade.
But the prayer was a cruel dagger
  To me as I sat and heard,
And my heart was stabbed to bleeding
  With every childish word.

So a weary month went over,
  Till at last my nerves gave way,
And I told her to stop one evening,
  As she came to my knee to pray.
My brain was turned with sorrow,
  I was wicked and weak and wild
To speak as I spoke that evening,
  And shock the faith of a child.

She heard what I said; then, sobbing,
  Broke from my knee and fled
Up to her room, and I heard her
  Kneeling beside her bed.
She prayed in her childish fashion,
  But her words were choked with tears—
I had told her it wasn't always
  God the prayer of the children hears.

She prayed that her absent father
  Might come back safe and well,
From the perils of war and battle,
  To mother and little Nell.
And, ere ever her prayer was finished,
  The door was opened wide,
And my darling rushed towards me,—
  My darling who had died!

I gave one cry and I fainted,
  And Nell ran down at the cry:
"They said God wouldn't hear me,"
  She told him by-and-by.
When the shock of surprise was over
  We knew what the miracle meant,
There'd been a mistake in the bodies,
  And the news to the wrong wife sent.

There were two of his name in the regiment—
  The other was killed, and when
It came to making the list out
  An error was made in the men.
Yet I think as I clasp my darling,
  Would he still be here to-day
Had I shaken Nell's simple tenet,
  "God listens when children pray?"

GEORGE R. SIMS.

BROUGHT BACK.

SHE wandered alone at midnight, through alley and court and street,
Through the heart of the wealthy city, yet starving for food to eat;
Still on, though her feet were weary, and the wintry wind blew keen,
Whilst her heart was nearly breaking at thought of the "might have been."

Through her mind old scenes are passing, so vivid and quick and clear;
She can see the stile where Harold first met her and called her "dear;"
And the old, sweet country village, where she lived in the days gone by,
And where not a pang of sorrow e'er caused her a tear or sigh.

Then again does her fancy paint her a picture of that gay scene,
When the wedding bells rang sweetly, and she was a sailor's queen.
But the vision melts, and quickly there flits through her haunted mind
The sight of her love departing, and leaving her sad behind.

He had gone to his duty bravely, away o'er the salt blue sea;
"Oh, God!" she prayed when he left her, "bring Harold again to me."
But months went by and he came not, and now two years had fled;
She had lost all hope, and mourned him as one who was surely dead.

She had wed against parents' wishes, they'd renounced her long ago,
And poverty's strong hand forced her to take to the needle and sew;
But she who had loved the country, and thrived in its pure, fresh air,
Soon pined in the crowded city, penned up in a workroom there.

Still on did she wander slowly, till, weary and well-nigh spent,
Into one of the broad recesses on London Bridge she went,
And peering just over the coping, she strains her eyes to scan
The place beneath where swiftly the cold, black river ran.

What horrible thoughts are coming! They tell her a leap in there
Will ease her of all life's burdens, its pain and want and care.

"Only one leap," she murmurs; "no more to be starved, oppressed;
May be I shall meet my Herold in the far-off land of rest."

She sprang on the bridge's coping, and gave just a glance around,
No one in sight! 'Twas lucky! But her sharp ear caught a sound.
'Twas a footstep coming quickly. Should she wait till it passed her by?
No, she would plunge that instant. What matter who saw her die?

But a voice cries, "Hold! for God's sake!" She starts, and falls from the ridge,
Not into the rushing river—not on to the hard, stone bridge;
But a man's strong arms have caught her, she is gently raised to her feet;
She turns, and they both are startled as soon as their glances meet.

"Harold!" "Why, Bess, my darling!" The husband and wife have met.
What pen can describe the gladness such meetings as these beget?
Bess hardly believed her senses; she felt so supremely blest,
As her weary head lay pillowed on her sailor-husband's breast.

He told how his ship had foundered, how he managed to reach a shore,
Where he eked out an existence for eighteen mouths or more,
Till rescued, he came to England to search for his poor young wife,
And how he at last had found her, and brought her back to life.

JOHN F. NICHOLLS.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

[*The Wichita Eagle* says that this poem was left at its office by an unknown man who came to ask for work.]

NEAR the campfire's flickering light
In my blanket-bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
At the twinkling stars on high.
O'er me spirits in the air,

Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood prayer—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whip-poor-will
In the bough of yonder tree;
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near,
In the canyon dark and deep:
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear,
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

Mid the stars one face I see,
One the Saviour called away;
Mother who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray.
Her sweet spirit hovers near,
In this lonely mountain brake;
Take me to her, Saviour dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light,
As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night
Fill the air with sad'ning cries.
Over me they seem to cry,
"You may nevermore awake."
Low I lisp, "If I should die,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

GLADYS WALLIS.

"MY LIPS ARE PADLOCKED, AND I WOULD NOT LISP THE SECRETS OF THAT HOUR, EVEN IF 'TWERE TO HAVE THE LAST WORD"

FRANCIS WILSON.

"I DO IT JUST BY ATTITUDE. I'VE GOT A PATENT ATTITUDE—I HAVE!"

PART VI.

Humorous Readings.

BARNEY O'LINN AND THE LEECHES.

BAD was the wife of Barney O'Linn,
Worse did she get, and more sallow and thin;
Nothing but taters could Barney obtain,
Wifie had had them again and again;
Sickened was she and one morning did cry,
"Barney, my darling, I'm sure I shall die."

Barney was busy, just scratching his head,
But left his amusement and ran to the bed;
"Was it dying ye mentioned?" said Barney, the thrue,
"Don't die till I fetch you old Dr. MacDrue."

The doctor appeared and went off to the bed,
Counted her pulse and shook his bald head,
Then, taking a rickety tub for a seat,
"Barney," quoth he, "what's your wife had to eat?"
"Praties, your honor, and salt now and then,
But it's seldom that same's seen by Barney O'Linn."
"Barney, some leeches I'll send her to try;
If she don't have them soon, she'll speedily die."

The dozen of leeches made Barney to stare;
Tare an ages!" said he, "but they look mighty quare,
And bottled he's sent them, as true as I'm here,
But how we're to cook them I've not an idea."

"His worship left word, Barney, didn't he, eh?"
"No, sorra a sentence his honor did say,
But sure we can't tell how they'll be till we've tried,
So six shall be biled, and the rest shall be fried."

Well, Barney biled six with the taters, he did,
And the other half dozen he fried in the lid.
"The quare little spalpeens are doing divinely,
Holy Virgin," said he, "but my mouth waters finely.
It's long, wifie dear, since you had such a trate,"
Said he, as he brought her a knife and a plate;
Then he raised her in bed and the leeches he brought her,
And stood by to wait as a gentleman ought ter.

Wifie looked pleased, very much, and she smiled
As she daintily stuck her fork into a biled;
Then with great satisfaction the odd little cratur
She popped in her mouth with a piece of pertater.
She munched, but her face, it grew longer and longer;
The doubt on her features grew stronger and stronger,
Still the leech with an effort she managed to swallow.
But a storm of disgust the boiled leeches did follow.
Barney, who wifie in wonder had eyed,
Said, "Darling, don't eat em; try one of the fried."

Wifie tried two, and by some means or other,
She bolted them down, but she tried not another;
Barney did press her, but still, we must own,
He wouldn't feel hurt if she left them alone.
No dinner he'd had, and he thought that his taters
Would be greatly improved by the fat little craturs,
So he finished the nine without any more fussing,
While she, in her heart, the young varmins was cussing.

But Barney, who wasn't o'er nice in his taste,
Thought no one with leeches could quarrel the laste.

The tale of the leeches is pretty well ended;
We've only to say Barney's wife quickly mended.
No doubt 'twas the leeches; you stare, perhaps grin;
"Yes, likely," say you; well, ask Barney O'Linn,
And he'll tell you when wifie has spasms or screeches,
He cures her directly by just saying "leeches."

HOW WE HUNTED A MOUSE.

I WAS dozing comfortably in my easy-chair, and dreaming of the good times which, I hope, are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions, and shouting "shoo," in a general manner at everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter, she screamed, "O! Joshua, a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya, shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go away—O Lord—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo."

All that fuss, you see, about one little harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in a corner under the sink. The first time I hit it I didn't poke it any on account of getting the poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink; and I did not hit it any more, because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would; but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons, I yelled to Maria, because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my garment.

There is something real disagreeable about having a mouse inside the leg of one's pantaloons, especially if there is nothing between you and the mouse. Its toes are cold, and its nails are scratchy, and its fur tickles, and its tail feels crawly, and there is nothing pleasant about it, and you are all the time afraid it will try to gnaw out, and begin on you instead of on the cloth. That mouse was next to me. I could feel its every motion with startling and suggestive distinctness. For these reasons I yelled to Maria, and as the case seemed urgent to me, I may have yelled with a certain degree of vigor; but I deny that I yelled fire, and if I catch the boy who thought that I did, I shall inflict punishment on his person.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over my knee, and by pressing firmly on the outside of the cloth, I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside. I kept jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that the mice would not hear its squeaks and come to its assistance. A man can't handle many mice at once to advantage.

Maria was white as a sheet when she came into the kitchen, and asked what she should do—as though I could hold the mouse and plan a campaign at the same time. I told her to think of something, and she thought she would throw things at the intruder; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried two flat-irons and the coal-scuttle. She paused for breath; but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere. "O, Joshua," she cried, "I wish you had not killed the cat." Now, I submit that the wish was born of the weakness of woman's intellect. How on earth did she suppose a cat could get where that mouse was? Rather have the mouse there alone, anyway, than to have a cat prowling around after it. I reminded Maria of the fact that she was a fool.

Then she got the tea-kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some

cheese to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping. Just as I was ready to faint with exhaustion, I tripped over an iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor very dead. I had no idea a mouse could be squeezed to death so easily.

That was not the end of trouble, for before I had recovered my breath a fireman broke in one of the front windows, and a whole company followed him through, and they dragged hose around, and mussed things all over the house, and then the foreman wanted to thrash me because the house was not on fire, and I had hardly got him pacified before a policeman came in and arrested me. Some one had run down and told him I was drunk and was killing Maria. It was all Maria and I could do, by combining our eloquence, to prevent him from marching me off in disgrace, but we finally got matters quieted and the house clear.

Now, when mice run out of the cupboard, I go out-doors, and let Maria "shoo" them back again. I can kill a mouse, but the fun don't pay for the trouble.—JOSHUA JENKINS.

A LOVER WITHOUT ARMS.

[The figures refer to the corresponding numbers in Part I.]

A CAPTAIN went[2] to Gettysburg
And plunged into the fray,[1]
And while he led his brave command
Both arms[23] were shot away.

This Captain's name was Peter Field,
And he was tall and stout;
But when he found himself disarmed
His courage[4] "petered out."

Now Peter, at a country fair,
A fair young maid had met;

While in the hospital he sat,
  His heart on her was set.

Poor Peter mourned[19] his sorry loss,
  Which nothing could replace;
He wanted much a brace of arms,
  His maiden to embrace.

While Peter Field was sorely maimed,
  And far down in the dumps,
She took occasion to declare[1]
  She'd take him with his stumps.

This manly offer made him weep,
  He was almost unmanned;
He told her she could have his heart,
  But couldn't have his hand.

His hand this maiden could not get,
  For he was incomplete;
And so this feat she did perform,
  She took his heart and feet.

Some lovers say, "Come to my arms!"[7]
  And quick the maiden jumps;
But Peter changed the phrase and said,
  "Come,[7] darling, to my stumps!"

Long time did Peter long to wed,
  His true and faithful mate;
The lovers felt a weight of woe,
  Because compelled to wait.

The captain had no stocks or bonds,
  No horses and no lands;

And, without arms, he could not take
  A wife upon his hands.

For keeping books he had a taste,
  Yet had to shun[4] the pen;
But if a pension could be had,
  He would get married then.

The pension came,[2] the wedding, too,
  His fortunes to retrieve;
"Please join your hands," the parson said,
  But Peter joined his sleeve.

Now Peter's joy[18] is quite complete,
  And peaceful is his life;
While marriage was a happy stroke,
  He never strikes his wife.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

BABY IN CHURCH.

AUNT NELLIE has finished a dainty thing
  Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace,
  And Mamma has said, as she settled it 'round
  Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes:
"If the day is pleasant and Baby is good,
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
  In elder-brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
  If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir, and the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud;

But she must not talk nor laugh nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers,
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours),
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew,
The grand, sweet music, the reverent air,
The solemn hush and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her frce.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Came into my mind with a rhythmic flow:
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection-box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in
And smiled at the chinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude
To begin her solo. High and strong
She struck the first note clear and long.

She held it, and all were charmed but one
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried:
"Aunt Nellie, you's being bad."

The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf,
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain,
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the same scene again.
So, we have decided, perhaps 'tis best,
For her sake, ours and all the rest,
That we wait, maybe for a year or two,
Ere our baby re-enter the family pew.

MINNIE M. GOW.

WHERE THE MINCE PIE GROWS.

LITTLE Sam Sugartooth said to himself,
As he sat by a great big rose;
"I wish I could go with a fairy elf
To the land where the mince pie grows.
I'd sit all day, in a dreamy way,
And I'd watch them bud and bloom,
And I'd eat and eat of the fruit so sweet
Just as long as my stomach had room."

Little Sam Sugartooth fell asleep,
And as sure as the tale I tell,
The elfins softly round did creep,
And the boss one said: "'Tis well."
With a graceful hand he waved his wand,
And sleeping Sam arose
On the elfins' backs, and they all made tracks
For the land where the mince pie grows.

Little Sam Sugartooth opened his eyes
  And he looked with a wondering gaze,
And he saw 'twas the bakerman making pies,
  And the boss bakerman, he says:
"Dot's a nice leedle tog unt a olt creen frog
  Unt some drash vat I fount in de streed:
Shust schop dem nice, mit dose rats unt mice,
  Unt 'dwill do for de next mince mead."

Little Sam Sugartooth kept quite still,
  But he thought that his sides would bust
When he saw those bakermen with a will
  Commence on the mince pie crust.
In a great big trough, with their stockings off,
  In their bare, red, flat Duch feet,
They tramped that dough, till the boss said: "Ho!
  Dot'll do; pring de nice mince mead."

Little Sam Sugartooth watched them close
  As they brought out their rolling-pins,
And he saw them putting that horrid dose
  Into rusty old worn-out tins.
But his stomach was sick and his sight grew thick,
  As anyone would suppose,
And he wished in his heart that he might depart
  From the land where the mince pie grows.

Little Sam Sugartooth stirred himself
  And he found he had dreamt a dream,
But he looked around for the fairly elf,
  For the whole thing strange did seem.
And since that day the folks do say
  That he turns his nose up high.
And hops like a frog and barks like a dog
  When you offer him fresh mince pie.

THE PICKWICKIANS ON ICE.

"NOW," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—am rather out of practice."

"Oh, do skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much!"

"Oh, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and, the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the

cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arm with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam?"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates, ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's an orkard gen'lm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come: the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thankee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast!"

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank,—

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam; "don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy, which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet; but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you would let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great eagerness.

"No; thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Mr. Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said, in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the by-standers; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An imposter, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding, which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a two-penny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide; and there was something in the motion, which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice, warm exercise, that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner, in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick; "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh: nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here! I'll keep you company; come along." And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide with a rapidity, which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass; following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner, in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up: to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that could possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves and hand-

kerchief with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot, where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any person who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisibility of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice,—it was at this very moment that a face, head and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant, for only one instant," bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes—do: let me implore you—for my sake," roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that, if Mr. Pickwick had not decided to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes—certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from

his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and, as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing and cracking and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant situation, and once more stood on dry land.

Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off for home, presenting a singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly-defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.—CHARLES DICKENS.

A TUXEDO ROMANCE.

'TWAS at Tuxedo—let me see—
In late September, long ago;
Yes, eighteen hundred eighty-three.
But how time flies; and yet I know
It's nine years since I passed my nights
Here at Tuxedo—filled my glass
Of life with pleasures and delights,
And let some golden chances pass.

For they *were* golden, if we count
An opportunity to wed
A stunning girl, and wedding mount
The social scale. Who was it said—
And said it wisely, if he knew it?—
"Ambition is a dangerous tool,
When used too freely we may rue it,
By sovereign, or sage or fool."

In those days Gertrude was a queen,
  A social queen, and winsome, too.
Her hair was brown, with just a sheen
  Of gold and amber shining through,
And how we flirted! We had met
  At Newport in the busy whirl
Which July brings. I liked her set;
  'Twas ultra—and I liked the girl.

I more than liked her. Now it seems
  'Twas love's first dawning; I was young,
And there was time for golden dreams.
  We drove, we chatted, danced and sung
Together, for the season's close
  Was well upon us. Butterflies
And moths alike, the whole world knows,
  Will seek the bright and fairest skies

Society had turned its back
  On rare Tuxedo; but we stayed,
And certainly there seemed no lack
  Of pleasure, for she had delayed
Her trip to London, where with rage
  Her father waited. Then, one day—
To fill life's darkest, saddest page—
  She sobbed, and sobbing went away.

We corresponded every week,
  Such letters that I wonder now
The steamer did not spring a leak,
  Scorched and consumed from stern to prow.
They burned with passion and with love;
  They vowed that while our lives should last
We'd be as true as stars above,
  And all such nonsense. Now 'tis past.

Her letters stopped; I sought the whirl
  Of social pleasures; then for spite
I wooed and wed another girl.
  I did not half deserve the bright
And happy life she brought me. So
  'Twas not until to-night I found
Myself once more within the flow
  Of Fashion's set and Fashion's sound.

I waltzed once with my partner's wife,
  Then in an alcove by the door—
My veins seemed filled with fresh, new life—
  I saw a face I'd known before—
'Twas Gertrude. Springing to her side
  I poured forth words of passion, then
This girl, who should have been my bride,
  Said: "Jack, you're just like other men,

And I like other women, too.
  Once we were foolish, long ago,
But, really, I supposed you knew
  'Twas only a flirtation; so
You see I made the best of fate,
  And married quite another one.
Dear Jack, I fear you've come too late—
  But let me introduce my son." ALBERT HARDY.

BOOH!

[Read at the Literary Congress in Chicago, Children's Day.]

ON afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid nap
  And sits, like any monarch on his throne in nurse's lap,
  In this peculiar wise I hold my 'kerchief to my face,
And cautiously and quietly I move about the place;
Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to view,
And you should hear him laugh and crow when I say "Booh!"

Sometimes that rascal tries to make believe that he is scared,
And, really, when I first began, he stared and stared and stared;
And then his under lip came out and further out it came,
Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a "cruel shame."
But now what does the same wee, toddling, lisping baby do
But laugh and kick his little heels when I say "Booh!"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous glee, and then
In shrill, despotic treble bids me "do it all aden!"
And I—of course I do it for, as his progenitor,
It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am for!
And it is, oh, such fun! and I am sure that I shall rue
The time when we are both too old to play the game of "Booh!"

EUGENE FIELD.

AWFULLY LOVELY PHILOSOPHY.

A FEW days ago a Boston girl who had been at the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn, on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy! How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's perfectly lovely! It's about science, you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about?"

"It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are all just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy it's molecules."

"Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules?"

"Oh, molecules! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as

sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson, too. They explain everything so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl, enviously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm, too, and if there is one thing perfectly heavenly, it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"'Deed, you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science."

"Oh, I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it. I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him, just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, anyway?"

"This is mull, trimmed with Languedoc lace——"

"I don't mean that—that other."

"Oh, differentiation! Ain't it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own! I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.

"Oh, no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson; but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn anything else besides?"

"Oh, yes. We learn about common philosophy and logic, and those common things like metaphysics; but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstacies over differentiations and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasms, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody, beside Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson, had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly, awfully mean."

And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend.

"WASH DOLLY UP LIKE THAT."

[Child dialect.]

"I'LL be the goodest little girl
That ever you did see,
If you'll let me take my dolly
To church with you and me,
It's too drefful bad to leave her
When we's all gone away;
Oh! Cosette will be so lonesome
To stay at home all day."

'Twas such a pleading pair of eyes
And winsome little face
That mamma couldn't well refuse,
Though church was not the place
For dolls or playthings she well knew,
Still mamma's little maid

Was always so obedient
  She didn't feel afraid.

No mouse was ever half so still
  As this sweet little lass,
Until the sermon was quite through—
  Then this did come to pass:
A dozen babies (more or less)
  Dressed in long robes of white
Were brought before the altar rail—
  A flash of heaven's own light.

Then Mabel stood upon the seat,
  With dolly held out straight,
And this is what the darling said:
  "Oh! minister, please to wait,
And wash my dolly up like that—
  Her name it is Cosette."
The "minister" smiled and bowed his head;
  But mamma blushes yet.

PROOF POSITIVE.

I STEPPED into my room one day
  And saw some children there at play.
  I sought my little girl and found her
  With half a dozen youngsters round her;
  And from the way she slapped her rule,
  I knew that they were "playing school."

I gave my little girl a kiss—
A pleasure that I never miss.

A murmur through the school-room ran,
  A smile pervaded every feature,
"He must be a committeeman!"
  They loud exclaimed—"he kissed the teacher!"

THE SONG OF THE PRINTING PRESS.

[Written expressly for this Volume.]

I'M a king among men, and no monarch of old,
Whose valorous deeds to the world have been told,
Ever ruled in a kingdom so wide as my own,
Or graced with his purple so mighty a throne.

From the warm brain of genius I sprang at a bound,
With bolts, screws and pinions, and cylinders round,
Ink-fountains and cranks, mighty levers and rings,
Wide feed-boards and buffer-wheels, gear-wheels and springs.

I have pulleys and rollers, belts, grippers and flies—
No finer machinery man's brain could devise;
They made me with hammer, file, chisel and fire—
Though I go night and day, yet my wheels never tire.

In each crank, in each spring, in each wheel is a thought,
And into cold iron man's mind has been wrought;
There is life in the crank, in the spring, in the wheel;
There is brain in the levers and blood in the steel.

Though silent and dead to all eyes I may seem,
I start into life at the hiss of the steam;
My axles are oiled and my clinders fleet,
My dizzy wheels whirl and my wild pulses beat.

Like the snowflakes descending in clouds from the sky,
The fresh-printed sheets from my deft fingers fly;
They rustle, they flutter, they drop thick and fast
As leaves from the trees in the hurricane's blast.

I print what I get—telegraphic despatches,
Births, weddings, elopments, divorces and matches;
Things wondrous and witty, things foolish and wise—
It is said that I've even been known to print lies.

I know all the news and I tell it to you—
Frauds, forgeries, murders, and politics, too;
Ball matches and accidents, weather reports,
And naughty flirtations at summer resorts.

Mrs. Snooks made a call, and the rich Mrs. Scroggs
Gave a party and didn't invite Mrs. Noggs;
Two dogs had a fight, and the Smiths had a row—
I have printed it all, and the world knows it now.

I print the price-lists of the market in stocks,
Long columns of gossip and very stale jokes;
Queer stories of tadpoles and spiders and leeches,
Quack remedies, lost curs, and Congressmen's speeches.

One man is just crazy to try matrimony,
Provided the widow has plenty of money;
Another's so lonely he must advertise,
For a lovely brunette with bewitching black eyes.

I tell what is wanted, and where you may look
For a trim dancing master, a nursemaid or cook,
A repairer of bric-a-brac, shoes and old clothes,
Or a genteel professor of corns and sore toes.

But these common achievements 'tis time to dismiss,
For my type has a purpose far higher than this;
I create the opinion that rules ev'ry nation,
And grandly lead onward all civilization.

Old Vulcan, the blacksmith, grim, sooty and dire,
Forged hot thunderbolts with his anvil and fire,
And the bolts from Olympus like lightning were hurled
By Jupiter Tonans, the king of the world.

When my forces were forged into being and birth,
I received for my kingdom the realms of the earth,

And was clothed with a sway that was destined to prove
Far grander than that of Olympian Jove.

I send forth the Bible, the classic, the story;
I tell of brave deeds and the patriot's glory,
I issue great thoughts and they fly like the light,
That shoots its sharp gleams through the gloom of the night.

To the millions who read I'm commissioned to state
What histories tell and what fictions narrate,
What science proclaims, what theology preaches,
What invention finds out, what philosophy teaches.

Now my noise is the song which some great poet sings,
Now the burning oration that thunders and rings,
Now the sweet tale of love, now the advocate's plea,
Now the message that flashes from under the sea.

Make the furnaces hot, and the steam—crowd it on
Till my mission is ended, my laurels are won,
And the world, all renewed, shall applaud and confess
It was fashioned anew by the swift printing press.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

POMONA DESCRIBES HER BRIDAL TRIP.

"NOW, then, says Jone, after he'd been thinkin' a while, 'there'll be no more foolin' on this trip. To-morrow we'll go to father's, an' if the old gentleman has got any money on the crops, which I expect he has by this time, I'll take up a part of my share, an' we'll have a trip to Washington an' see the President, an' Congress, an' the White House, an' the lamp always a-burnin' before the Supreme Court, an'—'

"'Don't say no more,' says I; 'it's splendid!'

"So early the nex' day we goes off jus' as fast as trains would take us to his father's, an' we hadn't been there more'n ten minutes before Jone found out he had been summoned on a jury.

"'When must you go?' says I, when he come, lookin' kind o' pale, to tell me this.

"'Right off,' says he. 'The court meets this mornin'. If I don't hurry up I'll have some of 'em after me. But I wouldn't cry about it. I don't believe the case'll last more'n a day.'

"The old man harnessed up an' took Jone to the court house, an' I went too, for I might as well keep up the idea of a bridal trip as not. I went up into the gallery an' Jone he was set among the other men in the jury-box.

"The case was about a man named Brown, who married the half sister of a man named Adams, who afterward married Brown's mother an' sold Brown a house he had got from Brown's grandfather in trade for half a grist mill, which the other half of it was owned by Adams's half sister's first husband, who left all his property to a Soup Society, in trust, till his son should come of age, which he never did, but left a will which gave his half of the mill to Brown; an' the suit was between Brown an' Adams an' Brown again, an' Adams's half-sister, who was divorced from Brown, an' a man named Ramsey, who had put up a new over-shot wheel to the grist mill.

"That case wasn't a easy one to understand, as you may see for yourselves, an' it didn't get finished that day. They argyed over it a full week. When there wasn't no more witnesses to carve up, one lawyer made a speech, an' he set that crooked case so straight that you could see through it from the over-shot wheel clean back to Brown's grandfather. Then another feller made a speech an' he set the whole thing up another way. It was jus' as clear to look through but it was another case altogether, no more like the other one than a apple pie is like a mug o' cider. An' then they both took it up, an' they swung it around between 'em till it was all twisted an' knotted an' wound up an' tangled worse than a skein o' yarn in a nest o' kittens, an' then they give it to the jury.

"Well, when them jurymen went out there wasn't none of 'em, as Jone told me afterward, as knew whether it was Brown or Adams as was dead, or whether the mill was to grind soup or to be run by soup

power. Of course, they couldn't agree. Three of 'em wanted to give a verdict for the boy that died, two of 'em was for Brown's grandfather, an' the rest was scattered, some goin' in for damages to the witnesses, who ought to get somethin' for havin' their characters ruined. Jone he jus' held back ready to jine the other eleven as soon as they'd agree. But they couldn't do it, an' they was locked up three days an' four nights. You'd better believe I got pretty wild about it, but I come to court every day an' waited, bringin' somethin' to eat in a basket. Jone never had no chance to jine in with the other fellers, for they couldn't agree, an' they were all discharged at last. So the whole thing went for nothin'. When Jone come out he looked like he'd been drawn through a pump-log, and he says to me, tired like:

"'Let's go home an' settle down!'"—FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A LITTLE dinner party was in progress down below,
While above stairs, in the nursery, was a lovely little Fred.
"There is nothing left to do!" he sighed, "that clock is very slow,
And when nurse does finish supper she will put me straight to bed!

"Now, if they'd let me play with that!"—he looked up on the wall,
And gently pushed a chair along before him as he spoke,
"I really would not mischief it, or worry it at all,
And I feel quite pretty certain I could mend it if it broke!"

About five minutes after this the door bell rang, and low
The servant to the master whispered, "Sir, he's at the door—
The messenger you rang for." Replied the master, "No;
He's made some stupid blunder," and he thought of it no more.

Five minutes passed; a sound of wheels; the servant came to say,
"The carriage is awaiting, sir—belike its come too early,

"But the man is very positive you rang for a cuppay."
"I didn't!" said the master, and his look and tone were surly.

In the same mysterious manner a policeman came and went,
And a doubtful look was growing now upon the master's face,
An idea had occurred to him of what the mystery meant,
And he was just preparing to follow out the trace—

When lo! a burst of thunder sound—the engine drew up proudly,
Close followed by the hose cart, and dire confusion grew,
But the master from his doorstep by shouting wildly, loudly,
Was in time to stop the deluge, and 'twas all that he could do.

Straightway to the alarm he went and captured Master Freddy,
Who sobbed "I only give it such a little, little jerk!
I didn't mean to start it—just to try if it was ready;
I wanted—all I wanted was to see if it would work."

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

I'M a broken-hearted Deutscher,
Vot's villed mit crief und shame,
I dells you vot der drouple ish:
I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh?
Ven you der schtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
It vas so schtrange and queer.

Mine moder had dwo leedle twins;
Dey vas me und mine broder:
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys was "Yawcob,"
  Und "Hans" der oder's name:
But den it made no tifferent:
  Ve both got called der same.

Vell! von off us got tead—
  Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
  Mine moder she don't know.

Und so I am in drouples:
  I gan't kit droo mine hed
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
  Or Yawcob vot is tead!

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

MRS. SMART LEARNS HOW TO SKATE.

DON'T you think skating is dreadful good exercise? I do; and I've been trying of it lately, so that I have as good a knowledge of how it operates as anybody else.

Joshua said I was rather old to go into such childish bizness: but I don't see no airthly reason why an old married woman shouldn't enjoy herself if she can. Goodness knows, most of us has trouble enough to put up with—if we have a husband and children and hens and pigs and things. And if we can git any enjoyment out of life, I say we'd orter. I calkulate to, myself; and I'd like to see anybody hender me! It'll take more'n Joshua Smart! He never growed big enuff! No, sir! not by a long chalk!

All the folks round about here has gone into skating. There hain't nobody but what's had a spell at it. Even old Grandmarm Smith, that's gone with two canes this dozen years—she's tried it, and fell down, and smashed her specs, and barked her nose all to flinchers; and old Deacon Sharp, that's been blind ever since Wiggin's barn was burnt, he's got to be quite a powerful skater. Only you have to clear the track when you see him coming, 'cause he don't turn out for no-

body nor nothing. And he's apt to git to using big words, if he happens to hit against anything. The other day he skated against a tall stump in the millpond, and a madder man you never seed. He took it for somebody standing there; and, if he is a deacon, I'm ready to give my Bible oath that he came at it, and hit it several licks with his fist, afore he found out that it wasn't no one.

All the wimmen folks has been out on the ice this fall. I never seed such a turnout afore. The way they've done, they've cooked up enuff Satterdays to last all through the next week, and then they've skated, and their husbands has staid at home, and swore and eat cold vittles.

Law sake! how things have changed since I was a gal! The world is gitting more and more civilized every day. In a thousand years from now, at the present rate of getting along, this airth will be too good to live in, and most of us will have to leave, if we hain't already.

Why, I can remember when a gal that dared to look at a pair of skates was called a Tomboy; and you might as well have served out a term in the States Prison as to have been called that! It was an awful name! It used to be a sin for a gal to do anything that a boy did, except milk the cows, and eat pudding and molasses.

As soon as it got cold enough to friz up, I made up my mind to see what I could do at skating. I had an idea that it wouldn't take me no time at all to larn. All the gals was an awful spell a-larning; but all in the world that made 'em so long was 'cause they had fellers a-showing of 'em how, and they kinder liked the fun. If there hadn't been a feller in the neighborhood, a'most any of 'em would larnt the whole trade in three days.

I went over to the bridge, and sold five pounds of butter, and got me a pair of skates. Hain't it astonishing how butter has gone up? Never seed the beat of it in all my life! We don't pretend to eat a mite of butter to our house, though we've got three farrer cows and a new milk's heifer. Joshua grumbles like everything; but I tell him 'taint no use—I'd as lives he'd spread his bread with fifty-cent

scrips as with butter. And 'twon't make no difference a hundred years from now whether a man has lived on butter or hog's fat. Not a speck!

I sold the butter, and took three dollars' worth of skates. Miss Pike, the milliner, said I ought to have a skating costume—it wasn't properous to skate in a long-tailed gownd and crinoline.

So one day I sot myself to work, and fixed one. I took a pair of Joshua's red flannel drawers, and sot two rosettes of green ribbon onto the bottoms of 'em; and then I took a yaller petticoat of mine, and sewed five rows of blue braids round the bottom of that; my waist I made out of a red and brown plaid shawl, and for a cap I took one of Joshua's cast-off stove-pipe hats, and cut it down a story. I tied a wide piece of red flannel around it, and pulled out an old crower's tail, and stuck that into the front of it. Joshua laffed at me, the master. He sed I looked jest like an Injun squaw; but as he never seed one, I dunno how he knowed.

Sam Jellison sed he'd larn me how to do; but I told him no; I didn't want nobody a-handling me round a-finding out whether I wore corsets or not. I didn't like the style. I guessed I could take keer of myself. I'd allers managed to. I'd took keer of myself through the jonders, and the dispepsy, and the collery morbus, and I'd allers made my soap, and did my own cleaning, and I guessed I could skate without nobody's assistance. I didn't want no little upstarts a holding onto me with one arm, and laffing at me in t'other sleeve at the same time.

Sam he whistled and sed nothing. It's a dreadful hateful way some folks have of insulting of ye—that whistle of theirn.

One Tuesday morning, bright and airly, I got my work out of the way, and dressing myself in my skating costume, I took my skates in one hand and a long pole to steady myself by in the other, and set sail for the mill-pond.

I shouldn't have dared to begin such an undertaking any day but Tuesday. Wednesday is allers a dreadful day for me! Why, I've broke more'n ten dollars' worth of crockery Wednesdays; and I've

sot three hens Wednesdays, and one's eggs all addled, and one she got broke up afore sh'd sot a week, and t'other one hatched out three chickens that was blind as bats, and never had no tail-feathers!

I went so airly, that I was in hopes there wouldn't be no speckle-petaters to see my fust attempt; but, lawful heart! the pond was lined with 'em! I felt rather down in the mouth at the idea of trying my skill afore all them people, but I was too plucky to back out.

I sot down on the ground, and strapped on my skates; and grabbing my pole firmly in both hands, I got onto the ice. The minnit I got on, I sot rite down flat, in spite of all I could do, and it was as much as five minutes afore I could git up agin. And when I did my left foot begun for to run rite round t'other one, and I run rite round arter it. The fust thing I knowed my heels was up, and my head was down, and I thought it was night and all the stars in the firmary was having a shooting-match.

Sam Jellison he seed me fall, and come and picked me up. Sam is dreadful attentive to me, because he's trying to shine my darter Betsey. I can see through it all. He wanted to help me stiddy myself, but I wouldn't let him, and started off upon the dog trot. I could run a good deal better than I could slide. I thought I'd go over on t'other side of the pond, where Miss Pike and some other friends of mine was; and, sticking my long pole into the airholes, I made out to get under way. And after I once got started, the difficulty was to stop myself. I went rite ahead like a steam injine down grade. I found it wasn't no use to fite against fate; and, concluding that this was the fun of skating, I drawed up my pole and let it stick out each side of me, and sailed on. I had the wind in my back, and it filled my yaller petticoat so that it floated out afore me like the star spangled banner on the Fourth of July.

I was a-coming to where the skaters were at it pretty thick; but I I didn't think to take my pole in, and the fust thing I knowed I was a mowing of 'em down with it, rite and left, as a two-hoss mowing-machine takes down the grass on a medder.

The ice was lined with the ruins! Muffs, and hoods, and gloves,

and false teeth, and waterfalls, and rats, and mice, and curled hair, and men, and women, and little boys—all mixed up together. You couldn't tell t'other from which!

Old Jim Pratt he went down among the rest; and, as he went, the toe of his skate ketched into that beautiful braid on my yaller petticoat, and in less'n a minnit tore it clear off and wound it all among the understandings of all the scrabbling people.

I was madder'n a hatter! I riz my pole to let 'em have some; but before I could strike, the strain on that illigant trimming upsot my equalibrius, and down I went, striking the back of my crannyrum so hard, that for a minnit I thought my skull bone was broke clean across! It seemed as if I could hear the rough edges grate together.

Just as I was a-rising to get up, along come a feller at a 2.40 rate, without any eyes into his head, I expect, for he didn't see me, but undertook to skate rite over me, and away he come, head fust, onto the ice, with a grunt that sounded like a pig's when he's just gwine to sleep after eating a whole pail of swill.

I grabbed hold of his coat-tail to hist myself up by, and, law sake! the cloth parted like a cobweb, and left him with a short jacket on, and letting me back onto the ice harder than afore!

Sam Jellison he arrived jest at this minnit, and I didn't say nothing agin his helping of me. I felt as if I was nigh about played out. He esquarted me to the shore, with all that blue braid a-trailing after me. And when I'd got breath, he went up home with me, and I heard him kiss Bets behind the pantry door. Wall, wall, young folks will be young folks, and 'tain't no use to try to hinder 'em.

I was so sore for a week that I couldn't git my arms to my head without screeching, and I felt all over as if I'd been onjinted and jined onto another person's understandings.

As soon as I got better, though, I let Sam help me larn, and I can skate the master now. You never seed the beat! Its the grandest exercise! and so healthy! I've friz both of my feet, and my nose, and my face has mostly peeled, and I've got the rumatiz tremenjous; but I've larned to skate, and what do I keer!—CLARA AUGUSTA.

A BOY'S POEM ON WASHINGTON.

[Written expressly for this volume.]

THEY'RE making a fuss about George's birthday—
Who cares for his birthday? Not I;
'Tisn't much of a day for us boys after all—
I'd rather have Fourth of July.

Of course, ev'rybody has got to be born,
And a birthday will come now and then,
I know folks who have it about every year,
But that doesn't make them great men.

George hacked at a cherry tree, so it is said,
And then wouldn't make an excuse;
Why should he? His father had seen what he did,
To lie would have been of no use.

Our country once wanted a father, you know;
If George hadn't then been around
Some other would soon have applied for the place,
And a good situation have found.

Besides, it's a shame to make George the father
Of a country so great and so grand,
When nothing whatever is said of a mother—
Why, that's a mean slight to our land.

Uncle Ben's got a picture of George in a boat,
A-crossing the Delaware River.
Well, how would he cross it except in a boat?
Wade through it, get wet and then shiver?

My history says that a winter he spent
At a place that is called Valley Forge;

What of it? Why people spend winters there now—
Was that any credit to George?

He got the gilt sword of Cornwallis, 'tis said,
And that was the end of the bother;
And yet, all the time he'd a sword of his own,
And why should he want any other?

A president then I believe he was made,
But that wasn't much it would seem;
'Twould have been something like it if he'd only been
At the head of a foot-ball team.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

HOW THREE WERE MADE ONE.

[The figures refer to the corresponding numbers in Part I.]

A CANNIBAL maid and her Hottentot Blade—
They met[2] in a rocky defile;
A gay eagle plume[16] was his only costume,
The lady was wrapt in a—smile;
Together they strolled, and his passion[3] he told
In pleading[18] and tremulous tone,
While softly they trod on the blossom-strewn sod,
And spooned in the twilight alone.

Then sweetly she sighed as she shyly replied,
With tender and fairy-like mien;
She murmured the word, when a war whoop[22] was heard—
A rival had burst[2] on the scene.
A savage Zulu to the trysting place drew,
Demanding[14] his Cannibal bride;
But the Hottentot said, with a toss of his head,
"I'll have thy[2] degenerate hide!"

The Hottentot flew at the savage Zulu,
  The Zulu he went for the Blade,
And fiercely they vied[14] in their strength and their pride,
  And fought[2] for the Cannibal Maid.
She perched on a stone,[9] with a shapely shinbone
  Clasped tight in her tapering arms,
And watched the blood fly with a love-laden eye
  While the warriors fought for her charms.

When fiercer they fought and the ringing blows caught
  With thrust and with parry and punch,
She said, with a smile, "In a very short while
  I will have those[9] two fellows for lunch."
The purple blood flows from the Hottentot's nose,
  The Zulu is struck by the Blade;
Then each of them sighed,[19] a gasping—he died,
  And looked on the Cannibal Maid.

She made a nice stew of the savage Zulu,
  And scrambled the Hottentot's brains—
'Twas a dainty menu when the cooking was through,
  And she dined on her lovers' remains.
The savage Zulu and the Hottentot, too,
  Both sleep in a Cannibal[7] tomb;
The three were made one, and the story is done—
  The maiden strolled[9] off in the gloom.

EDWARD H. PEALE.

THE GOAT AND THE SWING.

A VICIOUS goat, one day, had found
  His way into forbidden ground,
  When, coming to the garden swing,
He spied a most prodigious thing—
A ram, a monster to his mind,
With head before and head behind!

Its shape was odd, no hoofs were seen,
But without legs it stood between
Two upright, lofty posts of oak,
With forehead ready for a stroke.

Though but a harmless ornament
Carved on the seat, it seemed intent
On barring the intruder's way;
While he, advancing, seemed to say,
"Who is this surly fellow here?
Two heads, no tail—it's mighty queer!
A most insulting countenance!"
With stamp of foot and angry glance
He curbed his threatening neck, and stood
Before the passive thing of wood.

"You winked as I was going by!
You didn't? What! tell me I lie?
Take that!" and at the swing he sprung;
A sounding thump! It backward swung,
And, set in motion by the blow,
Swayed menacingly to and fro.

"Ha! you'll fight? A quarrelsome chap
I knew you were! You'll get a rap!
I'll crack your skull!" A headlong jump;
Another and a louder bump!

The swing, as if with kindling wrath,
Came pushing back along the path.
The goat, astonished, shook his head,
Winked hard, turned round, grew mad and said,
"Villain! I'll teach you who I am!"
(Or seemed to say), "you rascal ram,
To pick a fight with me, when I

So quietly am passing by!
Your head or mine!" A thundering stroke:
The cracking horns met crashing oak!

Then came a dull and muffled sound,
And something rolled along the ground,
Got up, looked sad, appeared to say:
"Your head's too hard!" and limped away
Quite humbly, in a rumpled coat—
A dirtier and a wiser goat!

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

THE McSWATS SWEAR OFF.

[Without speaking the word "puff" imitate the puff of one smoking.]

"LOBELIA, my love, another long and delightful evening is before us."

The young husband was arrayed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous, variegated and dazzling complexion. He sat in a luxurious armchair and rested his tired feet on the soft plush cushions of two other chairs. In his hand he held a magazine of large print which he was trying laboriously to read with the aid of an eye-glass he had purchased under the deep and solemn conviction that his position in society required him to use something of the kind.

"Is there anything else I can do for your comfort, Billiger?" tenderly inquired the young wife.

"I think not, Lobelia," he replied after considering a few moments; "though if you will kindly open that package of 'Lone Jack' and put the smoking set within reach I shall be obliged."

Mrs. McSwat did so, and with her own fair hands she filled his new meerschaum, whose bowl was already taking a brownish tinge that gave promise of richer and grander result in the happy future.

"You don't know, Lobelia (puff), how gratefully I (puff) appreciate your (puff) kindness in interposing no objection to my indulgence

in (puff, puff) this habit. Hard as would have been the sacrifice, Lobelia, I (puff) would have quit it cheerfully—that is to say (puff)—with comparative cheerfulness, if you had exacted it."

"How could I have asked you to quit smoking, Billiger," replied the young wife, "when you have never made the least objection to my chewing gum?"

Mr. McSwat laid the pipe down and looked at her in astonishment.

"Do you chew gum, Lobelia?" he said. "I never suspected it."

"I—I confess I do sometimes, Billiger."

"Mrs. McSwat," said he, severely, "have you any idea of the consequences of inveterate gum chewing? Do you know the inconceivably vile materials of which the stuff is made?"

"It can't be any worse, Mr. Swatt, than the poisonous, filthy, reeking fumes of that dirty old pipe you are——"

"Lobelia McSwat, have a care! Don't provoke me too far, or——"

"Billiger McSwat, do you dare to threaten me? Don't glare and squint at me through that eye-glass till you have learned how to use it sir. You are——"

"Lobelia," exclaimed the young husband, pale with conflicting emotions, "you have spoken sneeringly of this meerschaum. It cost $25. But let that pass. I can bear it. To think, though, that the woman I have vowed to love and cherish," and his voice faltered—"upon whom I have poured out the treasure of a heart's richest affection, is a g-gum chew-chewer! O! O! Lo-be-lia!"

"B-Billiger!" sobbed Lobelia, "I'll qu-quit ch-chewing if you'll stop smoking!"

"I'll do it, my love!" he exclaimed.

His brow aflame with lofty and noble resolve, Billiger wrapped his smoking set, with pipe, tobacco and all, in a paper and threw the package to the remotest depths of a dark and gloomy attic on the topmost floor, while Lobelia gathered up all her wads of gum from their various hiding places, rolled them into a compact bundle and threw them into the attic likewise.

"With these slight sacrifices, Lobelia," said Billiger, tenderly, "we

propitiate the good angels of domestic bliss, and banish forever the demon of discord from our hearthstone!"

* * * * * * *

Forty-eight hours had passed—48 short, happy hours. Night had come again.

Billiger was in that attic. He had sneaked into it, and was fumbling around noiselessly for something. In the dark his hand had come in contact with a shoe, and he grasped it. It had a foot in it.

There was a faint scream.

"Mrs. McSwat, is that you?"

"Mr. McSwat, it is."

"What are you doing here, madam?"

"Sir, I am looking for my gum. What are you doing here?"

"Madam, I am hunting for my pipe."

THE TELLTALE.

[With piping, merry tones try to suggest the notes of the bobolink in passages where the bird is supposed to be speaking.]

ONCE on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers in dreaming mood
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along;
The air was fragrant with woodland scents:
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;
And hovering near them: "Chee—chee—Chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink,
Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;

While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strewn
Wilting windrows of grass new-mown,
And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
Swinging low on the slender limb,
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And, balancing on a blackberry brier,
The bobolink sung with his heart on fire—
"Chink? If you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it, do it! You coward, you!
Kiss her! Kiss—kiss her! Who will see?
Only we three! we three! we three!"
Under garlands of drooping vines
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide meadow—fields, lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country road.

The lovers followed it, listing still,
And, loitering slowly, as lovers will,
Entered a low-roofed bridge that lay
Dusky and cool, in their pleasant way.
Under its arch a smooth brown stream
Silently glided, with glint and gleam,
Shaded by graceful elms that spread
Their verdurous canopy overhead,—
The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,
They met and mingled across the tide.
Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
Patient watch as it lay asleep,
Mirroring clearly the trees and sky
And the fluttering form of the dragon-fly,

Save where the swift-winged swallow played
In and out in the sun and shade,
And darting and circling in merry chase,
Dipped, and dimpled its clear dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
Rallying loudly, with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within.
And when from the friendly bridge at last,
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument:
"Kiss her—kiss her, chink a-chee-chee!
I'll not mention it, don't mind me;
I'll be sentinel—I can see
All around from this tall birch tree!"
But ah! they noted, nor deemed it strange,
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change:
"Do it—do it!" with might and main,
Warbled the tell-tale, "do it again!"

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

[The exquisite humor of this selection should be made effective by a sprightly manner and a touch of comedy in expression.]

THE Lady Jane was tall and slim
The Lady Jane was fair
And Sir Thomas, her lord, was stout of limb,
And his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
And he wore green "specs" with a tortoise shell rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
And she was uncommonly fond of him—
And they were a loving pair!

And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
Every one hailed them with loudest acclaim;
Far and wide,
The people cried,
All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain,
To Sir Thomas the good, and the fair lady Jane!

Now Sir Thomas the good, be it well understood,
Was a man of very contemplative mood—
He would pore by the hour, o'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs, that came crawling out after a shower;
Black beetles, bumble-bees, blue-bottle flies,
And moths, were of no small account in his eyes;
An "industrious flea" he'd by no means despise,
While an "old daddy long-legs," whose long legs and thighs
Passed the common in shape, or in color, or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize.
Giving up, in short, both business and sport, he
Abandoned himself, *tout entier*, to philosophy.

Now as Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,
And a good many years the junior of him,
There are some might be found entertaining a notion,
That such an entire and exclusive devotion
To that part of science, folks style etomology,
Was a positive shame,
And, to such a fair dame,
Really demanded some sort of apology;
Ever poking his nose into this, and to that—
At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
At great ugly things, all legs and wings,
With nasty long tails, armed with nasty long stings;—

And eternally thinking, and blinking, and winking
At grubs—when he ought of *her* to he thinking.

But no! ah no! 'twas by no means so
With the fair Lady Jane,
Tout au contraire, no lady so fair,
Was e'er known to wear more contented an air;
And—let who would call—every day she was there
Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple or pear,
Or distilling strong waters—or potting a hare—
Or counting her spoons and her crockery ware;
Enough to make less gifted visitors stare.

Nay more; don't suppose
With such doings as those
This account of her merits must come to a close;
No!—examine her conduct more clasely, you'll find
She by no means neglected improving her mind;
For there all the while, with an air quite bewitching
She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.
Close by her side,
Sat her kinsman, MacBride—
Captain Dugald MacBride, Royal Scots Fusiliers;—
And I doubt if you'd find, in the whole of his clan,
A more highly intelligent, worthy young man;
And there he'd be sitting,
While she was a-knitting,
Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
Some very "wise saw," from some very good book—
No matter who came,
It was always the same,
The Captain was reading aloud to the dame,

Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
They were *almost* as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well, it happened one day—
I really can't say
The particular month;—but I *think* 'twas in May,
'Twas, I *know*, in the spring time, when "Natur look. gay,"
As the poet observes—and on tree-top and spray,
The dear little dickey birds carol away,
That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight.

It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg, a little broiled haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot buttered toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
But no matter for that—
He had called for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,
And his "specs" with the tortoise shell rim, and his cane.
Thus armed he set out on a ramble—a-lack!

He *set out*, poor dear soul!—but he never came back!
"First dinner bell" rang
Out its euphonous clang
At five—folks kept early hours then—and the "last"
Ding-donged, as it ever was wont, at half-past.
Still the master was absent—the cook came and said, he
Feared dinner would spoil, having been so long ready,
That the puddings her ladyship thought such a treat
He was morally sure, would be scare fit to eat!
Said the lady, "Dish up! Let the meal be served straight,
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,

And kept hot for Sir Thomas."—Captain Dugald said grace,
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas's place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
That live-long night, did the hours go by;
And the Lady Jane,
In grief and pain,
She sat herself down to cry!
And Captain MacBride,
Who sat by her side,
Though I really can't say that he actually cried,
At least had a tear in his eye!
As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
From "very young fellows" for "very old chaps."
And if he had said
What he'd got in the head,
'Twould have been "Poor old Buffer, he's certainly dead!"

The morning dawned—and the next—and the next,
And all in the mansion were still perplexed;
No knocker fell,
His approach to tell;
Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may be,
And the dear little dickey birds caroled with glee,
And the lambs in the park skipped merry and free.—
Without all was joy and harmony!

And thus 'twill be—nor long the day—
Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
Yon sun that now our bosoms warms,
Shall shine—but shine on other forms;

Yon grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound on other ears;
The joyous lambs, as now, shall play,
But other eyes their sports survey;
The stream we loved shall roll as fair,
The flowery sweets, the trim parterre,
Shall scent, as now, the ambient air;
The tree whose bending branches bear
The one loved name—shall yet be there—
But where the hand that carved it? Where?

These were hinted to me as the very ideas
Which passed through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
As she walked on the esplanade to and again,
With Captain MacBride,
Of course at her side,
Who could not look *quite* so forlorn—though he tried.
An "idea," in fact, had got into *his* head,
That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should really be dead,
It might be no bad "spec" to be there in his stead,
And by simply contriving, in due time, to wed
A lady who was young and fair,
A lady slim and tall,
To set himself down in comfort there,
The lord of Tapton Hall.

Thinks he, "We have sent
Half over Kent,
And nobody knows how much money's been spent,
Yet no one's been found to say which way he went!
Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we've tried
Every plan we could hit on—and had him well cried,
'MISSING!! *Stolen or Strayed*,
Lost or Mislaid,

MILLIE MEYER.

"NOBODY ASKED YOU TO."

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

"AH, WHO IS THIS, JUST ENTERING THE ROOM,
THIS FINE-PUSS GENTLEMAN THAT'S ALL PERFUME?"

A GENTLEMAN;—middle-aged, sober and staid;
Stoops slightly;—and when he left home was arrayed
In a sad colored suit, somewhat dingy and frayed;
Had spectacles on with a tortoise-shell rim,
And a hat rather low crowned, and broad in the brim.
Whoe'er shall bear,
Or send him with care,
(Right side uppermost) home; or shall give notice where
The middle-aged GENTLEMAN is; or shall state
Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate,
To the man at the turnpike, called *Tappington Gate*,
Shall receive a reward of *Five Pounds* for his trouble
N. B.—If defunct, the *Reward* will be double!!'

"Had he been above ground,
He *must* have been found.
No; doubtless he's shot—or he's hanged—or he's drowned!
Then his widow—ay! ay!
But what will folks say?
To address her at once, at so early a day!
Well—what then—who cares!—let 'em say what they may.'
When a man has decided,
As Captain MacBride did,
And one fully made up his mind on the matter, he
Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
He began on the instant, and vowed that her eyes
Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies;
That her lips were like roses, her cheeks were like lilies·
Her breath had the odor of daffadowndillies!—
With a thousand more compliments, equally true,
Expressed in similitudes equally new!
Then his left arm he placed
Around her jimp, taper waist—
Ere she fixed to repulse or return his embrace,

Up came running a man at a deuce of a pace,
With that very pecular expression of face
Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
Crying out—'twas the gard'ner—"Oh, ma'am we've found master!!"
"Where? where?" screamed the lady; and echo screamed, "Where?"
The man couldn't say "there!"
He had no breath to spare,
But gasping for breath he could only respond
By pointing—he pointed, alas!—TO THE POND.
'Twas e'en so; poor dear Knight, with his "specs" and his hat,
He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that;
When close to the side of the bank, he espied
An uncommon fine tadpole, remarkably fat!
He stooped;—and he thought her
His own;—he had caught her!
Got hold of her tail—and to land almost brought her,
When—he plumped head and heels into fifteen feet water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
Alas! for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for him,
As she saw two serving men sturdy of limb,
His body between them bear:
She sobbed and she sighed, she lamented and cried,
For of sorrow brimful was her cup;
She swooned, and I think she'd have fallen down and died,
If Captain MacBride
Hadn't been by her side
With the gardener;—they both their assistance supplied,
And managed to hold her up.
But when she "comes to,"
Oh! 'tis shocking to view

The sight which the corpse reveals!
Sir Thomas' body,
It looked so odd—he
Was half eaten up by the eels!

His waitcoast and hose,
And the rest of his clothes,
Were all gnawed through and through;
And out of each shoe,
An eel they drew;
And from each of his pockets they pulled out two,
And the gardener himself had secreted a few,
As well might be supposed he'd do,
For, when he came running to give the alarm,
He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John was summoned anon;
Holy water was sprinkled and little bells tinkled,
And tapers were lighted,
And incense ignited,
And masses were sung, and masses were said,
All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,
And ere morning came, that winsome dame
Had made up her mind, or—what's much the same—
Had *thought about*, once more "changing her name,"
And she said with a pensive air,
To Thompson the valet, while taking away,
When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,
"Eels a many I've ate; but any

So good ne'er tasted before!—
They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond—
Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the pond—
Poor dear!—*he'll catch us some more.*"

MORAL.

All middle-aged gentlemen, let me advise,
If you're married, and haven't got very good eyes,
Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies.
If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoise-shell rim
And don't go near the water—unless you can swim.

Married ladies, especially such as are fair,
Tall and slim, I would next recommend to beware,
How, on losing one spouse, they give way to despair;
But let them reflect, there are fish, and no doubt on't,
As good *in* the river, as ever came *out* on't.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

JIMMY BROWN'S SISTER'S WEDDING.

SUE ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says who knows her. She has been engaged to Mr. Travers for three years, and has had to refuse lots of offers to go to the circus with other young men. I have wanted her to get married, so that I could go and live with her and Mr. Travers. When I think that if it hadn't been for a mistake I made she would have been married yesterday, I find it dreadfully hard to be resigned. But we ought always to be resigned to everything when we can't help it.

Before I go any further I must tell about my printing press. It belonged to Tom McGinnis, but he got tired of it and sold it to me real cheap. He was going to exchange it for a bicycle, a St. Bernard dog, and twelve good books, but he finally let me have it for a dollar and a half.

It prints beautifully, and I have printed cards for ever so many people, and made three dollars and seventy cents already. I thought it would be nice to be able to print circus bills in case Tom and I should ever have another circus, so I sent to the city and bought some type more than an inch high, and some beautiful yellow paper.

Last week it was finally agreed that Sue and Mr. Travers should be married without waiting any longer. You should have seen what a state of mind she and mother were in. They did nothing but buy new clothes, and sew, and talk about the wedding all day long. Sue was determined to be married in church, and to have six bridemaids and six bridegrooms, and flowers and music and all sorts of things. The only thing that troubled her was making up her mind whom to invite. Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden and the seven McFadden girls, but Sue said they had insulted her, and she couldn't bear the idea of asking the McFadden tribe.

Everybody agreed that old Mr. Wilkinson, who once came to a party at our house with one boot and one slipper, couldn't be invited; but it was decided that every one else that was on good terms with our family should have an invitation.

Sue counted up all the people she meant to invite, and there was nearly three hundred of them. You would hardly believe it, but she told me that I must carry around all the invitations and deliver them myself. Of course, I couldn't do this without neglecting my studies and losing time, which is always precious, so I thought of a plan which would save Sue the trouble of directing three hundred invitations and save me from wasting time in delivering them.

I got to work with my printing-press, and printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. When they were printed I cut a lot of small pictures of animals and ladies riding on horses out of some old circus bills and pasted them on the wedding bills. They were perfectly gorgeous, and you could see them four or five rods off. When they were all done I made some paste in a tin pail, and went out after dark and pasted them in good places all over the village.

The next afternoon father came into the house looking very stern,

and carrying one of the wedding bills in his hand. He handed it to Sue and said: "Susan, what does this mean? These bills are posted all over the village, and there are crowds of people reading them." Sue read the bill, and then she gave an awful shriek, and fainted away, and I hurried down to the post-office to see if the mail had come in. This is what was on the wedding bills, and I am sure it was spelled all right:

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry
Mr. James Travers
at the Church next Thursday, at half-past seven, sharp.
All the Friends of the Family
With the exception of
the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson
are invited.
Come early and bring
Lots of Flowers.

Now what was there to find fault with in that? It was printed beautifully, and every word was spelled right, with the exception of the name of the church, and I didn't put that in, because I wasn't quite sure how to spell it. The bill saved Sue all the trouble of sending out invitations, and it said everything that anybody would want to know about the wedding. Any other girl but Sue would have been pleased, and would have thanked me for all my trouble, but she was as angry as if I had done something real bad. Mr. Travers was almost as angry as Sue, and it was the first time he was ever angry with me. I am afraid now that he won't let me ever come and live with him. He hasn't said a word about my coming since the wedding bills were put up. As for the wedding, it has been put off, and Sue says she will go to New York to be married, for she would die if she were to have a wedding at home after that boy's dreadful conduct. What is worse, I am to be sent away to boarding-school, and all because I made a mistake in printing the wedding bills without first asking Sue how she would like to have them printed.

YE OLDE TYME TAYLE OF Ye KNIGHTE, Ye YEOMANNE, AND Ye FAIRE DAMOSEL.

[This is a fine example of the mock-heroic, and should be read in a rollicking, grandiloquent manner. Pronounce the words as written.]

Canto I.

ONCE on a time there was a knight,
Was called Sir Dominoes
Johannes Houven-Gouven-Schnouvers
San Domingo Mose—
A warrior he of noble blood
As e'er found fun in fight.
Oh, when he put his armor on
He was a fearsome sight!
Bound round with straps, and strips, and strings,
With thingumbobs and pegs,
With stove-lids buckled on his breast,
And stove-pipes on his legs,
An iron pot upon his head,
A brazen horn to toot,
A sword stuck up his burly back,
A razor down his boot.

He owned great castles, lands, and men,
And gallant ships, and steeds,
And twice as many golden coins
As anybody needs.
Ye knight he loved a farmer's lass:
Alas! she loved not him;
But doted on a yeo-man bold,
By name Sam-u-el Slimme,
Who ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and binned,
Who staunchly tilled ye dirt,

And wore a look of honesty,
Likewise a flannel shirt.
Strong was his arm; warm was his heart;
Cold was his common-sense;
But, otherwise, poor Sam-u-el
Had not a dozen pence.

Yet Albacinda scoffed and scorned
Ye high and haughty knight:
She did not like his iron clothes,
Nor care to see him fight.
His castle was too old and dark;
She scorned his gold as well—
Her father on Sir Mose did smile:
She clung to Sam-u-el.

CANTO II.

One morning in ye month of May,
Amidst ye growing grain,
Ye rival lovers met, eftsoon,
A-coming down ye lane.
"Give way, vile caitiff!" cried Sir Mose,
"And let me journey on;
Or I will strew thy fragments up
And down ye horizon!"

Then bold Sir Mose he drew his sword,
Felt once its rusty edge,
And slashed a slash at Sam-u-el
That mowed ten yards of hedge.
I' faith! It was a vicious blow
And whistled in ye air!
But when it reached brave Sam-u-el,
Sam-u-el was not there.

So fierce and fearful was ye stroke
Sir What's-his-name arose,
Turned three successive summersaults,
And landed on his nose.
His stove-plates drove him in ye mud
Six inches by ye fall:
Ye knight, so weightily got up.
Could not get up at all.

Sam-u-el did not haste away,
For he had cut a stick
Four times as long as his right arm,
And e'en a'most as thick;
Then, though ye knight was well dressed up,
Ye farmer dressed him down,
He made ye knight so black and blue
He was quite done up brown.
"Ye picked this bed," quoth Sam-u-el,
"Methinks I'll let thee lie:
Thy lying once will be grim truth.
Sweet dreams, fair sir! Good-by!"
Ye knight, so sorely taken in,
Would fain be taken out;
"I stick at this!" in wrath he cried,
And loud for help did shout.

And eke he sware a mighty vow,
"Great fishing-hooks, y' bet,
By my best Sunday garter-strings,
I'll beat ye plough-man yet!"
His hair it stood straight up for rage;
His lips were white with foam;
He sware to go that night and burn
Sam-u-el's humble home.

Canto III.

Above ye deep and danksome dell
    Beneath ye gloomy wood,
Ye wind it howled a dismal strain,
    Ye knight he howled for blood;
But as he stole along, a bull
    Espied ye lantern dim,
And whilst he hunted Sam-u-el,
    Ye bull it hunted him!
When it flew in, ye light flew out;
    Ye knight flew, with a cry;
His coat-tails they flew out behind;
    His legs how they did fly!
Ye stove-pipes flew; ye stove-lids, too;
    His weapons went to pot;
Sir Mose arose upon his toes:
    He just got up and got!

With those great horns, three cloth-yards long,
    A whistling in ye wind,
So on ye knight sped, like some cur
    With a tin can behind.
For e'en a'most two miles he fled;
    Nigh tuckered out was he,
When out of danger's way he clomb
    Into an apple-tree,
Whereon he hung a-shivering
    And shrieking at ye beast,
Till Sam-u-el came out to work,
    When day dawned in ye east.

Forsooth, Sam-u-el's rage waxed hot;
    Then loud he 'gan to laugh;

"To judge by thy companion, sir,
Thou art a bawling calf—
For men are known, I trow, sir, by
Ye company they keep—
Though only chickens roost in trees
Whilst honest people sleep!"
Sir Mose yelled fiercely; but, quite weak
From hanging all ye night,
He fell upon ye bull, which tossed
Him clean up out of sight!

Canto IV.

Then up gat bold young Sam-u-el
And galloped down ye lane,
Unto his true-love's window-ledge,
And tapped upon ye pane:
"Come forth, sweet-heart; my love thou art!
Come forth and hie away!
Thou'lt married be, dear girl, to me,
Before high noon this day.
Sweet Albacinda, fly with me,
And rule these vast concerns,
Held safe in trust for bold Sir Mose!
(If ever he returns!)"

Now gallop, gallop, gallant horse!
Now gallop with thy prize!
And hurl ye clay in chuncks away
As big as apple-pies!
Fly down ye road, around ye hill,
Up to ye castle door;
Across ye trembling drawbridge fly
Up to ye banquet floor!

Quick, call ye gray-haired friar in
From out his gloomy cell,
To tie these two young true-loves tight!
Ring out, ye marriage bell!
Ring "jingle-jangle jangle jing!"
Ring "fol-de-riddle-lay!"
Bold Sam-u-el has won his bride
For ever and a day!
Go, bid ye foolish father
To forget his angry pride,
Accept his new-made son-in-law,
And bless ye bonnie bride.

JACK BENNETT.

THE SOFT GUITAR.

SCENE: Moonlight. Beneath the lady's window appeareth the lover with guitar.

[Locate the lady's window to the right. When she replies let her speak toward the left.]

OPEN thy lattice, O lady bright!
The earth lies calm in the fair moonlight;
Gaze on the glint of each glancing star,
And list to the notes of my soft guitar.

At the lady's window a vision shone—
'Twas the lady's head with a night-cap on.

See! at the casement appearing now,
With lily fingers she hides her brow.
Oh, weep not—though bitter thy sorrows are,
I will soothe them to rest with my soft guitar.

Then the lady answered, "Who's going to weep?
Go 'way with your fiddle, and let me sleep."

Then sleep, dear lady; thy fringed lids close,
Pinions of cherubim fan thy repose,
While through thy casement, slightly ajar,
Steal the sweet notes of my soft guitar.

Then the lady her "secret pain" confessed
With the plaintive murmur, "Oh, give us a rest."

Chide me not harshly, O lady fair!
Bend from thy lattice and hear my prayer.
Sighing for thee, I wander afar,
Mournfully touching my soft guitar.

And the lady answered: "You stupid thing,
If you've got the catarrh, stop trying to sing!"

Cruel, but fair one, thy scorn restrain!
Better death's quiet than thy disdain.
I go to fall in some distant war,
Bearing in battle my loved guitar.

Answered the lady: "Well, hurry and go!
I'm holding the slop-basin ready to throw."

False one, I leave thee! When I'am at rest
Still shall my memory haunt thy breast;
A spectral vision thy joy shall mar—
A skeleton playing a soft guitar!

And the lady cried, in a scornful tone,
"Old skeleton, go it—and play it *alone!*"

Then the lover in agony roamed afar—
Fell drunk in the gutter and smashed his guitar.

P. H. Bowne.

A RECEIPT FOR A RACKET.

WHAT does it take to make a racket?
Well, bless me, I certainly ought to know,
For I have made them a score of times or so!
Here's the receipt—and I can't be wrong—
For making them hot and sweet and strong!

What does it take to make a racket?
Two small boys in pants and jacket;
An empty room and a bare wood floor;
A couple of sticks to bang the door;
A chair or two to break and to swing;
A trumpet to blow and a bell to ring;
A stamp and a tramp like a great big man;
And, when you can get it, an old tin pan;
A flight of stairs for a climb and a tumble;
A nursery maid to growl and grumble;
A chorus of howl and cry and shriek
To drown your voice if you try to speak;
A dozen good blows on knees and back,
Each one coming down with a terrible whack;
A couple of falls that would crack a nut,
And one good bump on your occiput;
A rush and a scurry, a tear and a clatter,
A mamma to cry "Now, what is the matter?"
And take these, and shake these, and put in a packet,
And you'll have just the jolliest kind of a racket!

Of course, I am bound to confess
You can manage to make it with less,
(For this is a regular rich receipt,
For pudding and sauce and all complete),
And still have a very good show
If you follow directions below:

You can leave out the room and the floor,
The bumps and the bangs on the door;
The bell and the sticks and the stairs;
The trumpets, the howls and the chairs;
The whack and the fall and the rise;
The shrieks and the groans and the cries;
Mamma and the pan and the tramp,
The nurse and the growl and the stamp,—
But one thing you must have, however you get it;
Or else, if you don't, you will surely regret it—
For remember my words—if you happen to lack it
You never can have the least bit of a racket—
And that is, two small boys in pants and in jacket!

SHACOB'S LAMENT.

OXCOOSE me if I shed some tears,
Und wipe my nose away;
Und if a lump vos in my troat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tale of woe
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don't pelief I know.

You see, I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in this coldt vorldt
Dot vidder vos, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
  Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
  Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
  Und in a stocking stout,
I put avay my gold and bills,
  Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
  Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vos,
  Vhile rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months.
  Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I says: "Vill you be mine?"
  She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact!
  I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
  Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before der vedding day vos set,"
  She vispers in mine ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
  Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

"I owns dis house and two big farms,
  Und ponds and railroad stock;
Und up in Yonkers I bosses
  A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good,
Und if I sell"—I squeezed her handt
To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelve hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes avay;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In vhich dot vidder say:

"DEAR SHAKE:
Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too!"

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

BE BRAVE.

WHEN sudden cry shall rend the air,
That hardest heart would move,
Be ready then to rush to her,
Your gallantry to prove,
When her eyes dilate with horror,
And her cheek doth pale with fear,
And you think that some torpedo
Has exploded very near,
Do not send for some quack doctor,
Nor for a vinaigrette,

But seize some deadly weapon—
  The nearest you can get,
And fiercely let it fly,
  Exclaiming, "There, thou monster!
'Tis now thy fate to die!"
  When her tones so very grateful
Will repay you for your care,
  As she murmurs, "You are very brave,
I really must declare!"
  And when her friends have gathered round,
Join not in their reproach,
  As they in dire amazement find
'Twas a terrible cock roach.

MAY COOPER.

HE TRIED TO TELL HIS WIFE.

IF there is one thing more than another calculated to throw a man into a gnashing-of-the teeth and tearing-of-the hair condition, it is his attempt to give the wife of his bosom an account of some ordinary affair. He begins with:

Oh, my dear, I must tell you something Jack Burroughs told me to-day while ——

Where did you see Jack Burroughs? answered the wife.

Oh, we went to luncheon together, and ——

How did you happen to go to luncheon together?

Well, we didn't exactly go out together. I met Jack at the restaurant, and ——

What restaurant?

Calloway's, and Jack ——

How did you happen to go to Calloway's? I thought you always lunched at Draper's?

I nearly always do, but I just happened to drop into Calloway's to-day, along with Jack, and ——

Does he always lunch at Calloway's?

I'm sure, my dear, that I don't know if he does or not. It makes no earthly difference if ——

Oh, of course not. I just wondered if he did, that's all. Go on with your story.

Well, while we were eating our soup, Jack ——

What kind of soup?

Oxtail. Jack said that ——

I thought you disliked oxtail soup?

Well, I don't care much about it, but ——

How did you happen to order it if you didn't care for it?

Because I *did*. But the soup has nothing to do with the story.

Oh, of course not. I never said that it did. I don't see why you should get cross over a simple question. Go on.

Well, while we were eating our soup, Lawrence Hildreth and his wife came in, and ——

They did?

I have just said so.

Well, you needn't be so cross about it.

They came in, and ——

Is she pretty?

Pretty enough. Jack bowed, and ——

Does he know them?

Well, now, do you suppose he would have bowed if he hadn't known them? I declare if I ——

How was she dressed?

How should I know? I never looked at her dress. What I was going to tell you was that ——

Did they sit near you?

Yes, at the next table. And while they were ordering Jack said that they ——

Couldn't they hear him?

Do you suppose that Jack would have no more sense than to let them hear him talking about them? Look here, now ——

James, if you can't tell a simple little incident without getting into a passion, you'd better keep it to yourself. What did Jack say?

He said that Mrs. Hildreth's father was opposed to the match, and ——

How did he know that?

Great Cæsar! There you go again!

James, you will please remember that it is your wife to whom you are speaking, sir!

No other woman could drive me raving, distracted, crazy, asking silly questions about ——

James!

Every time I try to tell you anything you begin, and you ——

James I do not propose listening to any such insulting remarks, and ——

You never listen to anything. That's the trouble. If ——

When I ask you a simple question you ——

I'd say "simple!" You've asked me a million simple questions in the last half hour, just because I was going to tell you that Jack Burroughs said that ——

I do not wish to know what Mr. Jack Burroughs said, if you cannot tell it respectfully. I shall have my dinner sent to my room, since it is so painful for you to eat with an idiot!

And the much-injured wife retires scornfully, while her husband narrowly escapes an attack of apoplexy.

A RUSSIAN COURTSHIP.

"BE mine," said the ardent young Sawmilegoff,
In a voice with emotion quite husky,
"My fondest devotion, oh, please do not scoff,
Katina Pojakaroulski!"

"Techernyschevsky, my friend," the shy maiden replied,
"Your people are noble and rich.

Would a Golgusoff's granddaughter be a fit bride
For a nephew of Maximovitch?"

"I care not a kopeck!" he said. "In my droshky
I have you safe now, and I laugh
At the wealth of a Klitkin or Overhauloshki,
Gojavnik, or Pullerzedoff.

"You are worth more to me than the gold of Slugmiski,
Brakemupski, or Sumarakoff!
Katina Pojakaroulski, it's risky,
But I'm going to carry you off!"

And this is the way young Sawmilegoff
Put an end to all further discussion,
'Twas a simpler proceeding to carry her off
Than to go on courting in Russian.

PAT'S LOVE LETTER.

IT'S Patrick Dolin, myself and no other,
That's after informin' you without any bother,
That your own darlin' self has put me heart in a blaze
And made me your sweetheart the rest of me days.
And now I sits down to write ye this letter,
To tell how I loves ye, as none can love better.
Mony's the day, sure, since first I got smitten
Wid yer own purty face, that's bright as a kitten's,
And yer illegant figger, that's just the right size;
Faith! I'm all over in love wid ye, clear up till me eyes.
You won't think me desavin', or tellin' a lie,
If I tell who's in love wid me, just ready to die.
There's Bridget McCregan, full of coketish tricks,

Keeps flatterin' me pride, to get me heart in a fix;
And Bridget, you know, has great expectations
From her father that's dead, and lots of relations.
Then there's Biddy O'Farrel, the cunningest elf,
Sings "Patrick, me darlin'," and that means meself.
I might marry them both, if I felt so inclined,
But there's no use talking of the likes of their kind.
I trates them both alike, without impartiality,
And maintains meself sure on the ground of neutrality.
On me knees, Helen, darlint, I ask your consent
"For better or worse," without asking a cent.
I'd do anything in the world—anything you would say,
If you'd be Mistress Dolin instead of Miss Day.
I'd save all me money and buy me a house,
Where nothing should tease us so much as mouse;
And you'll hear nothing else from year out to year in,
But swate words of kindness from Patrick Dolin.
Then—if ye should die—forgive me the thought,
I'd always behave as a dacent man ought.
I'd spend all me days in wailing and crying
And wish for nothin' so much as jist to be dying.
Then you'd see on marble slabs, reared up side by side,
"Here lies Patrick Dolin, and Helen, his bride."
Yer indulgence, in conclusion, on me letter I ask,
For to write a love letter is no aisy task;
I've an impediment in me speech, as me letter shows,
And a cold in me head makes me write through me nose.
Please write me a letter, in me great-uncle's care,
With the prescription upon it, "Patrick Dolin, Esquare."
"In haste," write in big letters, on the outside of the cover,
And believe me forever, your distractionate lover.

Written wid me own hand.

his
PATRICK × DOLIN.
mark.

MY NEIGHBOR'S CALL.

I DON'T want to compel you
To let your baking go,
But I came in to tell you
Some things you ought to know!

It won't take long; no doubt you
Will think it can't be so,
But folks all talk about you!
I've come to let you know.

Now there's your next door neighbor—
Don't say I told you, though!
She says its no great labor
To find out all you know!

You see you're too confiding;
You don't know friend from foe.
I'll set you right, providing
You think you ought to know.

You've heard of Mrs. Grundy?
She thinks it looks quite low
For you to drive out Sunday.
I'm sure you ought to know:

Your class don't like their teacher.
I knew it long ago!
They all prefer Miss Preacher—
Thought you might like to know.

You must change your dressmaker;
You make a sorry show
Primmed up like some old Quaker!
I s'pose you didn't know.

But then I've heard it hinted
  You don't pay what you owe;
I suppose your means are stinted.
  Of course you ought to know.

Though you may not concede it,
  Your baby doesn't grow!
They say you don't half feed it—
  But then you ought to know.

I saw your husband last night
  With Mrs. So and So;
Of course it may be all right,
  But I should want to know.

I think this bread will sour,
  You don't half mix your dough;
I mould mine just an hour—
  It's strange you shouldn't know!

You need me to propel you!
  This clock's a little slow—
I'll drop in soon and tell you
  More things you ought to know!

GEORGIA A. PECK.

A WOMAN'S WATCH.

OH, I am a woman's watch, am I,
  But I would that I were not;
  For if you knew, you would not deny
  That mine is a sorry lot.
She'll let me rest for a great long while,
  Then all of a sudden seek
To twist me up so tight that I'll
  Keep going for a week.

She leaves me open when she will,
  Till I'm sick of dirt and things;
Of pins and hair I have got my fill,
  And of buttons, hooks and strings.
There's a four-leaf clover in me, too,
  And a piece of a photograph;
I'm stuffed completely through and through
  With toothpicks, cloves and chaff.

My hands are twisted to and fro,
  I'm thumped and jarred, alack!
And then, if I fail to straightway go,
  I'm pounded front and back.
With her hat-pin all my wheels she'll pry,
  Till she breaks them, every one,
And then she'll say: "I don't see why
  This mean old thing won't run!"

AN INCOMPLETE REVELATION.

[The figures refer to the corresponding numbers in Part I.]

WHILE Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago,
When coats were drab and gowns were plain and speech was staid and slow,
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or curl,
There dwelt, mid Penfield's[2] peaceful shades, an old-time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid[4] of furbelows,
She spoke rebuke[15] to vanity from bonnet to her toes;
Sweet redbird was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove,
With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,
A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and hair of tow

And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawling, nasal tone,
Was prompted by the Spirit to make[2] this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast
As oft before in meeting-time, and, sure of his request,
Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day of that week
He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed[3] to me that thee and I shall wed,
I have spoken to the meeting and the members all have said
That our union seems a righteous one[1], which they will not gainsay,
So if convenient to thy view, I'll wed thee[7] next Third-day."

The cool possession of herself by Friend Sylvanus Moore
Aroused her hot[14] resentment, which by effort she forbore—
She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, childlike mind—
And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answered him in kind:

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home[15] and wait until I see
The fact that I must be thy wife revealèd unto *me*."
And thus she left him there alone, at will to[12] ruminate—
Sore puzzled[17] at the mysteries of love, free-will, and fate.

RICHARD A. JACKSON.

WHEN SAM'WEL LED THE SINGIN'.

OF course I love the house o' God,
But I don't feel to hum there
The way I uster do, afore
New-fangled ways had come there.
Though things are finer now a heap,
My heart it keeps a-clingin'
To our big, bare old meetin'-house,
Where Sam'wel led the singin'.

I 'low it's sorter solemn-like
  To hear the organ pealin';
It kinder makes yer blood run cold,
  An' fills ye full o' feeling.
But, somehow, it don't tech the spot—
  Now, mind ye, I ain't slingin'
No slurs—ez that bass viol did
  When Sam'wel led the singin'.

I tell ye what, when he struck up
  The tune, an' sister Hanner
Put in her purty treble—eh?
  That what you'd call sopranner—
Why, all the choir, with might an' main,
  Set to, an' seemed a-flingin'
Their hull souls out with ev'ry note,
  When Sam'wel led the singin'.

An', land alive, the way they'd race
  Through grand old "Coronation!"
Each voice a chasin' t'other round,
  It jes' beat all creation!
I allus thought it must 'a' set
  The bells o' heaven a ringin'
To hear us "Crown Him Lord of All,"
  When Sam'wel led the singin'.

Folks didn't sing for money then!
  They sung because 'twas in 'em
An' must come out. I useter feel—
  If Parson couldn't win 'em
With preachin' an' with prayin' an'
  His everlastin' dingin'—
That choir'd fetch sinners to the fold,
  When Sam'wel led the singin'.

OBSERVATIONS BY REV. GABE TUCKER.

YOU may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by the clo'es dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come ercross
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An', walkin' in de low groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
Dat the fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row!
I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat,
An' nebber draps a nickel in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in the meetin' house for raisin all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!

J. A. MACON.

MR. EISSELDORF AND THE WATER PIPE.

"HANS, dot vater pipe giffs no vater alretty, und you vos petter sent oop dot blumber to vix id vonce more."

This remark was addressed to a highly respected German citizen as he sat in front of his cosy grate. He received the announcement with evident disfavor.

"Vot! Dot vater pipe again! I vas shoost congratulatin' meinself dot de ice vagon comes no more, und dot new hat vos paid for, und dot Christmas vas a long vays ahead—und now von off dose blumbers! Mein gracious, Gretchen! I got no money for blumbers. I vixes id myself." "Joe!" addressing his ten-year-old son, "vere vas dot leak?"

Then Joe proceeded to explain that the leak was under the house, where the stout frame of his worthy ancestor could hardly go.

"Neffer mind, neffer mind. You gets me some bipe und a monkey wrench, und I save dot blumber's bill.

So the next day Joe got the pipe and the monkey wrench, and his

father, having divested himself of all surplus garments, entered the hole, pulling the pipe after him. It was a tight squeeze, and after laying on his back to convenience his position, he proceeded to discover the leak. Very little water was now coming from it, as he had taken the precaution to turn off the tap. He hadn't turned it quite tight enough and yelled: "Turn off de vater."

"All righdt, fader," replied Joe.

Joe didn't know his right hand from his left, nor the philosophy of screws, and turned it on.

The old gentleman's mouth was under the leak. He was wedged in. He sputtered and swore and swore and sputtered, but his wild yells to Joe were muffled by the sound of deluging water and Joe was intent on a dog-fight across the way, as he sat on an empty nail keg and chewed gum.

He looked over his shoulder and saw the old man with a shining red face, mud-bespattered, angrily creeping from the hole. His clothes clung limply to him and trickling streams meandered down his neck.

Joe apprehended danger and dashed away at a pace that left his corpulent father far in the rear. As the boy sped out of sight Mr. Eisseldorf gathered himself with a supreme effort and hurled the monkey-wrench at the fleeing form, crying:

"Mine cracious, do you dink I vas a duck?"

THE WATERMILLION.

THERE was a watermillion
Growing on a vine,
And there were a pickanniny
A-watching it all the time.

And when that watermillion
Were a-ripening in the sun,
And the stripes along its jacket
Were coming one by one,

That pickaninny hooked it,
And toting it away,
He ate that entire million
Within one single day.

He ate the rind and pieces,
He finished it with vim—
And then that watermillion
Just up and finished him.

AN ALL-ROUND INTELLECTUAL MAN.

HE was up in mathematics,
Had a taste for hydrostatics,
And could talk about astronomy from Aristarchus down;
He could tell what kind of beans
Were devoured by the Chaldeans,
And he knew the date of every joke made by a circus clown.

He was versed in evolution,
And would instance the poor Russian
As a type of despotism in the modern age of man.
He could write a page of matter
On the different kinds of batter
Used in making flinty gimcracks on the modern cooking plan.

He could revel in statistics,
He was well up in the fistics,
Knew the pedigree of horses dating 'way back from the ark.
Far and wide his tips were quoted,
And his base-ball stuff was noted.
In political predictions he would always hit the mark.

He could write upon the tariff,
And he didn't seem to care if
He was called off to review a book or write a poem or two:
He could boil down stuff and edit,
Knew the value of a credit,
And could hustle with the telegraph in a style excelled by few.

He could tell just how a fire
Should be handled; as a liar
He was sure to exercise a wise, discriminative taste.
He was mild and yet undaunted,
And no matter what was wanted
He was always sure to get it first, yet never was in haste.

But despite his reputation
As a brainy aggregation,
He was known to be deficient in a manner to provoke,
For no matter when you met him
He would borrow if you let him,
And he seemed to have the faculty of always being broke.

TOM MASSON.

WAKIN' THE YOUNG UNS.

SCENE.—The old man from the foot of the stairs, 5 A. M.

BEE-ULL! Bee-ull! O Bee-ull! my gracious,
Air you still sleepin'?
Th' hour hand's creepin'
Nearder five.
(Wal' blast it ef this ain't vexatious!)
Don't ye hyar them cattle callin'?
An' th' ole red steer a-bawlin'?
Come, look alive!
Git up! Git up!

Mar'ann! Mar'ann! (Jist hyar her snorin'!)
Mar'ann! it's behoovin'
Thet you be a-movin'!
Brisk, I say!
Hyar the kitchen stove a-roarin'?
The kittle's a-spilin'
To git hisse'f bilin'.
It's comin' day.
Git up! Git up!

Jule, O Jule! Now whut is ailin'?
You want ter rest?
Wal' I'll be blest!
S'pose them cows
'Ll give down 'ithout you pailin'?
You mus' be goin' crazy;
Er, more like, gittin lazy.
Come, now, rouse!
Git up! Git up!

Jake, you lazy varmint! Jake! Hey, Jake!
What you layin' theer fer?
You know the stock's ter keer fer;
So, hop out!
(Thet boy is wusser'n a rock ter wake!)
Don't stop to shiver,
But jist unkiver,
An' pop out!
Git up! Git up!

Young uns! Bee-ull! Jake! Mar'ann! Jule!
(Wal blast my orn'ry skin!
They've gone ter sleep agin,
Fer all my tellin'!)

SOL SMITH RUSSELL and MINNIE RADCLIFFE.

"WILL YOU—ER—ACCEPT THIS SLIGHT TOKEN—?"
"I MIGHT FROM SOME MEN."

FLORA HENDERSON.

"HO, FLUTTERING BEAUTY, COME NEARER, COME!"

See hyar, I hain't no time ter fool!
It's the las' warnin'
I'll give this mornin'.
I'm done yellin'!
Git up! Git up!

Wal' whut's th' odds—an hour, more or less?
B'lieve it makes 'em stronger
Ter sleep a leetle longer
Thar in bed.
The times is comin' fas' enough, I guess,
When I'll wish, an' wish 'ith weepin',
They was back up yender sleepin',
Overhead,
Ter git up.

JOHN BOSS.

NAMING THE CHICKENS.

THERE were two little chickens hatched out by one hen,
And the owner of both was our little boy Ben;
So he set him to work as soon as they came,
To make them a house and find them a name.

As for building a house, Benny knew very well
That he couldn't do that; but his big brother Phil
Must be handy at tools, for he'd been to college,
Where boys are supposed to learn all sorts of knowledge.

Phil was very good-natured, and soon his small brother
Had a nice cozy home for his chicks and their mother;
And a happier boy in the country just then
Could not have been found than our dear little Ben.

But a name for his pets it was harder to find;
At least, such as suited exactly his mind;

No mother of twins was ever more haunted
With trouble to find just the ones that she wanted.

There were plenty of names, no doubt about that;
But a name that would do for a dog or a cat
Would not answer for chickens so pretty as these;
Or else our dear boy was not easy to please.

These two tiny chickens looked just like each other;
To name them so young would be only a bother;
But with one in each hand, said queer little Ben:
"I want *this* one a *rooster* and *that* one a *hen*."

Benny knew them apart by a little brown spot
On the head of the one that the other had not.
They grew up like magic, each fat, feathered chick,
One at length was named Peggy and the other named Dick.

But a funny thing happened concerning their names;
Rushing into the house one day, Benny exclaims:
"O mother! O Phil! such a blunder there's been,
For *Peggy's* the *rooster* and *Dick* is the *hen!*"

MRS. L. B. BACON.

NEEDLES AND PINS.

"WHEN will you marry me, my bonnie maid?"
"Can we not wait?" said she—
"You know that I love you, but dear, I'm afraid
You soon will get weary of me."
Then he vowed and swore to love and adore,
He prayed on his bended knee,
He said with a sigh "If I wait I shall die!"—
He was a man, you see.
Sugar and cream, sugar and cream,
When we are married 'twill be a sweet dream! } *Repeat.*

But the sugar and cream they passed like a dream,
Alas! they could never agree.
She said, "Let us part, you've broken my heart!"
"I think it is best," said he—
"When I'm gone you will miss me a thousand times o'er!"
"Oh no! not a whit!" said he—
Then away she went stamping and slamming the door—
She was a woman, you see.
Needles and pins! Needles and pins!
When a man's married, his trouble begins! } *Repeat.*

Five minutes, precisely five minutes had passed,
She opened the door with a sigh,
"Since we have settled to part," she said—
"I wanted to say good-by!"
"We never shall meet any more," she wept—
"Alone we must live and die."
Then he opened his arms and in them she crept,
And that's how they said good-by.
Let the bells ring! Let the bells ring!
Man without woman is but a poor thing! } *Repeat.*

TOO PROGRESSIVE FOR HIM.

I AM somethin' of a vet'ran, just a-turnin' eighty year,—
A man that's hale and hearty an' a stranger tew all fear;
But I've heard some news this mornin' that has made my old head spin,
An' I'm goin' tew ease my conshuns if I never speak ag'in.

I've lived my fourscore years of life, an' never till tew-day
Wuz I taken for a jackass or an ign'rant kind o' jay,
Tew be stuffed with such durned nonsense 'about them crawling bugs and worms
That's killin' human bein's with their "mikroscopic germs."

They say there's "mikrobes" all about a-lookin' for their prey;
There's nothin' pure to eat nor drink, an' no safe place to stay;
There's "miasmy" in the dewfall an' "malary" in the sun;
'Tain't safe to be outdoors at noon or when the day is done.

There's "bactery" in the water an' "trikeeny" in the meat,
"Ameeby" in the atmosphere, "calory" in the heat;
There's "corpussels" an' "pigments" in a human bein's blood,
An' every other kind o' thing existin' sence the flood.

Terbacker's full o' "nickerteen," whatever that may be;
An' your mouth'll all get puckered with the "tannin" in the tea;
The butter's "olymargareen"—it never saw a cow;
An' things is gittin' wus an' wus from what they be just now.

Them bugs is all about us, just a-waitin' fer a chance
Tew navigate our vitals an' tew naw us off like plants.
There's men that spends a lifetime huntin' worms just like a goose,
An' tackin' Latin names to 'em an' lettin' on 'em loose.

Now, I don't believe sech nonsense, an' I'm not a goin' tew try.
If things has come tew such a pass, I'm satisfied tew die;
I'll go hang me in the sullar, fer I won't be such a fool
As to wait until I'm pizened by a "annymallycool."

LURANA W. SHELDON.

THE LOW-BACK CAR.

WHEN first I saw Peggy,
'Twas on a market day:
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.

As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town
As right and left they fly;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
As she sits in her low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
  With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
  And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
  On a cushion made with taste—
While Peggy would sit beside me,
  With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar;
    O, my heart would beat high
    At her glance and her sigh—
Though it beat in a low-backed car!

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE OLD FISHERMAN.

HE was old and weather-beaten, and his clothes were the same, but there was an expression of supreme content upon his tanned face as he sat on the edge of the wharf yesterday afternoon and let his legs dangle down. In his mouth was a pipe that had been new and sweet in the dear, dead long ago, and in his right hand he held one end of a fish-line. The other end was held down upon the bottom of the river, a long distance from the shore.

"Any luck, captain?" asked a young man who was strolling by. It is considered the proper thing to call every man along the river who is old and weather beaten "captain."

"Nope—they an't a-bitin' much to-day."

"They don't bite much anyway these days, do they?"

"Nope—not like they useter. 'Tuseter be so't I could come down here an' catch a basketful in mebbe an hour or so."

"That was quite long ago, wasn't it?"

"Yep, quite a spell ago. I 'member one time—hello!"

The old man had given his line a vicious jerk and was now all excitement.

"Got a bite, captain?"

"Yep, an' he's a whopper, too. I ain't quite sure whether I've hooked him. Yep, there he is. I feel him a-wigglin' on the line. He's a great, big, striped bass."

All this was said in a sort of stage whisper.

"How do you know what kind of a fish it is?"

"How do I know?" repeated the old man, as he began slowly and deliberately to haul in his line, and he threw supreme pity for the ignorance implied by the question into his voice. "How do I know? Why, young man, I can tell jes' what kind of a fish 'tis by the way he bites. Now, there's an eel; he kind o' makes little bits o' pecks at yer line, an' then he takes holt an' swims away with yer line sort o' easy like. Then there's the sucker; he jes' sucks yer bait, an' ye can't hardly feel him pull. An' then there's the yellow perch; he takes holt right away and swims away like a streak."

"And how does the striped bass bite?" interrupted the young man.

"Oh, he monkeys around a whole lot, and then he takes hold all of a sudden and swims away down stream. I knowed right away when this fellow took holt he was a striped bass. I never make no mistake. I——"

Just then the old man's catch came to the surface. It was an old boot.

KITTENS AND BABIES.

THERE were two kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandmamma said, with a frown,
"It never will do to keep them both,
The black one we'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten's enough to keep;
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late,
And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet
Came little Bess from her nap.
The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandma, with a smile,
From the rocking-chair where she sat.
"God has sent you two little sisters;
Now! What do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandma, soberly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"

A SIMILAR CASE.

WELL, Jack! Hear you've gone and done it—
Yes, I know most fellows will.
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though, you see, I'm single still.
And you met her, did you—tell me—
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree! So did I.

I suppose you left the ball room
With its music and its light—
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet, old man, confess it!
You were frightened. So was I.

Then you strolled along the terrace,
  Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
  As they rippled on the shore.
Till at length you gathered courage,
  When you saw that none were nigh,
And you drew her close and told her
  That you loved her. So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
  And I'm sure I wish you joy.
Think I'll wander down to see you
  When you're married. Eh! my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
  And you're settled down, we'll try—
What! The deuce you say—rejected?
  You rejected? So was *I!*

A FLY'S COGITATIONS.

I WONDER what this man is doing? I'll just light on his bald head and see what is going on in his thinkery. What! Now, I wonder what he slapped his pate so savagely for? Why, the man must be crazy. I went away just as quick as I saw him raise his hand. Really, he could not complain of that. Maybe he thought I was intruding; but, if so, he cannot say but that I lit out at his first hint. But he seems quiet enough now. Maybe his scalp itched or something, and his move had no reference to my being on it, so I guess I will try it again. What a nice old bald head this is, to be sure, only it's a trifle slippery. It would make a first-rate skating-rink; guess I will try it. Whew! Why, the man hit his head again.

Funny way he has with him; and, if I hadn't got out of the way just as I did, goodness only knows what might have happened to me. He struck real hard, and if he had hit me, there is no knowing, but that he might have hurt me. But, maybe he hadn't any idea of hit-

ting me. I guess I'll just light on his nose and see what the matter is with him. What! Why he seems to be an awfully sensitive sort of a man, or else he has got a dreadful temper. Why, he actually hit his own nose a slap just because I crawled around on it a bit. Queer sort of a chap, anyway. Wonder if he thinks a fly has no rights in this world.

Now, I will try him in the ear. Ah! I have got him now! Good gracious! he came within an ace of hitting me that time. Wonder what he means, anyhow? I should think he was mad about something. I'll try his other ear and see how he likes that. Ah! he don't seem to mind this one so much. Ah! by Jingoes, he must have hurt himself that time with that bat on the ear. But it's his ear, not mine, so what should I care?

I think I'll fly around the room! See him flop and fling his arms around as though the air was full of flying demons. Funny, isn't it? He don't see me up here, but he is looking wildly around as though he wanted to fight somebody. Oh! I'll just try his temper a bit further; I'll get on where his hair is short behind. Ah! I'll fool around here in this stubble awhile. Now he flops his handkerchief, but I don't care for that. I can get away from a demonstration of that kind every time.

Now I have got him on the ear again, and once more he paws the air in the immediate vicinity, but I am out of harm's way, ha! ha! Now he is red in the face; yes, he looks like a boiled lobster, and again he is dancing around the room and swearing like a trooper! Now he has quieted down a trifle and has resumed writing again! Ah! he smiles! Must be he has got on to an idea. I wonder what it is? I'll just take a quiet walk over that thinkery again, and maybe I can catch on to what it is. What in the world is he making his scalp go this way for? I would think he was trying to shake something off. Oh! I'll just get a grip on here and hold on for awhile. No, he can't shake me off; no, no! Ah ——!

There was a resounding whack—that lively fly, oh where was he? Dead!

THE CHARGE ON "OLD HUNDRED."

HALF a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch
They led the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh! that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook,
From the Old Hundred.

Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.

Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sung, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

A MARRIED LOVE-LETTER.

YOUR letter was received, dear John, I write as you request,
And send the white-winged tidings from our little love-built nest.
We miss you sadly, night and morn. That odious Mr. Dent
Has called at least a dozen times to dun you for the rent.

You say it seems an age, my love, since last you went away;
But then it's quite a comfort, dear, to know the trip will pay.
We're saving every penny we can, and living very plain;
I had my pocket picked last night, while walking through the rain.

You count the lagging hours, dear, that keep you from my side;
For, as you fondly say, the wife is dearer than the bride.
That Miss Modiste has sent her bill, I know you'll be amazed;
I never got one-half the things—the creature must be crazed!

The children—precious little pets!—ask daily for papa.
They all have had such shocking colds, I called in Doctor Law.
He fears that Nettie's lungs are weak—she seems inclined to stoop;
The baby has the nettle rash, and Sammy chronic croup.

And, oh! Mamma and Mr. B. have had an awful fuss;
Of course, she couldn't stay at Em's, and so she's here with us.
The girls have "given warning," love; I don't know what to think
Unless, as dear mamma suspects, they're both inclined to drink.

I'm feeling sad, and far from well, but then, I know, dear John,
A long home-letter, just like this, will cheer and help you on.
I'd like to nestle to your breast and have a hearty cry;
Pray don't forget the grocer's bill! God bless your love! Good-by!

THE RULING PASSION.

SHE had never mailed a letter before, and so she approached the stamp clerk's window with the same air that she would enter a dry-goods store.

"I would like to look at some stamps, please," she said.

"What denomination do you want?" asked the clerk.

"Denomination!" This was remarked in surprise. She hadn't supposed that stamps belonged to any church at all.

"Yes," replied the clerk, who saw no necessity for holding a lengthy palaver over the sale of a stamp, especially when other people were waiting. "Is it for a letter or a newspaper?"

"O, I want to send a letter to my Uncle John; he's just moved to——"

"Then you need a two-cent stamp," interrupted the clerk, offering her one of that value.

"I hardly like that color," she observed, holding the brick-tinted stamp up to the light and surveying it critically.

The clerk looked at her in astonishment. In his long experience in

the postal business he had never before met a customer who objected to the color of the stamps.

"That is a two-cent stamp, madam. Please stand aside, and let the gentleman behind you come up."

"Haven't you got them in any other color?" she asked, wholly oblivious to the "gentleman behind."

The clerk began to act cross.

"I never did like that shade of red," she added.

"There is only one color," he replied curtly.

"That is strange," she mused. "I'd think you'd keep them in different shades, so that there'd be some choice."

The clerk said nothing, but he kept getting crosser every minute, and murmurs of disapprobation began to rise from the ever-lengthening line of people who would have been thankful to get their stamps without criticising their hue.

"You are sure you have none in a brighter red, or even in a different color—Nile green, or seal brown, or jubliee blue, for instance?"

"You can put two one-cent stamps on your letter if you like," said the clerk, who began to see that the customer could not be frowned away from the window.

"Let me see them, please."

"Two blue stamps were solemnly handed to her, and the crowd began to hope that at last she was suited.

"Ah, that will do," she said, as she took up the one-cent stamps and eyed them as if they were samples of dress goods. "I like that shade better. I'll take only one, if you please."

And she handed the other back to the clerk, who took it mechanically, but managed to add:

"If it's for a letter you'll need two. These are one-cent stamps and letter postage is two cents per ounce."

"Oh, I don't want to put two stamps on my letter," she said; "I don't think they will look well."

"It requires two cents to carry a letter, madam, and you must either put a two-cent stamp on or two ones. It won't go without

And I must ask you to please hurry, for you are keeping a great many people away from the window."

"That's singular. I don't like the looks of two together. You are sure the other doesn't come in seal-brown, or——"

"No!" thundered the clerk, getting very red in the face.

"Then I'll have to see if I can't suit myself elsewhere."

And she departed.

The clerk replaced his despised red and blue stamps, mopped his perspiring brow, and began to make up for lost time.—WM. H. SWITER.

A COMPLAINT.

I THINK it really mean—don't you?—
To leave us nothing at all to do!
In a world all made to order so
A modern boy has no earthly show.
Columbus sailed across the sea,
Which might have been done by you or me,
And now they call him great and wise,
They praise his genius and enterprise,
Although when he found our native land,
He took it for India's coral strand!
There's noble George who wouldn't lie—
Perhaps he couldn't. He didn't try.
But if I should cut down a cherry-tree,
My father would only laugh at me.

Benjamin Franklin—what did *he* do?
Flew a big kite; on Sunday, too,
Standing out in a heavy shower
Getting soaked for half an hour,
Fishing for lightning with a string
To see if he couldn't bottle the thing.
Suppose I should fly my kite in the rain?

People would say that I wasn't sane.
Why should there such a difference be
Between Ben Franklin, Esquire, and me?

I can see steam move a kettle-lid
Quite as well as James Watt did,
And I can explain about engines, too,
Bigger and better than Watt ever knew:
But somehow he took all the praise,
And I'm neglected nowadays.

Still, what makes me feel the worst
Is Adam's renown for being first.
That was easy enough, you know;
It was just a thing that happened so.
And my sister says, "If it had been *me*
I wouldn't have touched the apple-tree."
That's so. If she sees a snake to-day,
She gives a scream and she scoots away.

To write such things as Shakespeare's plays
Was not so hard in Queen Bess's days,
But now, when everything has been done,
I cannot think of a single one
To bring a boy to wealth and fame,
It's a regular, downright, burning shame!

P. S.—When it's fine I shall play base-ball;
For you know it never would do at all
To forget about "Jack" who becomes, they say,
A very dull boy, without plenty of play.
But, wait!—when a rainy Saturday comes,
As soon as I've finished Monday's sums,
I'm going to build a great flying-machine
That will make T. Edison look pea-green!

B. A. PENNYPACKER.

SUNDAY TALK IN THE HORSE SHEDS.

[Old Gray comments on the service to his mate.]

'TISN'T so much that the Sunday harness never seems to fit,
That the collar is tight, an' the check-rein draws on this queer new-fangled bit,
Nor yet that the pasture looks greener, somehow, this sort of a half-rest day,
That galls me most, Old Roan, but the things I hear the people say.

My shoulders ache, an' my knees are stiff, an' it makes me want to fight
When I hear 'em sing, "O Day of Rest! O Day of Joy an' Light!"
For we startled late, an' to get here soon we had to trot our best;
"Welcome"—now hear 'em—"delightful morn, sweet day of sacred rest!"

Now parson's readin' the Scripture, "Remember the Sabbath day—
In it thou shalt not do any work"—"Amen," the people say;
"Thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy cattle, thy ox, nor thy ass"—
Don't seem to exempt the horses, eh? So we'll let the lesson pass.

Can't you step over a little? The sun comes in this side—
An' it don't say a word about the wife; I reckon that's why they decide
That Sunday's a day of rest on the farm from the labors of every-day life
For everything that the Lord hath made—except the horses an' wife.

Now, that's our hymn; come, wake up, Roan, that means us, I'll be bound—
"Awake, my soul"—sing louder'n that; some folks sleep mighty sound—
"Awake, my soul, an' with the sun"—that's meant for me an' you—
"Thy daily course of duty run"—well, that's just what we do.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast"—I'd smile
At the parson's text, but if I did they'd hear me for a mile;
For I trotted the last ten minutes lame—I'd picked up a hard, sharp stone,
An' could hear the old man growlin' because his seat was "hard as a bone."

"Could I but climb where Moses stood"—but the half of them wouldn't climb;
They'd pile in the wagon full's 'twould hold an' ride up every time;
If they had to walk they'd do's they did when your pastern joint was sprained—
They'd say 'twas too far, an' stay at home, like they did the times it rained.

I'm goin' to write a hymn some day, an' we'll sing it out in the sheds—
"Welcome, delightful morn that pours the rain upon our heads;
Welcome the slush, the snow that drifts, the mud that irritates,
The storms that bring a Sabbath rest to the cattle within the gates."

His voice was hushed, for the notes of song rose on the hallowed air—
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"—thanksgiving, praise and prayer;
"Praise Him all creatures here below"—man, beast, an' bird an' thing—
With the possible exception of the farmer's wife, who, having remained at home to prepare a dinner of chicken soup, roast beef, beets, onions, roasting ears, salad, pudding, two kinds of pie and fruit for her husband, three sons, four daughters, the pastor, his wife and two children, the district secretary of the Home Mission Society, a distant relative from the city come out to spend the day, and two hired men, had very little time, and not much breath, and possibly not an everlastingly superabundant inclination to sing.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

WE ALL KNOW HER.

SHE warbled the soprano with dramatic sensibility,
And dallied with the organ when the organist was sick;
She got up for variety a brand-new church society, and
Spoke with great facility about the new church brick.

She shed great tears of sorrow for the heathen immorality,
And organized a system that would open up their eyes;
In culinary clarity she won great popularity, and
Showed her personality in lecturing on pies.

For real unvarnished culture she betrayed a great propensity;
Her Tuesday-talks were famous and her Friday-glimmers great.
She grasped at electricity with mental elasticity
And lectured with intensity about the marriage state.

But with the calm assurance of her wonderful capacity,
She wouldn't wash the dishes, but she'd talk all day on rocks;
And while she dwelt on density, or space and its immensity,
With such refined audacity, her mother darned the socks!

TOM MASON.

TOO BAD.

NOTHING to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air;
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
  Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
  Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
  Ah, well, alas! Alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
  Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
  Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got,
  Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait,
  Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
  Can ever withstand these woes.

THE WRONG TRAIN.

WE had been to town-meeting, had once voyaged a hundred miles on a steamboat and had a brother who had made the overland trip to California.

She had been to quiltings, funerals, and a circus or two; and she knew a woman who thought nothing of setting out on a railroad journey where she had to wait fifteen minutes at a junction and change cars at a depot.

So I found them,—a cosy-looking old couple, sitting up very straight in their seat, and trying to act like old railroad travellers. A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed her face; she became uneasy, and directly she asked:

"Philetus, I act'lly b'lieve we've went and took the wrong train!"

"It can't be, nohow," he replied, seeming a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor, and he said we was right?"

"Yaas, he did; but look out the window, and make sure. He might have been lyin' to us."

The old man looked out the window at the flitting fences, the galloping telegraph-poles, and the unfamiliar fields, as if expecting to catch sight of some landmark, and forgetting for a moment that he was a thousand miles from home.

"I guess we're all right, Mary," he said, as he drew in his head.

"Ask somebody—ask that man there," she whispered.

"This is the train for Chicago, hain't it?" inquired the old man of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man.

"There! didn't I say so!" clucked the old gent.

"It may be—it may be!" she replied, dubiously; "but if we are carried wrong, it won't be my fault. I say that we are wrong, and when we've been led into some pirate's cave, and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words!"

He looked out of the window again, opened his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then leaned back on his seat and sighed heavily. She shut her teeth together, as if saying that she could stand it if he could, and the train sped along for several miles. He finally said:

"Looks like rain over thar in the west. I hope the boys have got them oats in."

"That makes me think of the umbreller!" diving her hands among the parcels at their feet.

She hunted around two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then straightened up and hoarsely whispered:

"It's gone!"

"W—what?" he gasped.

"That umbreller!"

"No!"

"Gone, hide and hair!" so she went on, "that sky-blue umbreller, which I've had ever since Martha died."

He searched around, but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused, as he straightened up.

"Queer! not a bit. I've talked to ye and talked to ye, but it does no good. Ye come from a heedless fam'ly; and ye'd forget to put on your boots, 'f I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrisons was ever in the poor-house!" he replied, in a cutting tone.

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison!" she continued, laying her hand on his arm, "don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with ye nigh on to forty years and waited on ye when ye had biles and the toothache and the colic, and when ye fell and broke your leg; but don't push me up to the wall!"

He looked out of the window, feeling that she had the advantage of him, and she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose, and used up the next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty, she reached down among the bundles, searched around, and her face was as pale as death as she straightened back and whispered—

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked,

"It's been stole!" she exclaimed, looking around the car, as if expecting to see some one with the bottle to his lips.

"Fust the umbreller—then the bottle!" she gasped.

"I couldn't have left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family twenty years, ever since mother died; and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we git home, if we ever do!"

"I'll buy one."

"Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; and if it wasn't for me to restrain ye, the money'd fly life feathers in the wind."

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he replied, giving her a knowing look.

"Twitting agin? It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbreller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me o' this and that."

Her nose grew red, and tears came to her eyes; but as he was looking out of the window, she said nothing further. Ten or fifteen

minutes passed; and, growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle.

"What's the sile around here?"

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! stop your noise!" she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just asked a question," he replied, resuming his old position.

"What'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left him hum?" she asked. "Didn't he say somebody'd swindle ye on the string game, the confidence game, or some other game? Didn't he warn ye agin rascals?"

"I hain't seen no rascals."

"Of course, ye haven't, 'cause yer blind! I know that man is a villun; and if they don't arrest him for murder afore we leave this train, I'll miss my guess. I can read human-natur' like a book."

There was another period of silence, broken by her saying:

"I wish I knew that this was the train for Chicago."

"'Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause it is."

"Waal, I know it hain't; but if you are contented to rush along to your destruction, I shan't say a word. Only when yer throat is being cut, don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"

The peanut boy came along, and the old man reached down for his wallet.

"Philetus, ye shan't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using the one hand to catch his arm, and the other to wave the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, you sold two cows to get money to go on this visit; but it's half gone now, and the land only knows how we'll get home!"

The boy walked on, and the flag of truce was hung out for another brief time. She recommenced hostilities by remarking:

"I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up, and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say," she hissed; "but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come! If ye'd come alone, ye'd have been murdered and gashed and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, pooh, 'f you want to, but I know!"

He leaned back; she settled herself anew; and by and by—

He nodded—she nodded. And in sleep their gray heads touched; and his arm found its way along the back of the seat, and his hand rested on her shoulder.—M. QUAD.

HOW FATHER CARVES THE DUCK.

WE all look on with anxious eyes,
When father carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs,
When father carves the duck.
Then all of us prepare to rise
And hold our bibs before our eyes
And be prepared for some surprise,
When father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork,
Whene'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk,
Until he carves the duck.
The fork is jabbed into the sides,
Across the breast the knife he slides,
While every careful person hides
From flying chips of duck.

The platter's always sure to slip,
When father carves the duck.
And how it makes the dishes skip!

Potatoes fly amuck.
The squash and cabbage leap in space,
And father mutters Hindoo grace,
Whene'er he carves a duck.

We all have learned to walk around
The dining-room, and pluck
From off the window-sills and walls
Our share of father's duck,
While father growls and blows and jaws,
And swears the knife is full of flaws,
And mother jeers at him, because
He cannot carve a duck.

THE MEN WHO DO NOT LIFT.

THE world is sympathetic; the statement none can doubt.
When A's in trouble don't we think that B should help him out?
Of course, we haven't time ourselves to care for any one,
But yet we hope that other folks will see that it is done.
We want the grief and penury of earth to be relieved;
We'd have the battles grandly fought, the victories achieved;
We do not care to take the lead, and stand the brush and brunt;
At lifting we're a failure, but we're splendid on the grunt.

And there are others, so we find, as on our way we jog,
Who want to do their lifting on the small end of the log;
They do a lot of blowing, and they strive to make it known
That were there no one else to help, they'd lift it all alone.
If talking were effective, there are scores and scores of men
Who'd move a mountain off its base and move it back again.
But as a class, to state it plain, in language true and blunt,
They're never worth a cent to lift, for all they do is grunt.

GOING ON AN ERRAND.

"A POUND of tea at one-and-three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham."

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pet.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham."

There in the hay the children play—
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
A pot of—er—new-laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs
And a pound of rashers of ham."

There's Teddy White a-flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try to fly it sky high,
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—and then—but there—

"A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new-laid jam,

Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham."

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop
And run through my orders again:
I haven't forgot—no, ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

"A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam."

HER EXCUSE.

SAID the school teacher, who lives at a hotel, "Miss, you are five minutes late this morning, and you were two minutes late yesterday. Now there is no excuse for such tardiness, no excuse at all."

"Please, ma'am the alarm clock stopped last night, and it was so dark and foggy this morning that the girl did not wake up until late, and then, trying to get to the kitchen window in the dark, she upset some water on the kindling wood; it was the water the mackeral was soaking in, and it was on a chair, and the wood was under it, and then because the wood was wet the fire wouldn't burn, and the other wood we ordered the day before hadn't come, and the neighbor in the next flat hadn't any either, and the girl had to go to the store for some, and she was a good while getting there, and then the storekeeper told her she needn't bring it, 'cause he would send it right around before she got back, and 'cause she didn't know him she believed him, and when she got back the wood wasn't there, and it was a long time before it came and then it was all wet from the fog and rain, 'cause he didn't cover it up, and when we tried to start the fire again it wouldn't burn any better than the first time, and then Mammy hurried down to our

kind neighbor in the next flat to get the use of her stove, but they were getting their breakfast and we could only use one hole at a time, and our kettles and pans wouldn't fit their stove, and we had to wait till some of theirs was cleaned, and then Mamma tried to cook some oatmeal so I could hurry and get to school, and then the baker didn't come, and the girl had to go out for bread while I dressed Sally and Johnny and Mamie, and then the baby woke and began to cry hard as if he was hurt, and Mamma hurried up stairs to see what was the matter, and, while she was finding out, the oatmeal burned, and we had to wait until the kettle could be cleaned and some more cooked, and when that was done I hurried and ate a little so I wouldn't be late to school, and I had just time to get here, but Johnny got the nose bleed awful, and I had to wait until Mamma could get through with him and wash her hands so she could write me an excuse for bein' late yesterday.

ASKING MOTHER.

SHE was a girl as neat and trim,
And sweet as any other;
I wanted just to make a call—
She said she'd ask her mother.

I hinted that it might be nice
For her to have a brother:
She thought awhile and looked perplexed—
And said she'd ask her mother.

To have a mother such as that
I told her was a bother;
"Perhaps it was—she didn't know"—
But said she'd ask her mother.

This answer, then, I thought she'd give,
And never give another;

I queried if 'twould not be so—
She said she'd ask her mother.

I hadn't a dime—the night was hot—
She really thought she'd smother:
"Ice cream!" I whispered in her ear—
She didn't ask her mother!

Nonplussed, my grammar I upset,
Changed *rather* into *ruther*,
And told her that I ruther thought
She'd better ask her mother.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

TIT FOR TAT.

"GOOD mornin', Miss Katie," cried young Dickie Fee—
"Good mornin' again—it's yourself, shure, I see
Lookin' bloomin' as ever!" But Kate turned away
As she said, "Masther Dickie, I wish you good day;
You're a heartless desaiver—now don't speak a word.
Pretty stories about you and that Nora I've heard!
You know you danced with her that day of the fair—
And praised her gray eyes—and her very red hair;
You called her an angel, said in love you had fell,
And at night when you parted, you kissed her, as well."
Then young Dickie gave a sly wink as he said,
'Just a whisper, dear Katie, this may turn your head—
I desaived *her*, my darlin'" "You kissed her!" "That's true,
But I shut both my eyes, Katie, and fancied 'twas you!"

"Well, I've no time to stay, so good-bye, Dickie Fee,
You may desaive *her*, but you can't desaive *me*;
I'm not to be blarneyed—Dick, a word in your ear,
You had better be off, for my dad's coming here!"

"Your dad's coming, is he? Is that him I see
Just bobbing behind the ould black-thorn tree?
Why, that's Paddy McGinn"—"Oh!" said Kate with a sneer,
"You have got your eyes open at last, Dickie dear;
Well, he's coming to meet me—now listen, my lad:
If Paddy should kiss me, sure, won't you be glad?
For when his lips meet mine, why, what will I do
But shut both my eyes, Dickie, and fancy 'tis you."

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

"'TIS an everlasting pity that the youngsters in the city
Cannot celebrate the lesson which we gave to George the Third;
When the Nation had to sit on the insufferable Briton—

Why, it's scandalous. What ails the city fathers, anyhow? The old town won't burn up. A conflagration or two would help to make things lively, and would rouse the Fire Department from its chronic state of innocuous desuetude. I'll load up with all sorts of explosives, and my youngsters can be patriotic in the back lot—

And we'll have the biggest jubilee the neighbors ever heard."

So he loaded up his pockets, with torpedoes and with rockets,
And a dozen packs of crackers tucked away beneath his arm.
Devil chasers, squibs and fizzes, everything that pops and whizzes—

And, on the morning of the Fourth, he distributed them among his offspring with a lavish hand. They blew up miniature fortifications; defeated the British one by one; constructed a Vesuvius or two, and were wildly happy until, accidentally or otherwise, a pack of crackers went off in the old man's coat pocket, and they had to turn the garden hose on him before—

He recovered his composure or dispelled his wife's alarm.

Though his coat was burned and tattered, still he said it little mattered,
For the garment was an old one and his losses would be slight.
And again in wild ascendance rose the vim of Independence—

Until his little 8-year-old wanted papa to "tum an' see de big boo" he was making. Bing, bang, boom! "Dere 'tis!" shouted the youngster, as the appreciative old man hurried in that direction, and found half a pack of fire-crackers knocking his new silk tile to ribbons, and he turned the youngster wrong end up—

And warmed it to the last degrees of sultry Fahrenheit.

Then his ardor patriotic grew uncommonly chaotic,
He would stop this jubilation ere it set the town agog
Fun was fun in due restrictions, but—ten thousand maledictions!!!—

Just then his favorite spaniel ran between his legs and bit off a generous slice of calf in passing. A whole pack of crackers was attached to the animal's tail, exploding at the rate of five per second. The cur made a bee-line for the stable and ran under the foundation, and they had to turn the horses loose and rip up the floor before—

They could quench the conflagration or resuscitate the dog.

Shades of Lucifier and Hades! if it wasn't for the ladies
We could show the scope of language when the temper has its way:
That a warm vocabulary melts restrictions arbitrary—

And several other things, but just then we left, for another youngster burned his fingers and dropped a piece of hot punk in the box containing the balance of the fireworks, and in a minute the air was volcanic with sky-rockets, Roman candles, pin wheels, blue devils and expletives. To cap the climax, a rocket struck the old gentleman amidships, and —that settled it. Enough was enough. He gathered his offspring all about him—

And he kept them in the cellar for the balance of the day.

MR. MOLONEY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL.

O WILL ye choose to hear the news,
Bedad I cannot pass it o'er:
I'll tell you all about the Ball
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate
At which I've worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
To fête these black Achilleses.
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dhrink there was.

At ten before the ball-room door,
His moighty Excellency was,
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuite, sublime and mute,
Into the door-way followed him;

And O the noise of the blackguard boys,
  As they hurrood and hollowed him.

The noble Chair stud at the stair,
  And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,
  The welcome of his Company.
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
  And bright the oys you saw there, was:
And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
  On Gineral Jung Bahawther, was!

This Gineral great then tuck his sate,
  With all the other ginerals,
(Bedad his troat, his belt, his coat,
  All bleezed with precious minerals);
And as he there, with princely air,
  Recloinin' on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair
  The squeezin' and the pushin' was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,
  Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of Tim, and fancy him
  Amidst the hoigh gentilitee!
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese
  Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonized, with much surprise,
  Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
  And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
  Well, in her robes of gauze in there.

There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first
When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall, and his ladies all,
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife;
I wondther how he could stuff her in.
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds, and pearls,
And pretty girls, was sporting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
Behind the windies, coorting there.
O, there's one I know, bedad would show
As beautiful as any there,
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
And shake a fut with Fanny there.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN."

SOME folks 're allers findin' fault 'nd frettin' round y' know.
The older that they git in years the wus they seem tu grow.
It's kinder second natur' tu some folks that I have found,
'Nd all the fun they seem tu git is jest to fret around.

If it should rain, then it's the mud that sets 'em all awry;
If it don't rain, then it's the dust a-blowin' in their eye;
If clouds arise, of comin' storms they are a willin' reader;
'Nd if the day is clear 'nd bright, then it's a weather-breeder.

If it is cold, they shiver round 'nd call the weather horrid;
If it is warm, they sweat and fret about the weather torrid;
If it is summer, then they scowl 'nd long for winter cool;
'Nd if it's winter, they will yearn for summer ez a rool.

If they have money, ev'ry one is arter it, they think;
'Nd bound somehow tu beat 'em 'nd appropriate their chink;
If they are poor, they think they are the worst abused of all
The creeturs of God's providence upon this rollin' ball.

'Nd if they have a family, they're always sartin sure
No other man could such a wife or child ez theirs endure;
'Nd if they're single, they bewail their sad 'nd lonely lot,
'Nd say when plums are passed around they allers are forgot.

'Nd so it goes, the goodness knows if any fun they git
In findin' fault with Providence they need it every bit;
But how under the canopy they manage tu git round
On the wust side of everything beats anything I've found.

The sun shines jest ez bright on 'em ez 't does on you 'nd me,
'Nd none of us kin dodge the storms of life ez I kin see;
But why some folks 'd rather count the storms than pleasant days
Is somethin' I don't understand and fills me with amaze.

The birds sing no less sweetly 'cause a sunny day has passed;
The apple-trees don't cease tu bloom when they no shadder cast;
The cattle on a thousand hills don't lose their appetite
'Nd beller round because they ain't in clover day 'nd night.

If bees can't find a clover patch they put up with buckwheat;
They're jest ez happy, 'nd I guess the honey's jest ez sweet.
There ain't a creetur livin', 'cept the human, ez I know,
That loves tu fret 'n' grumble round; now, neighbor, ain't it so?

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

THE NOBLE STRANGER.

FANNY'S LETTER.

I SAW him, Lucy, only once;
'Twas down the lighted hall;
He moved to music gracefully,
A stranger to us all—
A stranger with a pale, white brow,
And dark and meaning eye,
Which flashed like lightning on my own
Whene'er I passed him by.

Those soul-lit eyes, they haunt me still;
So passionately deep!
Like those which sometimes beam on us
In visions of our sleep.
So sad, as if some shadowy grief
Had o'er his spirit gone,
Yet brightening whene'er it caught
The answer of my own.

I knew him not, and yet whene'er
I turned me from the dance
I saw those dark eyes follow me—
It could not be by chance.
I knew him not, and yet his tones
Were breathed upon my ear
So sweetly low and musical,
I could not choose but hear.

He spoke of disappointed hopes;
Of dreams which faded soon;
The dew-drops of life's joyous morn,
Which vanished ere its noon.
And then, dear Lucy, how he sighed!

My eyes grew strangely dim!
It pained my heart to hear him sigh:
I could have wept for him.

He spoke of sunny Italy;
Of Venice and her isles;
Of dark-mustachioed cavaliers
And fair signoras' smiles;
Of music melting on the ear;
Of moonlight upon bowers;
And fair hands wreathing silken curls,
With gay and fragrant flowers.

He said his father's castle
Frowned upon a distant shore,
(A castle, Lucy, think of that—
He is a Count, or more!)
That solitude was in its walls,
Drear, prison-like and lone;
Ungladdened by the smile of love,
Or woman's kindly tone.

We parted at my father's door,
The moonlight sweetly shone;
And I was standing at his side,
My arm upon his own,
He pressed my hand at parting;
And to-night he will be here,
While pa is at his game of chess,
And ma is nowhere near.

Excuse me, dearest Lucy,
But, indeed, I cannot write.
To-morrow I will tell you more;
He will be here to-night.

[An interval of twenty-four hours has elapsed.]

Oh, dearest Lucy, pity me!
  I really think I'm dying!
My heart is like a heart of lead;
  My eyes are red with crying!
For yesterday the bank was robbed,
  And of a large amount!
My father caught the robber
  And—oh, dear, it was my Count!

MICKEY COACHES HIS FATHER.

"I'M thinkin'," said Mr. Finn to his son Mickey, as they sat on the back stoop after supper, "that I'll be givin' up workin' in the quarry an' thry me hand at brain work."

"Figgerin'?"

"Figgerin' or writin'. Now, you have no knowledge, Mickey—fwat kind o' sums would I have to be doin' if I got the job o' s'aler o' woights and measures?"

"It's the sums ye'd have to be doin' afore ye got the job as 'ud bother ye, father. Shure the civil service min 'ud be axin' ye questions that the schoolmaster couldn't answer."

"Musha, I didn't know that, me b'y. Fwhat's the civil sarvice min, anyhow?"

"They're min as is paid by the prisidint fur axin' foolish questions," replied little Mike, "an' I have a buke in the house as has a lot o' the questions in. If ye'll come inside I'll l'arn thim to ye."

Mr. Finn arose with alacrity, lit the lamp and placed it upon the table. Then he lit his pipe and waited impatiently while his son hunted up a book on natural phenomena he had procured from the school library. While Mickey leafed through the book, Mr. Finn said:

"Now, you tache me the questions be heart, an' ye'll not be sorry whin I get the job."

"Why don't the dust fly be night?" said Mickey, from the chapter on "Dew."

"Faix, it do," replied Mr. Finn, "only ye can't see it—bekase o' the dark."

"Yer wrong. That's not the rayson in the buke."

"Fwhat does the buke say?"

"Bekase the dew makes the dust wet an' kapes it from risin'," answered the boy.

"That's raysonable. I dunno how is this I didn't think of it afore. Begorra, I have it down on me moind agin the time the civil service min 'll be axin' me the question."

"Why will a dewdrop roll on a cabbage leaf widout makin' the cabbage wet?" continued little Mike.

Mr. Finn was puzzled. He passed his hand over his forehead to collect his thoughts. "Musha, that's thrue fur ye, Mickey. I often seen it meself. I haven't that much knowledge as 'ud fill yer mother's thimble. Is it bekase the dewdrop is round?"

Mickey shook his head. "Do ye give it up? Because the leaves o' cabbage are covered with a fine powdher over which the dewdrop rolls without wettin' the leaves."

"Dear, dear, an' is all that in the little buke?"

"Faith, it is, an' more."

"But fwhat has thim to do wid the woights in a store, Mickey?" inquired Mr. Finn.

"Ye'll have to be axin' the prisidint, if it's knowledge ye're wantin' about that," replied the boy, as he turned to the book and resumed the lesson. But Mike's resort to the book in this instance was only seeming. He had determined to ask some questions from his own knowledge of natural science.

"Fwhat makes the foam on a growler o' beer?"

"Oh, ho, I have ye thare, me laddy," said Mr. Finn, with a smile and a wise nod. "I have ye thare, me b'y. I could answer that wid me eyes shut."

"Well, father," said Mickey, "fwhat is it?"

"It's just this an' no more," said the elder Finn, wagging his index finger in his son's direction. "It's bekase whin Jack Brady draws the

beer he holds the pail far down from the spigot so thare'll be more bubbles nor liquor."

"Ye're wrong, father; that's not fwhat the buke says."

"Arrah, to blazes wid the buke, b'y! Didn't I see it wid me two eyes, an' wouldn't a man believe his eyes afore an ould buke? Eyes is better nor bukes, me lad. Didn't I see Jack holdin' the pail close up to the spigot an' thare'll be a foine pint fur 8 cints an' divil's the bubble ye'd see. Arrah, don't be talkin'! When I know a thing I know it, sonny, an' small fear but fwhat I'll spake me moind. Tell us fwhat the buke says, just for divarshun."

"F-i-r—fir—m-i-n—min—t-a—ta—t-i-o-n—shun, firmintation," read Mike.

"An' fwhat's that?"

"It is a change," said Mickey, "effected in the elements of a body made of car-bon, hydro-gin, an' oxy-gin."

"That must be Frinch ye're readin', Mickey," said his father. "Thare's ne'er a wan o' thim things in beer. Foix, oxy-gin an' hydro-gin is new kinds intoirely. I heerd tell o' Old Tom gin an' London Dock gin, an' tasted thim, too, fur that matther, but divil's the word did I iver hear o' thim other kinds. Begorra, yer ould buke is no good, Mickey. Beer is made from malt an' hops, an' divil a pinch o' firmintation or oxy-gin or hydro-gin is thare in it at all, at all. L'arnin' is makin' ye looney, me b'y."

"Father, yer wrong. Thim things I spoke of is gas. They're pizen. An' thare's another kind o' gas in beer, too. It's called carbonic acid gas. It's that pizen that a little of it'll kill ye deader nor a salt mackerel. In the island o' Javy is a valley, where thare's that much carbonic acid gas that the grass is kilt, an' ne'er a dog, or a cat, or anything can live thare. If ye throw a dog in the valley he'll be dead in fourteen seconds, an' whin the birds fly over the valley they drop down dead into it. It is called the pizen valley, an' the stuff in that valley is in beer, an' gives it that pleasant taste on yer tongue that makes ye smack yer lips whin ye're drinkin' it."

The next morning Mr. Finn went down to the village to undergo an

examination for the position of sealer of weights and measures. When his turn came the examiner said, turning to Mr. Finn:

"Now, Mr. Finn, how many weights does a grocer use in business?"

Mr. Finn scratched his head and looked wild.

"Faith, sir," said he, "I can tell ye all about dew, an' beer-foam, an' goats, but nothin' at all about woights. I heerd it was civil sarvice min ye were, but shure, I'll tell ye straight, it's mighty uncivil min I I find ye to be."—ERNEST JARROLD.

AUNT TABITHA.

WHATEVER I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When she was a girl, (forty summers ago,)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! if I only would take her advice,—
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!
And, besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they will come back to me,—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out:
She would never endure an impertinent stare;
It is horrid, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasure, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm,—just for safety, you know;
But Aunt Tabitha tells me, *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in!—but stay,—
Were the men such sly rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked,—I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma?
Was he like the rest of them? goodness! who knows?
And what shall I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's *aunt* must have been!
And her *grand-aunt*,—it scares me,—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let us perish to rescue some wretched young man!
Though, when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me—she never did so.

O. W. Holmes.

GOSSIP.

THERE once lived a creature—if I've not been deceived—
In whom the old ancients devoutly believed,
And of all things incredible, wondrous and strange,
Is the fact that at will his coarse face he could change,
So that if you met him a thousand times o'er,
You could not be sure you had met him before.
But that he was a monster you ne'er had a doubt,
For once you had met him you soon found him out.
He assured you at first that quite harmless was he,
But once in his clutches you ne'er could get free!
If the arrows of ill which at others he hurled
Were all made in a ring, they would circle the world.
Now, the name of this monster I really forget,
But, if you'll believe me, he's prowling round yet!
His name, if I knew it, I'd certainly tell,
But the name of "Old Gossip" will do quite as well.
So friends, with best wishes, whatever you do,
Don't let the old Beast get acquainted with you.

May Cooper.

FARMER JOHN.

"IF I'd nothing to do," said Farmer John,
"To fret and bother me—
Were I but rid of this mountain of work,
What a good man I could be!

"The pigs get out and the cows get in
Where they have no right to be;
And the weeds in the garden and the corn—
Why, they fairly frighten me.

"It worries me out of my temper quite,
And well-nigh out of my head;
What a curse it is that a man must toil
Like this for his daily bread!"

But Farmer John he broke his leg!
And was kept for many a week
A helpless and an idle man—
Was he, therefore, mild and meek?

Nay, what with the pain and what with the fret
Of sitting with nothing to do—
And the farm work botched by a shiftless hand—
He got very cross and blue.

He scolded the children and cuffed the dog
That frawned about his knee;
And snarled at his wife, though she was kind
And patient as wife could be.

He grumbled, and whined, and fretted, and fumed,
The whole of the long day through.
"'Twill ruin me quite," cried Farmer John,
"To sit here with nothing to do!"

His hurt got well, and he went to work,
And a busier man than he,
A happier man or a pleasanter man,
You never would wish to see.

The pigs got out, and he drove them back,
Whistling right merrily:
He mended the fence and kept the cows
Just where they ought to be.

Weeding the garden was first-rate fun,
And ditto hoeing the corn.
"I'm happier far," said Farmer John,
"Than I've been since I was born."

He learned a lesson that lasts him well—
'Twill last him his whole life through,
He frets but seldom, and never because
He has plenty of work to do.

"I'll tell you what," said Farmer John,
"They are either knaves or fools
Who long to be idle—for idle hands
Are the devil's chosen tools."

THE WITNESS.

"DO you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him sick," was the reply.

"No levity," said the lawyer, sternly. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir!" yelled the lawyer. "How long have you known him?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the Court make the—"

"I have, Jedge," said the witness. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long, and a man five feet ten."

"Your Honor—"

"It's fact, Jedge, I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said:

"Will you tell the Court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name!" replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case. His name's Smith."

"Your Honor," howled the attorney, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the Judge, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, Jedge, hain't I been doin' it? Let the blamed dunce fire away, I'm all ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly replied the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir; I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends. He's an old-line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down!" yelled the lawyer.

"Hey?"

"Stand down!"

"Can't do it, I'll sit down or stand up—"

"Sheriff, remove the man from the box."

Witness retires, muttering: "Well, if he ain't the thick-headedst fool I ever—"

SOCRATES SNOOKS.

MISTER Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the marriage relation:
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,
When one morning to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife:
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now, Socrates dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly *my'd;*
Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say, *our* cow-house, *our* barn-yard, *our* pig-pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of *my* houses, *my* lands, *my* gardens, *my* trees."
"Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"

Oh, woman! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two.
In the following case this was certainly true;
For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, on all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."

Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain
To ward off the blows which descended like rain—
Concluding that valor's best part was discretion,
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian;

But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.

At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate:
And so, like a tortoise protuding his head,
Said, "My dear, may we come out from under *our* bed?"
"Hah! hah!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks:
Now, Socrates—hear me—from this happy hour,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."

'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trousers to search:
Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,
"My dear, may we put on *our* new Sunday breeches?"

HOW GIRLS STUDY.

DID you ever see two girls get together to study of an evening? I have, and it generally goes like this:

"In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. In 1673 Marquette dis—— What did you say, Ide? You had ever so much rather see the hair coiled than braided?—Yes, so had I. It's so much more stylish, and then it looks classical, too; but how do you like—Oh! dear, I can never learn this lesson!

"In 1863 Lafayette discovered the Wisconsin. In 1863 Lafayette discovered the—well! what's the matter with me, anyhow! In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. I don't care if he did. I suppose the Mississippi would have gotten along just as well if Marquette had never looked at it. Now, see here, Ide, is there anything about my looks that would give you to understand that I know when Columbus founded Jamestown and how George Washington won the battle of Shiloh? Of course, there isn't. History's a horrid study anyhow. No use neither. Now, French is much nicer. I can in-

troduce French phrases very often, and one must know I have studied the language. What is the lesson for to-morrow? Oh, yes; conjugation of parler. Let's see; how does it commence? Je parle, tu parle il, par—il pa—il—well, il then!

"Conjugations don't amount to anything. I know some phrases that are appropriate here and there, and in almost every locality; and how's anybody going to know but what I have the conjugations all by heart?

"Have I got my geometery? No, I'm just going to study it. Thirty-ninth, is it not?

"Let the triangle A B C, triangle A B—say, Ide, have you read about that Jersey elopement? I think it is too utterly utter.

"Oh! theorem.

"Let the triangle A B C be right-angled at B. On the side B C, erect, erect the square A I. On the side—did I tell you Sister Carracciola gave me a new piece to-day, a sonata? It is really intense. The tones fairly stir my soul. I am never going to take anything but sonatas after this. I got another new piece, too. Its name is Etudes. Isn't it funny? I asked Tom this noon what it means, and he says it is Greek for nothing. It is quite apropos, for there is really nothing in it—the same thing over and over.

"Where was I? Oh! yes; side A C the square A E. Draw the line—come on, let's go at our astronomy. It's on, Are the planets inhabited? Now, Ide, I think they are, and I have thought about it a great deal. I banged my hair last night. I wanted a Langtry bang just too bad for any use, but pa raved, and I had to give in. Yes, I think they are inhabited. I should like to visit some of them, but you would not catch me living in Venus. Eight seasons! Just think how often we would have to have new outfits to keep up with the styles.

"What! you are not going? I am so sorry, but I suppose you are tired. I am. It always makes me most sick to study a whole evening like this. I think sister ought to give us a picture."

And they go to school next morning and tell the other girls how awfully hard they have studied.—BELLE McDONALD.

"WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS GOOD FOR?"
WE HEARD A MAN ASK TO-DAY;
SO WE HAVE COME HERE TO TELL YOU,
PLEASE LISTEN TO WHAT WE SAY.

THE LITTLE HELPERS.

JUST AT DUSK A HORSE OF BROWN, FLECKED WITH FOAM, CAME PANTING DOWN.

THE RIDE OF PAUL VENAREZ.

PART VII.

Readings for Juveniles.

KRIS KRINGLE'S SURPRISE.

WITH heavy pack upon his back,
And smiles upon his face,
Kris Kringle waded through the snow
And went at rapid pace.
His sack that made him sweat and tug
Was stuffed with pretty toys,
And up and down throughout the town
He sought the girls and boys.

Not long before, within one door,
One little Johnny Street,
By lucky chance got into pants,
And grew about two feet.
On Christmas eve he asked for leave
To hang upon a peg
The woolen stockings he had worn,
Each with its lengthy leg.

The cunning boy, on Christmas joy
With all his heart was bent,
And for old Kringle's packages
With all his might he went.
In big surprise Kris Kringle's eyes
Stuck out and stared around,
For two such stockings as those were
He ne'er before had found.

He thought he'd never get them full,
  They were so strangely deep;
So, standing there upon a chair,
  He took a hasty peep:
Young Johnny Street, the little cheat,
  Had watched his lucky chance,
And to the stockings, at the top,
  Had pinned his pair of pants.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY.

I TAN'T see what our baby boy is dood for anyway;
  He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know how to play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-bil-ly tan,
An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestest fan.
He's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says his prayers.

On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin' clothes,
An' once I foun' him hard at work a-pinc'in' Dolly's nose;
An' ze uzzer day zat naughty boy (now what you s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An', 'stead of kyin' dood an' hard, as course he ought to done,
He laughed, and kicked his head 'most off, as zo he zought 'twas fun.

He even tries to reach up high, an' pull zings off ze shelf,
An' he's al'ays wantin' you, of course, just when you want you'self.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my turls,
Zey all was made a-purpose for to 'noy us little dirls;
An' I wish zere wasn't no such zing as naughty baby boys—
Why—why; zat's him a-kyin' now; he makes a drefful noise,
I dess I better run and see, for if he has—boo-hoo!
Felled down ze stairs and killed his-self, whatever s-s-s'all I do!

"LITTLE JACK."

HE wore a pair of tattered pants,
A ragged roundabout,
And through the torn crown of his hat
A lock of hair stuck out;
He had no shoes upon his feet,
No shirt upon his back;
His home was on the friendless street,
His name was "Little Jack."

One day a toddling baby-boy
With head of curly hair
Escaped his loving mother's eyes,
Who, busy with her care,
Forgot the little one, who crept
Upon the railroad near
To play with the bright pebbles there,
Without a thought of fear.

But see! around a curve there comes
A swiftly flying train—
It rattles, roars! the whistle shrieks
With all its might and main;
The mother sees her child, but stands
Transfixed with sudden fright!
The baby clasps his little hands
And laughs with low delight

Look! look! a tattered figure flies
Adown the railroad track!
His hat is gone! his feet are bare!
'Tis ragged "Little Jack!"
He grasps the child and from the track
The babe is safely tossed—

A slip! a cry! the train rolls by—
  Brave "Little Jack" is lost.

They found his mangled body there
  Just where he slipped and fell—
And strong men wept who never cared
  For him when he was well.
If there be starry crowns in heaven
  For little ones to wear,
The star in "Little Jack's" shall shine
  As bright as any there!

EUGENE J. HALL.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

RIGHT into our house one day,
  A dear little angel came;
  I ran to him, and said softly,
"Little angel, what is your name?"

He said not a word in answer,
  But smiled a beautiful smile,
Then I said: "May I go home with you?
  Shall you go in a little while?"

But mamma said: "Dear little angel,
  Don't leave us! O, always stay!
We will all of us love you dearly!
  Sweet angel! O, don't go away!"

So he stayed, and he stayed, and we loved him,
  As we could not have loved another;
Do you want to know what his name is?
  His name is—*my little brother!*

A MERCANTILE TRANSACTION.

"A POUND of *jumps!*" and I looked in surprise
At little black Rose with her shining eyes.

"A pound of jumps!—my mother *said*
A pound of jumps," and she nodded her head.

"But, my dear, we've flour, and sugar in lumps,
And peanuts, but never a pound of jumps.

With walnuts and chestnuts and corn that pops—"
"O, O! I forgot! it's a *pound of hops!*"

FRANCIS A. HUMPHREY.

"PLANTING" WHEAT.

SPECKLETY flew from the haymow dim
Begging for something to eat;
Chanticleer crowed, but she walked past him
Straight to Miss Toddlekins' feet.
"Listen, Miss Dimple! I've laid you an egg!
Give me some corn or some wheat, I beg!
There's plenty around. Don't you think I know?
And the egg in the haymow's white as snow."

Toddlekins' apron was filled with wheat,
The best of the winter's store,
It was not to play with, and not to eat,
But to plant and to grow into more.
Specklety saw it with covetous eyes;
Cackled aloud, "I have found a prize,"
Flew to the little maid's arm, and lo!
Scattered the wheat to the ground below.

Toddlekins cried in a tone of awe,
  Watching the lost grains go—
"Papa, she's planted the wheat in her craw!
Do you s'pose it'll sprout and grow?"
Papa laughed out till the tears filled his eyes;
Toddlekins joined him, though lost in surprise;
Specklety cackled, "That wheat *will* grow;
It'll grow into eggs. Don't you think I know?"

MRS. MAY M. ANDERSON.

THE BRAVE LITTLE MAID.

"I'M not afraid of anything,"
  Cried little Bessie Brown,
Who thought herself the bravest lass
  In all Northampton town.

"I know a girl who's scared at mice,
  While rats would make her shriek;
I'm not afraid of rats, not I,
  I love to hear them squeak.

"And look at Cousin John! it makes
  Me laugh to see him run
When Uncle's turkey-cock appears;
  It is the greatest fun!

"I'm not afraid of turkey-cocks,
  Although they gobble so.
I'm not afraid of anything;
  But, then, I'm brave, you know!"

One day this hearty little maid
  To see her granny went,
A well-filled basket on her arm
  With gifts by mother sent.

But what is this? A noisy flock
Of geese are hissing loud;
They threaten with their horny bills—
A most unpleasant crowd.

Then Bessie's heart began to quake,
And puckered grew her brow.
"Oh, Cousin John, dear Cousin John,
Do come and help me now!"

"Why, Bessie!" cries the laughing boy;
"And can it really be
That you are frightened of a bird,
Although you laughed at me?"

Then Bessie sobbed, "Don't blame me, John;
It really is no use.
I'm not afraid of anything,
Except, perhaps, a goose!"

TAKE UP THE COLLECTION.

[Little Boy on a chair.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

I AM small, it is true, but great on the stump,
And I think that the managers knew it;
For they have a different work to do,
And I've been selected to do it.

You may talk to the head and carry your point,
May appeal to the heart and succeed;
But to speak to the pocket and make it respond
Is a difficult work indeed.

Some speak for applause, and only applause,
And get what they work for (the scamps);

While I care for neither the clapping or cheers,
  But I hope you'll come down with the stamps.

We've a load on our back you can lighten, if
  You will add to the backs that bear it;
It's greenbacks we ask—you'll please give us one,
  If able and willing to spare it.

We know that you will, for we've watched you to-night,
  While you listened to speech and to song;
And knew, by the good-natured look of your face,
  You were anxious to help us along.

Good-night, I retire; to this I feel sure
  That you've not the slightest objection;
So I will get down; the Committee get up,
  And when up will take up the collection.

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

AS I was taking a walk, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell, and, though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said: "O, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle." And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle. "I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he; "my lips won't pucker up good."

"O, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away." So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A LITTLE sunbeam in the sky
Said to itself one day,
"I'm very small, yet why should I
Do nothing else but play?
I'll go down to the earth and see
If there is any work for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each drooping cup;
The little sunbeam darted through,
And raised their blue heads up.
They smiled to see it, and they lent
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother safe beneath a tree
Had left her babe asleep:
It woke and cried, but when it spied
The little sunbeam peep
So slyly in, with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

Away, away, o'er land and sea
The merry sunbeam went:
A ship was on the waters free
From home and country sent;
But sparkling in that joyous ray,
The blue waves danced around her way.

A voyager gazed with weary eye,
And heart of bitter pain;
With the bright sunbeam from the sky
Lost hope sprang up again.

"The waves," he said, "are full of glee.
Then yet there may be some for me."

The sunbeam next did not disdain
A window low and small;
It entered at the cottage pane,
And danced upon the wall.
A pale young face looked up to meet
The radiance she had watched to greet.

So up and down, and to and fro,
The sunbeam glanced about;
And never door was shut, I know,
To keep the stranger out.
But lo! where'er it touched the earth
It seemed to wake up joy and mirth.

I can not tell the history
Of all that it could do;
But this I tell, that you may try
To be a sunbeam too—
By little smiles and deeds of love,
Which cheer like sunshine from above.

"I WOULD IF I COULD."

"I WOULD if I could," though much it's in use,
Is but a mistaken and sluggish excuse;
And many a person who could if he would,
Is often heard saying, "I would if I could."

"Come, John," said a school-boy, "now do not refuse—
Come, solve me this problem; you can if you choose."
But John at that moment was not in the mood,
And yawningly answered, "I would if I could."

At the door of a mansion a child, thinly clad,
While the cold wind blew fiercely, was begging for bread;
A rich man passed by her as trembling she stood,
And answered her coldly, "I would if I could."

The scholar receiving his teacher's advice,
The swearer admonished to quit such a vice,
The child when requested to try and be good,
Oft give the same answer, "I would if I could."

But if we may credit what good people say,
That where there's a will, there is always a way;
And whatever ought to be, can be, and should—
We never need utter, "I would if I could."

MEASURING THE BABY.

WE measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall—
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still!
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as blue-bells—
  His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two bare little feet, like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown ;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
  That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! In a darkened chamber,
  With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
  We measured the boy to-day ;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
  And sweet as a bubbling rose,
Lay side by side together,
  In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
  White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
  With the light of heaven thereon—
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
  Dropped from a rose, lay stlll,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
  That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
  With ribbons as white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
  That waited him below ;
And out of the darkened chamber
  We went with a childish moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
  Our little one had grown!

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

YOUNG Turkey Gobbler, with highly arched head,
Looked at his mates gathered round:
"To-morrow's Thanksgiving," he earnestly said,
"And not one of us must be found;
For I heard the farmer tell his wife
That he would only kill *three*—
And all the while he sharpened his knife
He kept his eye on me.
'Forewarned is forearmed'—a saying old;
Come, let's hide!" he said.
But the next morning, stiff and cold,
He hung by his legs in the shed.

Miss Yellow Pumpkin, with tears in her eyes,
Grew on a sunny slope.
"To-morrow's Thanksgiving—they always have pies;
But they won't find me, I hope!
To be made into pies—what a dreadful fate!"
And she rolled from side to side.
"Oh, there comes the farmer's daughter, Kate,
And I must surely hide!"
Then Miss Yellow Pumpkin rolled down hill,
Bruising her dainty self,
And she didn't come to her senses until
There were twelve golden pies on the shelf.

"I wonder what they are trying to do?"
Said the Apples in the bin.
"If we're to be pared and cut in two,
I think it's a shame and a sin!
And only think—to be wrapped in dough,
And put over a kettle to steam!

And now comes the very worst of it, though—
  To be eaten—with sugar and cream!"

The Potatoes and Onions, the Turnips and Squash
  Got into a regular flutter,
When the farmer's wife gave each a taste
  Of the very same kind of butter.
How can I stand it," Sir Table said;
  And he groaned as if in pain.
"Oh, dear, I would be really glad
  If Thanksgiving ne'er came again.
"Oh, me! oh, me!" and he groaned the more
  As the children took their places;
But smilingly his load he bore
  When he saw their happy faces.

LESBIA BRYANT.

MR. NOBODY.

I KNOW a funny little man,
  As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
  In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
  And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
  By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,—
  Who leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
  And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
  For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
  By Mr. Nobody?

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
  That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
  And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid;
  Who had them last, but he?
There's no one tosses them about
  But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the doors
  By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
  To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
  That lying round you see,
Are not our boots! They all belong
  To Mr. Nobody!

IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child—a boy or girl—
  I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to:
  Is it?—it isn't you!
  O no, it can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl—
  I'm loth to say I do—
Who struck a little playmate child:
  Was it?—it wasn't you!
  I hope that wasn't you!

I know a child—a boy or girl—
  I hope that such are few—

Who told a lie; yes, told a lie!
  Was it?—it wasn't you!
  It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy—I know a boy—
  I cannot love him though—
Who robs the little birdies' nests;
  Is it?—it can't be you!
  That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is—a girl I know—
  And I could love her too,
But that she is so proud and vain;
  Is it?—it can't be you!
  That surely isn't you!

MRS. MARY GOODWIN.

LULU'S COMPLAINT.

I'SE a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby,
  For B'idget is 'way down stairs:
My titten has scatched my fin'er,
  And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma
  Since ever so long ado;
An' I ain't her tunninest baby
  No londer, for B'idget says so.

Mamma dot anoder *new baby*,
  Dod dived it—He did—yes'erday;
An' it kier, it kies—oh! so defful!
  I wis' He would take it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'ittle sister;"
  I want my dood mamma, I do;

I want her to tiss me and tiss me,
  An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu.

I dess my dear papa will bin' me
  A 'ittle dood titten some day;
Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;
  I wis' she would tate it away.

Oh! oh! what tunnin' red fin'ers!
  It sees me 'ite out of its eyes;
I dess we will teep it and dive it
  Some can'y whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly
  To play wid mos' every day;
An' I dess, I dess—Say, B'idget,
  Ask Dod not to tate it away.

LITTLE TOMMIE'S FIRST SMOKE.

I'VE been sick.

Mamma said 'mokin' was a nasty, dirty, disgraceful habit, and bad for the window curtains.

Papa said it wasn't. He said all wise men 'moked, and that it was good for rheumatism, and that he didn't care for the window curtains, not a—that thing what busts and drowns people; I forgot its name. And he said women didn't know much anyway, and that they couldn't reason like men.

So next day papa wasn't nice a bit—that day I frew over the accawarium, and papa 'panked me—and I felt as if I had the rheumatism ever' time I went to sit down, and so I just got papa's pipe and loaded it and 'moked it, to cure rheumatism where papa 'panked me.

And they put mustard plaster on my tummick till they most burned a hole in it, I guess.

I fink they fought I was going to die.

I fought so, too.

Mamma said I was goin' to be a little cherub, but I fought I was goin' to be awful sick. Nurse said I was goin' to be a cherub, too—then she went to put a nuzzar mustard plaster on. I didn't want her to, and she called me somefing else. I guess that was 'cause I frew the mustard plaster in her face. I don't want to be a cherub anyway; I'd rather be little Tommie for a while yet.

But I won't 'moke any more.

I guess mamma was right. Maybe I'm sumfin' like a window cur tain. 'Mokin' isn't good for me.

THE ROBIN-REDBREASTS.

TWO robin redbreasts built their nests
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
Her mate sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said:
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky)
Cock-robin said: "My little dears,
'Tis time you learned to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child—and who she is
I'll tell you by and by—
When mamma says "Do this," or "that,"
She says: "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say: "I'll try."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

"THEY SAY."

THE subject of my speech is one
We hear of every day—
'Tis simply all about the fear
We have of what "*they say!*"

How happy all of us could be,
If, as we go our way,
We did not stop to think and care
So much for what "*they say.*"

We never dress to go outside,
To church, to ball, or play,
But everything we wear or do
Is ruled by what "*they say.*"

Half of the struggles we each make
To keep up a display,
Might be avoided, were it not
For dread of what "*they say.*"

The half of those who leave their homes
For Long Branch and Cape May
Would never go, if it were not
For fear of what "*they say.*"

One reason why I'm now so scared
(Pardon the weakness, pray!)
Is that I'm thinking all the while,
"Of *me* what will '*they say?*'"

But so 'twill be, I judge, as long
As on the earth folks stay—
There'll always be, with wise and fools,
That dread of what "*they say.*"

SUPPOSE!

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke!"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house,
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get;
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair;
Will it tire you less while walking,
To say "it isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,

And in your heart be thankful
  You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
  Nor the way some people do,—
Do you think the whole creation
  Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
  The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
  To do the best you can?

PHŒBE CAREY.

THE SPECKLED HEN.

DEAR Brother Ben I take my pen
  To tell you where, and how, and when,
  I found the nest of our speckled hen.
She never would lay in a sensible way,
Like other hens, in the barn on the hay;
But here and there and everywhere,
On the stable floor, and the wood-house stair,
And once, on the ground her eggs I found.

But yesterday I ran away,
With mother's leave, in the barn to play.
The sun shone bright on the seedy floor,
And the doves so white were a pretty sight
As they walked in and out of the open door,
With their little red feet and feathers neat,
Cooing and cooing more and more.
Well, I went out to look about
On the platform wide, where, side by side,
I could see the pig-pens in their pride;

And beyond them both, on a narrow shelf,
I saw the speckled hen hide herself
Behind a pile of hoes and rakes
And pieces of boards and broken stakes.

"Ah, ha! old hen, I have found you now,
But to reach your nest I don't know how,
Unless I could climb or creep or crawl
Along the edge of the pig-pen wall."
And while I stood in a thoughtful mood,
The speckled hen cackled as loud as she could,
And flew away, as much as to say,
"For once my treasure is out of your way."
I didn't wait a moment then;
I couldn't be conquered by that old hen!
But along the edge of the slippery ledge
I carefully crept, for the great pigs slept,
And I dared not even look to see
If they were thinking of eating me.

But all at once, oh! what a dunce!
I dropped my basket into the pen,
The one you gave me, Brother Ben;
There were two eggs in it, by the way,
That I found in the manger under the hay,
Then the pigs got up and ran about
With a noise between a grunt and a shout,
And when I saw them rooting, rooting,
Of course I slipped and lost my footing,
And tripped, and jumped, and finally fell
Right down among the pigs, pell-mell.

For once in my life I was afraid,
For the door that led out into the shed

Was fastened tight with an iron hook,
And father was down in the fields by the brook,
Hoeing and weeding his rows of corn,
And here was his Dolly, so scared and forlorn.
But I called him, and called him, as loud as I could,
I knew he would hear me—he must and he should—
"O father! O father! (Get out, you old pig.)
O father! oh! oh!" for their mouths were so big.
Then I waited a minute and called him again,
"O father! O father! I am in the pig-pen!"
And father did hear, and he threw down his hoe,
And scampered as fast as a father could go.

The pigs had pushed me close to the wall,
And munched my basket, eggs and all,
And chewed my sun-bonnet into a ball.
And one had rubbed his muddy nose
All over my apron, clean and white;
And they sniffed at me, and stepped on my toes,
But hadn't taken the smallest bite,
When father opened the door at last,
And oh! in his arms he held me fast.

E. W. Denison.

NO STOCKINGS TO WEAR.

A LITTLE boy in our street, I will not tell his name,
Goes barefoot, though a rich man's son—now isn't that a shame?
He says he hasn't got a single stocking left to wear,
And, yet, last week his mamma bought him half a dozen pair.

And the silk ones grandma sent him for his best—that makes two more;
And there were five or six, at least, that he had long before,
Then why does he go barefoot?—you'll laugh, I know you will—
He has hung up all his stockings for Santa Claus to fill.

MISS LAUGH AND MISS FRET.

CRIES little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet:
"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan,
It scorches my nose,
And blisters my toes.
And wherever I go, I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet smelling hay."

SANTA'S SECRET.

'SH—I've got out of bed, just a minute,
To tell you—I'll whisper it low—
The stockings I've hung by the fire
Are for me—not mamma, you know,
For mine are so awfully little,
Dear Santa Claus, don't you see?
And I want, O! so many playthings,
They won't hold enough for me.

So I want you to surely remember
And fill these as full as you can;
'Cause I haven't been very naughty,
And—you're such a nice, kind man!
I'd like a live doll, if you please, sir,
That can talk and call me "mamma,"
Not one that is full of old sawdust,
As all my other dolls are.

THAT'S BABY.

ONE little row of ten little toes,
To go along with a brand-new nose,
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs
That are just as good as sugar plums—
That's baby.

One little pair of round new eyes,
Like a little owl's, so big and wise,
One little place they call a mouth,
Without one tooth, from North to South—
That's baby.

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands so in his way,
A brand-new head, not very big,
That seems to need a brand-new wig—
That's baby.

Dear little row of ten little toes!
How much we love them nobody knows;
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin,
What a shame he wasn't a twin—
That's baby.

JOHNNY'S POCKET.

DO you know what's in my pottet?
Such a lot o' treasures in it!
Listen, now, while I bedin' it;
Such a lot o' sings it hold,
And all there is you sall be told,—
Everysin' dat's in my pottet
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet
A beauty shell; I picked it up;

And here's the handle of a cup
That somebody has broke at tea:
The shell's a hole in it, you see;
Nobody knows that I have dot it,
I keep it safe here in my pottet,

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,
And here's my pennies, one, two, three,
That aunt Mary gave to me;
To-morrow day I'll buy a spade
When I'm out walking with the maid.
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sin's in my pottet!
Here's my lead, and here's my string,
And once I had an iron ring.
But through a hole it lost one day;
And here is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sin' in a pottet—
Have it mended when you've dot it.

HOW HE DOES IT.

HE comes right down the chimney
When the Christmas bells are rung,
When little folks are fast asleep,
And stockings all are hung,
All loaded down with pretty things,
With guns and dolls and drums;
So be sure and hang your stockings
Where he'll see 'em when he comes.

You might hear him swiftly coming,
Riding on the winter blast,

His reindeer team a jingling
  And their hoof-beats falling fast.
His furs are black with chimney soot,
  His beard is white with snow,
His sleigh is full of pretty toys,
  You ought to hear him go!

He lights upon the sleety roof
  And doesn't stop a minute,
He jumps upon the chimney top,
  And down he plumps within it,
He pauses on the hearthstone,
  And he takes a little peep
To see if all the curly heads
  Are safe in bed asleep.

He goes about on tiptoe,
  Nor makes a bit of noise,
He fills up all the stockings
  With sugar plums and toys;
And then he gives a little laugh,
  Pops up the chimney quick,
And off he jingles on the wind,
  The jolly old Saint Nick.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

WE didn't have much of a Christmas,
  My papa and Rosie and me,
  For mamma 'd gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor prisoners' tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
  Was down at the 'sylum all day,
To help at the great turkey dinner,

And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies
With a "*beautiful* object" they say,
'Tis to go among poor lonesome children
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And auntie—you don't know my auntie?
(She's my own papa's half-sister Kate)
She was 'bliged to be round at the chapel
Till 'twas—oh, some time *dreadfully* late!
For she pities the poor worn-out curate,
His burdens, she says, are so great;
So she 'ranges the flowers and the music,
And he goes home around by our gate.
I should think this way *must* be the longest,
But then, I suppose, he knows best;
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid
And his name is Vane Algernon West.

My papa had bought a big turkey,
And had it sent home Christmas Eve;
But there wasn't a soul here to cook it;
You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin—
(He doesn't look like her one bit);
She says she belongs to a "union,"
And the union won't let her "submit."
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
And some raisins and candy, and then
Rose and me went down stairs to the pantry
To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding;
Then he thought that he didn't quite dare,
For Rose 'd got cold and kept coughing,
There was dampness and chills in the air,

Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome!
  And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
  And all the sweet roses—the tea
And the red ones—and ferns and carnations,
  That have made our bay window so bright,
Mamma 'd picked for the men at the prison
  To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat up close to the window,
  Rose and me on our papa's two knees,
And we counted the dear little birdies
  That were hopping about on the trees.
Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow,
  But I thought I would rather, by far,
Be a robin that flies away winters
  Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are.
And papa wished he was a jail bird,
  'Cause he thought that they fared the best;
But we all were real glad we weren't turkeys,
  For then we'd been killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers—
  "Dear God, we've been lonesome to-day
For mamma, aunt, Ethel and Bridget,
  Every one of them all went away—
Won't you please make a club, or society,
  'Fore it's time for next Christmas to be,
To take care of philanterpists' families—
  Like papa and Rosie and me?"
And I think that my papa's grown pious,
  For he listened as still as a mouse,
'Till I got to "Amen;" then *he* said it
  So it sounded all over the house.

JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

ARCHIBALD Edward Theophilus Jones
Had a way of expressing his feelings in moans,
In sobs and sighs,
And dolorous cries;
The water continually ran from his eyes.
Upon every occasion he "started the bawl"
At the silliest trifle, or nothing at all,
Till his mother declared: "Why, Theophilus, dear,
If you are not more careful, you wont leave a tear!

"And some day, you know,
It might happen so,
Your feelings, or head, might receive a hard blow;
A blow that would really be worthy a tear,
And by being so lavish at present, I fear
You'll have not a tear left,
And being bereft
Of the tears that are needful to make a good cry,
With no means of relieving your feelings you'll die!"

But Theophilus paid to this counsel no heed.
He continued to roar
And cry as before.
The family wished themselves deaf,—yes, indeed;
Although certainly some
Of them wished *he* was dumb,
For surely among things excessively trying
May be reckoned the child that forever is crying.

Well—the worst of the story remains to be told.
He was weeping one morning—because it was cold—
When he felt a strange quiver,
A shake and a shiver;

It began at the point where his eyes met his nose,
And ran through his backbone quite down to his toes.
Astonished, he stopped for an instant his wail,
And when to renew it he tried—ah, sad tale!
Alas, how can I tell
Of the fate that befell?

This poor little boy found he'd cried himself dry.
Not a tear could he squeeze from his dear little eye;
Though he struggled his hardest, 'twas useless to try.
Vain—all vain!
And an unsatisfactory cry
Is the one where you haven't a tear in your eye!

Boys, be warned by his fate,
Before 'tis too late.
Don't cry for small matters,
Slight bruises and batters;
Or, indeed, who can say,
It might happen some day,
When some weighty occasion for crying should rise,
You'd be left like young Jones, with no tears in your eyes!

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

OUR DOG.

[Written expressly for this volume.]

HAVE you a dog—a frisky dog,
A dog that runs and plays,
With laughter in his roguish eyes,
And lively, cunning ways?
Cross dogs have never any friends,
They snap and growl and fight,
They frighten people all the day,
And then bark all the night.

Our Rover wouldn't do such things,
  For that is not his way,
He's good and kind, no matter what
  The pesky neighbors say.
He jumps at children in the street,
  And makes them run and cry,
But this he wouldn't do, you know,
  If they weren't going by.

He sprang at Mr. Jones one day,
  And bit him in the calf,
But didn't take it all away,
  No, not so much as half.
Now Rover—this we all declared—
  Just meant it for a bluff,
And Jones got bitten, all because
  He wasn't spry enough.

But we are not to blame for that,
  And I would like to say
'Tis not our fault if people can't
  Get out of Rover's way.
The neighbors needn't make a fuss,
  And fling at us their slurs;
I'm bound to tell them that *their* dogs
  Are horrid, low-bred curs.

Next door to us there is a yard
  With chickens all about;
Our dog jumped in and killed a few,
  And put the rest to rout;
The neighbor said that Rover was
  A vulgar, vicious pup—
But if he wants to keep his chicks,
  Why don't he shut them up?

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

GIVING A READING.

MARIE BURROUGHS.

PRAY YOU, LET'S HAVE NO WORDS OF THIS!

OPHELIA.

Our Rover tore Miss Prim's silk dress,
  And, *she* says, threw her down;
Well, why did she go sailing round
  In that bran-new silk gown?
She might have walked down past our house
  In a much cheaper dress;
Some people act like simpletons,
  I really must confess.

Why, Rover—so we have been told—
  Has got a pedigree;
I don't know what that is, but guess
  It's what you seldom see;
Now, what a slander 'tis to say
  Our dog will snarl and bite—
A dog that has a pedigree,
  Would surely be polite.

And then, our Rover is so cute—
  He never hears a word;
When told to stop his boisterous noise,
  He thinks 'twould be absurd.
So I would have you understand—
  And you may put it down—
We've got the beau-ti-ful-est dog
  That you can find in town.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

I WISH I WAS A GROWN-UP.

OH, I wish I was a grown-up,
  And nobody could say,
"No, no, you can't do so-and-so,"
  Or, "If you're good, you may."

If grown-ups waited to be good
  Before they had their fun,

A great deal that is going on,
  I guess, would not be done.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
  Then I'd play with bigger boys,
And spend a hundred dollars
  For nothing else but toys.
I'd give the fellows all a boat,
  A knife and kite and ball;
I'd sit up late, and sometimes
  Wouldn't go to bed at all.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
  I'd wear my very best,
With long gold chain a-dangling
  Across my stiff white vest;
With big top-boots so heavy
  I could wade out anywhere;
With a gold watch in my pocket,
  And a close shave on my hair.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
  As tall as my papa,
I'd have a pistol and a cane,
  And marry Maggie Carr.
I'd have a party every night—
  How jolly it would seem!
I'd have a house of citron cake,
  And a lawn of lemon cream.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
  I'd have a stunning yacht;
And eat at the first table
  While the beefsteak was hot;

I'd go right in the parlor,
  No matter who was there;
I'd have a span of horses,
  And keep a dancing bear!

But, then, I ain't a grown-up,
  I'm a boy that has to mind,
With a little blue-checked apron,
  And my trousers thin behind;
And the women come and kiss me,
  And call me "little dear;"
And I shan't be a grown-up
  In many a long year.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

"JENNIE!" mother cries, "Jen-*nie!*
  Why, where in the world can Jennie be?
  She went for the cows an hour ago.
  What ails the girl that she lingers so?"

The sun goes down in the crimson west,
The tired day prepares for rest,
And the laggard moments slowly pass,
But bring no news of the truant lass.

"What ails the girl?" The sober cows,
Stopping along the fields to browse,
May look in vain from side to side,
And wait the voice of their pretty guide.

For far behind, by the pasture gate,
Jennie—and Jamie—forget 'tis late,
Forget the cows, and the milking hour,
And everything else, save love's sweet power.

The lengthening shadows unheeded fall,
The whip-poor-will with his plaintive call,
The gathering dews, and the darkening sky—
All warn in vain as the minutes fly.

Twice and thrice does mother go
To the farmhouse door, ere she hears the low
Of the cows, as they trample up the lane,
And the ring of the cow-bells, clear and plain.

But presently come the laggard feet
Of Jennie and Jamie. Oh! shyly sweet
Are the girl's blue eyes as she stands before
The mother, who meets her at the door.

"What kept you so, my child?" "I?—Oh!
I was going after the cows, you know."
Then whispered Jamie, "Whatever you do,
Don't tell her that I—went after you!"

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

WILL some wise man who has journeyed
Over land and over sea
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be,
Kindly tell a little stranger
Who has oddly lost her way,
Where's the road that she must travel
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar
With To-day, and cannot read
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts
Tell of ways and where they lead,

And her heart upbraids her sorely,
  Though she did not mean to stay
When she fell asleep last evening
  And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected
  That she really should have done;
And she fears she's lost some favors
  That she fairly might have won.
So she'd liked to turn her backward
  To retrieve them if she may—
Will not some one kindly tell her
  Where's the road to Yesterday?

CHARLEY'S OPINION OF THE BABY.

MUZZER'S bought a baby
  Ittle bit's of zing;
Zink I mos could put him
  Froo my rubber ring.

Ain't he awful ugly?
  Ain't he awful pink?
Just come down from heaven,
  Dat's a fib, I zink.

Doctor tole anozzer
  Great big awful lie;
Nose ain't out of joyent,
  Dat ain't why I cry.

Zink I ought to love him!
  No, I won't! so zere;
Nassy, crying baby,
  Ain't got any hair.

Send me off wiz biddy
  Ev'ry single day;
"Be a good boy, Charlie,
  Run away and play."

Dot all my nice kisses,
  Dot my place in bed;
Mean to take my drumstick
  And beat him on ze head.

THE TRUE STORY OF LITTLE BOY BLUE.

LITTLE Boy Blue, as the story goes,
  One morning in summer fell fast asleep,
  When he should have been, as every one knows,
Watching the cows and sheep.

Now all of you will remember what
  Came of the nap on that summer morn;
How the sheep got into the meadow-lot,
  And the cows got into the corn.

Neglecting a duty is wrong, of course,
  But I've always felt, if we could but know,
That the matter was made a great deal worse
  Than it should have been; and so

I find, in my sifting, that there was one
  Still more to blame than Little Boy Blue.
I am anxious to have full justice done,
  And so, I know, are you.

The one to blame I have found to be
  (I'm sorry to say it) little Bo-Peep;

You will remember, perhaps, that she
  Also was minding sheep.

Well, little Bo-Peep came tripping along—
  (The sheep *she* tended were running at large)—
Where little Boy Blue sat singing a song,
  And faithfully watching his charge.

Said little Bo-Peep, "It's a burning shame
  That you should sit here from week to week.
Just leave your work, and we'll play a game
  Of—well—of hide and seek."

It *was* dull work, and he liked to play
  Better, I'm sure, than to eat or sleep;
He liked the bloom of the summer day;—
  And he liked—he liked Bo-Peep.

And so, with many a laugh and shout,
  They hid from each other—now here—now there;
And whether the cows were in or out,
  Bo-Peep had never a care.

"I will hide once more," said the maiden fair,
  "You shall not find me this time, I say—
Shut your eyes up tight, and lie down there
  Under that stack of hay.

"Now wait till I call," said Miss Bo-Peep,
  And over the meadows she slipped away,
With never a thought for cows or sheep—
  Alas! Alas! the day.

She let down the bars, did Miss Bo-Peep—
  Such trifles as bars she held in scorn—
And into the meadows went the sheep
  And the cows went into the corn.

Then long and patiently waited he
  For the blithesome call from her rosy lips;
He waited in vain—quite like, you see,
  The boy on the burning ship.

And by and by, when they found Boy Blue
  In the merest doze, *he* took the blame.
I think it was fine in him—don't you—
  Not to mention Bo-Peep's name?

And thus it has happened that all these years
  He has borne the blame she ought to share.
Since I know the truth of it, it appears
  To me to be only fair

To tell the story from shore to shore,
  From sea to sea, and from sun to sun,
Because, as I think I have said before,
  I like to see justice done.

So, whatever you've read or seen or heard,
  Believe me, good people, I tell the true
And only genuine—take my word—
  Story of little Boy Blue.

RUNNING A RACE.

A LITTLE tear and a little smile set out to run a race;
  We watched them closely all the while; their course was baby's face.

The little tear he got the start; we really feared he'd win;
  He ran so fast and made a dart straight for the dimpled chin.

But somehow—it was very queer; we watched them all the while—
  The little shining, fretful tear, got beaten by the smile.

PART VIII.

Dialogues, Colloquies and Tableaux.

THE MODEL LESSON.

[Written expressly for this Volume.]

Two older girls to act as teachers { Miss BRENT and Miss BLANK.

JONAS—*a dull and somewhat deaf boy, who is inclinea to be very critical and know "what's what" for himself.*

MARCUS—*a bright and very officious lad.*

EZRA—*a little fat boy, who is too lazy to want to think.*

JOHNNIE SIMPKINS—*a very mischievous boy.*

JAMES—*generally a sedate and earnest pupil.*

MARY, JANE, SALLY } *quiet girls, attentive to their work.*

BESSIE—*an extremely placid child, who has abounding good nature but not quick mental grasp, and who sits dreamily through the lesson, catching only now and then a point.*

SCENE.—*A district school near the frontier, where they have their first Normal School trained teacher. The children, encouraged to talk for themselves, are delighted with this change from the old method of just reciting from memory the words of the book, and improve their opportunities to the utmost.*

Besides the benches for the pupils there are a bench with a pail of water on it, the teacher's table, and on it two or three poor apples, an orange, a light ruler, easily broken, some chalk and crayons.

The children all turn expectant faces to the teacher, for their new teacher and her new ways are a great curiosity to them. Children invariably all raise their hands at every question.

TEACHER (*holding up a somewhat knotty apple*).—What have I in my hand? Jonas, you may tell me.

JONAS (*peering carefully at the apple*).—A little runt of an apple, I should say.

TEACHER.—Jonas, you will please tell me *just* the object in my hand, and nothing else.

JONAS (*after another careful scrutiny of the apple*).—Well, ma'am, I should say, a spitzbergen—a mighty poor one, though.

MARCUS (*waving his hand*).—No, ma'am. That's the very apple you took from me day before yesterday, and it's a none-such, and it's as good an apple as Jonas's dad had on his farm this year.

TEACHER (*sternly*).—Boys, I desire none of these personal remarks. You will please attend strictly to the subject of the lesson and my question. (*Repeats.*) What have I in my hand?

JONAS (*success beaming in his face*).—Please, teacher, I can tell exactly now.

TEACHER.—You may tell.

JONAS.—A rotten apple—it must be if it's been lying around here so long.

TEACHER (*with offended dignity*).—Is there no pupil in this class bright enough to tell me exactly the common name of the object in my hand? (*Several hands raised.*) Mary, you may tell.

MARY.—A apple.

TEACHER (*correcting the article proceeds to cut the apple into four equal parts*).—What have I now done? (*Children raise hands enthusiastically.*) Jane, you may tell.

JANE (*triumphantly*). Quartered it!

EZRA.—Humph! anybody can see that.

TEACHER (*glaring at Ezra*).—Ezra, you will please not speak unless called upon. Jane, please make your statement more simply.

JANE.—Please, Miss Brent, ma is always saying I couldn't look any more simple if I tried—that I don't look half what I know.

TEACHER.—Jane, please attend strictly to the subject of the lesson. Tell me what you mean by quartering.

JANE.—You cut the apple into four pieces.

TEACHER.—Please give me another term for pieces.

JANE.—Chunks!

TEACHER.—No. Who can give me a better word?

SALLY.—Parts.

TEACHER.—That is right. Now, children, look carefully and be ready to tell me how these parts compare in size.

EZRA (*who is inclined to be greedy*).—They are awful stingy pieces, teacher—just bites!

TEACHER.—Ezra, if you indulge in any more such remarks you will have to stay after school for *your* lesson. (*Ezra sinks back sullenly.*) Sally, you may tell me.

SALLY (*cautiously*).—They're *about* the same size.

TEACHER (*somewhat discouraged*).—Take the parts in your hand and observe how evenly I have cut them. (*The pieces are passed around and examined very critically by the children.*)

JONAS (*raises hand*).—Barring the knots and the poor places, I reckon you meant to have them all alike.

TEACHER.—Yes, you can see that were the apple perfect, the parts would be all alike. (*Hastily cuts a very symmetrical orange so as to remove this new objection from her hypercritical pupils.*) What can you say of these parts? (*The teacher here suddenly notices a boy with a suspicious looking protuberance in his cheek.*) Johnny Simpkins, what is the matter with your cheek?

JOHNNY (*in muffled tones*).—Nothing, ma'am.

TEACHER.—Johnny Simpkins, you are eating in school.

JOHNNY (*in still more muffled tone*).—No'm.

TEACHER (*with sarcastic sympathy*).—Ah! I see. You have had the tooth-ache. I will send for a remedy at once. You must be in great pain.

JOHNNY (*showing considerable alarm, mumbles a protest*).—No'm. Oh, no'm.

TEACHER (*motions one of the boys to come to her to act as messenger*).

JOHNNY (*fairly cornered, and in great dread of medicine, springs to his feet and in very labored tones confesses*).—Please, ma'am, it's only a candy bull's-eye that I just *happened* to have in my mouth.

TEACHER.—Very well, Johnny, you may remain after school and explain how it *happened*. Now you may remove the candy. (*All the other children look on with great interest and delight while Johnny takes out the big lump of candy and deposits it in his handkerchief.*)

TEACHER (*sharply*).—Attention, children! What can you say as to the size of these parts?

CHILDREN (*shout in chorus*).—They are the same size.

TEACHER.—Who can tell that in another way? James.

JAMES.—They are all alike.

TEACHER.—Now who can give me that meaning in one word? (*Children look thoughtful and ponder the question in vain.*)

EZRA (*raising hand lazily, drawls out*).—Why not just put "same size" together and call it one word?

TEACHER.—No, that will not do. There is one word which will tell me exactly that two objects are of the same size.

(*More intense thought by children; great screwing of faces and wrinkling of brows.*)

JOHNNY SIMPKINS (*having revived his courage, is gesticulating wildly and crying out*).—I know, teacher; I know!

TEACHER.—Well, Johnny, you may tell.

JOHNNY (*shouts*).—Twins! (*All the children nod their heads, and exclaim*).—Oh, yes; that's it!

TEACHER (*looking blank and struggling with laughter*).—No, that is not the proper term to be used in this case. I shall have to tell you. They are *equal* parts. Now, you may tell me.

CHILDREN (*in chorus*).—Equal parts.

TEACHER (*breaking a ruler into three equal parts, takes up two of the parts*).—What have I here?

MARY.—Two parts of a ruler.

TEACHER.—What can you say of the size of these parts? James, you may tell me.

JAMES (*who has been furtively tempted into trading knives by Johnny Simpkins and has lost track a little*).—They are of the same length.

TEACHER (*reprovingly*).—You are very much behind, James. Who can tell?

BESSIE (*eagerly raising hand*).—Please, Miss Brent, I can tell. They are twin parts of the same length.

TEACHER (*glares at poor Bessie*).—Bessie Sanders, you have not been listening. (*Bessie sinks back greatly dismayed, and anxiously tries to grasp the lesson for a time.*)

TEACHER.—Marcus, you may tell.

MARCUS.—Equal parts.

TEACHER (*breaks crayon into two parts*).—What have I, James?

JAMES.—Two parts.

TEACHER.—What kind of parts, Ezra?

EZRA (*carelessly*).—Equal parts.

SALLY.—No, teacher, the ends aren't alike!

TEACHER.—That is so, in this case, Sally. We will take the pieces of the ruler. What can you say of them?

SALLY.—They are equal parts.

TEACHER.—How many parts of the apple did I first take, Jonas?

JONAS.—I disremember.

TEACHER (*correcting the incorrect word, takes up a piece*).—How many have I taken now?

JONAS.—One part.

TEACHER.—What kind of part?

JONAS.—One equal part.

TEACHER.—Now how many have I, Marcus?

MARCUS.—Three equal parts.

TEACHER.—What can you say of three as compared with one, Ezra?

JONAS (*excitedly*).—Teacher, you haven't pared a single part; the peeling is all on!

TEACHER.—I did not say "pared." (*Repeats question with extreme distinctness.*) Ezra? (*Ezra sinks into his seat, unable to answer.*)

TEACHER.—Ezra, which would you rather have, one part or three parts of the apple?

EZRA.—I wouldn't be particular, thank you, ma'am, with such a poor apple.

TEACHER (*patiently trying another tack*).—Which would you rather have, one part or three parts of the orange?

EZRA.—Three parts.

TEACHER.—Why?

EZRA.—Three parts are more than one part.

TEACHER.—Then what can you say of three as compared with one, Mary?

MARY.—Three are more than one.

TEACHER.—What can you say of any number above one as compared with one, Mary?

MARY.—Any such number is more than one.

TEACHER.—Then, in speaking of the parts of anything, instead of saying every time just how many parts, what may we say, Johnny Simpkins?

JOHNNY.—Oh, lots of 'em!

TEACHER.—But what is the smallest number of parts we can have?

JOHNNY.—Well, we *can* have no part at all.

MARY (*very primly*).—Then we wouldn't *have* it.

TEACHER.—That is correct, Mary. You may answer my question.

MARY.—We could have one or more parts.

TEACHER.—What kind of parts have we been taking, Jonas?

JONAS (*who seems suddenly much abashed*).—Oh, you can't get me to tell that, teacher.

TEACHER (*sternly*).—Jonas, why do you give me such a reply?

JONAS (*much discomfited*).—Well, I don't want to talk about babies.

TEACHER (*amazed*).—Jonas, of what are you thinking?

JONAS (*sullenly*).—Why, they were all telling about "twins" awhile ago.

(*Class all laugh and sufficiently arouse Bessie to catch this word.*)

TEACHER.—Mary, you may give Jonas the term applied to parts exactly alike.

MARY.—Equal parts.

TEACHER.—Now, how many parts of anything may be taken, Marcus?

MARCUS.—I know what you're after, teacher, but you can't get it asking that way.

TEACHER (*sternly*).—Reply to my question.

MARCUS (*jubilantly*).—Well, it depends on how many you can get hold of.

TEACHER (*very emphatically*).—Marcus, I mean exactly this: how many parts of anything is it possible to consider?

MARCUS.—One or more parts.

TEACHER.—Now, children, what do we call one or more of the equal parts of anything?

JONAS.—Do you mean in arithmetic, teacher?

TEACHER (*beginning to look discouraged*).—Yes, in arithmetic or out of it.

JONAS.—Well, if it is out of the arithmetic, I reckon I'm mixed up.

TEACHER.—Who can tell? Sally, can you?

SALLY.—A fraction.

TEACHER.—Now, Jonas, you may tell me what a fraction is.

JONAS (*good-naturedly*).—Oh, a fraction has one number written above a little straight line—or you could slant that 'ere line if you wanted to, teacher—and another number under it. I knew that all the time, teacher. I could have told you that before.

TEACHER (*beginning to look desperate*).—Jane?

JANE.—The parts of anything are a fraction of it.

TEACHER.—That is not the whole definition, however. Sum up in your definition all the points I have discussed with you. (*Marcus, Mary, Sally, James promptly raise hands.*) No, I am sure you know. I want those who have not paid such close attention to answer. Johnny Simpkins?

JOHNNY.—Some parts that are near alike as two twins—only you don't call 'em twins—I can't remember that word, teacher—are called a fraction; that is, if you can manage to have 'em, but we didn't get any of the apple or the orange, either.

TEACHER (*leaning back against the black-board utterly discouraged and disgusted, says very reproachfully and severely*).—Such carelessness is inexcusable. I am ashamed of you.

BESSIE (*looking distressed*).—Please, Miss Brent, I have paid attention and tried to listen to all the new words, and I can tell.

TEACHER.—Well, Bessie, you shall redeem the honor of your class.

BESSIE (*beaming at the honor thus put upon her*).—One or more twins exactly of the same size—if there weren't any knots or poor places in them—cut into equal parts and both ends alike, are called a fraction of the very first apple.

(*Children simultaneously exclaim*)—Oh, my! Ge whittaker! Goodness gracious.

[*Teacher collapses and faints away. Grand rush of children for the water-pail. Jonas cries to get "burnt feathers." In the melee, just as Johnny Simpkins is about to pour the contents of the pail over the teacher, the teacher from the other room enters to see what is the matter.*]

MISS BLANK.—Children, take your seats. (*Helps her now reviving companion to the door.*) Children, you may go home at once.

[*Exit Miss Blank.*]

[*Children quieted by the accident, pass out.*]

JONAS (*remarks to Marcus, as they pass out*).—I couldn't get the hang of that "*quill.*" (*He has taken "a quill" for equal.*) What does a *quill* have to do with a fraction? Did she mean a goose-quill? I'll just ask Miss Brent to-morrow. I've got everything pretty straight but that.

MARCUS (*looking a good deal puzzled*).—I can't get them "twins" straightened out. Didn't she have four pieces of that rotten apple? Well, it takes only two pieces to make a pair of "twins;" so there were four "twins," and that's a good many to have, all at once.

A CONCENSUS OF THE COMPETENT.

[SCENE: A morning room. TIME: The end of a delightful season.]

KATE / ETHEL / GLADYS } Girls, I'm engaged to the { best / dearest / divinest } man!

ETHEL.—You remember, girls, we promised to tell each other everything—even this. Kate, dear, you begin. Tell every single thing, mind!

KATE (*beginning bravely*).—There isn't much to tell, after all. He goes in awfully for athletics, too. We had been playing tennis together for a whole week, and I had just won a hard game. He came right up, all red and hot, with his blazer half off one shoulder, and just said, brusquely: "Miss Kate, let's play together through life! Is it a go?" Three days afterward he was called West by a telegram, but he writes me every Sunday—jolly, bluff, hearty letters, like himself. Oh, girls, he is just the nicest fellow!

GLADYS.—Now, Ethel, it's your turn.

ETHEL (*blushing very much*).—I met him at one of our Swinburne evenings. He is frightfully reserved and cynical, and doesn't believe in anything hardly—especially women; but "some way," he said, "I was different." I had known him only three days; we were strolling down the sand at sunset, and he was looking very bored and handsome. I sat down on a rock, and he walked away to the sea. Then suddenly he came up to me, with the saddest look, and told me that since he had seen me life had taken on a sombre brightness that he had never expected to know again; that my fresh enthusiasms and beliefs were like flowers, and he begged me to consent to "lift the heavy shadow from a darkened heart." He left the next day, very reluctantly, but he writes me twice every week—such sadly-sweet despairing things! Oh, girls, he is the dearest fellow!

KATE.—Now, Gladys.

GLADYS (*with solemnity*).—He is just perfectly romantic! We had only been introduced early that evening, but he asked me to go out

on the lake. All at once he dropped the oars—they were fastened in—sprang over the seats, fell on his knees beside me and whispered: "My darling, my ideal, be mine forever! Think, think, dearest, what is life without love! I have known you but three short hours, yet I feel that our souls have been acquainted since eternity." He left by the early stage in the morning, but he writes me twice a day—notes of the most passionate ecstasy. Oh, girls, he is the most adorable fellow!

ETHEL.—We promised to tell names, too. I am proud to tell mine!

KATE.—Of course.

GLADYS.—So am I.

KATE ETHEL GLADYS	His name is	Harry Henry F. H. Frisbee	Carter!
KATE ETHEL GLADYS	Oh-h-h,	the fraud! the wicked wretch! the ineffable monster!	

DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

FOX AND GEESE.

CHARACTERS { MOTHER GOOSE, TWO YOUNG GEESE, FOX.

BACKGROUND.—*Brown muslin curtain.*

COSTUME.—*Full white muslin cloaks with hoods. Yellow stockings.*

MOTHER GOOSE *in the chair.*

MOTHER GOOSE.

Come, children dear, and listen to me,
I'm feeble and old, as you can see,
And soon away from this world of woe,
Your poor, old mother must go, go, go! (*Shakes her head.*)
Now, when I am gone, you must not fret,
Nor my good advice must you e'er forget.

Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly, (*Enter Fox unseen.*)
Remember that when you pass him by. (*Shakes her fingers.*)
And, children dear, whatever you do,
Never listen to him when he speaks to you!
And stay you at home when the hour is late,
Or sad, sad indeed, will be your fate.
Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
Remember that when I die, die, die! (*Young Geese kneel beside her.*)

FIRST YOUNG GOOSE.

Oh, mother dear, we will e'er be true,
When the fox is near we will think of you.

SECOND YOUNG GOOSE.

And though we may believe he is nice,
We'll be sure to remember your good advice;
And chance we to meet him, whenever the day,
We'll turn our faces the other way.

BOTH YOUNG GEESE (*in chorus*).

And when night comes we will never roam,
But think of the sly fox, and stay at home.
(*Rise hand in hand and repeat.*)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
Remember that when I die, die, die! (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

FIRST YOUNG GOOSE.

Come, take a walk, come, sister dear,
See! overhead the moon shines clear;
And, if our way the fox should pass,
We'll hide us down in some thick grass;

And, when he's gone, we'll hasten home—
Don't be a coward, sister, come!

SECOND YOUNG GOOSE.

Oh, sister dear, I should love to go;
But he, the old fox, is sly, you know.

FIRST YOUNG GOOSE.

What if he is! we are not afraid;
We'll show him that we geese are made
Of something more than feathers. Come!
We'll go not very far from home.

(*They walk back and forth, hand in hand—meet Fox face to face. Fox in brown fur cloak and hood.*)

FOX.

Good evening, oh, good evening! How d'ye do?
Two charming little maids like you
Should never walk alone.
I see, my dears, you're really quite afraid of me.
I'm not a handsome fellow, that I own,
And if you bid me, I'll go my way alone.
But come, my dears, I know you will—
Come walk with me to yonder moonlit hill;
I'll show you where the vine's rich clusters grow;
And you shall feast upon them—will you go?
(*Aside.*)
I ask these silly geese on grapes to sup,
But when I get them safe, *I'll* eat *them* up!

(*Geese walk off, hand in hand, with Fox.*)

SCENE III.

(*A pen made with chairs, Young Geese kneeling within.*)

YOUNG GEESE (*in chorus*).

Oh, please let us out, kind sir, please do,
And whatever you ask we will do for you. (*Repeat.*)

FOX (*with contempt*).

What! let you out, now that I've got you in?
Why, my little dears, that would be a sin!
If you had been to your mother true,
You'd have shunned the trap I laid for you.
But now you are here, please don't blame me,
It's all your own fault, as you can see.
Young geese are silly, and the fox is sly,
Did you think of that when I passed you by?
And you listened to me when I spoke to you,
Is that what your mother advised you to do?
Oh, no! my dears, you may cackle and squeal,
But you're here to make me a luscious meal.
Good sense is but folly when it comes too late!
And a goose must expect but a goose's fate!
So, to-night you may sup on regret and tears,
To-morrow (*smacks his lips*)—good-night, pleasant dreams, my pretty dears!
(*Aside.*)
I might have said more, but what's the use,
Of talking good sense to a silly, young goose;
Young geese *will be* silly, and the fox is sly,
Remember that, kind friends, good-bye! good-bye!

ANNA M. FORD.

THE PORTRAIT.

[SCENE: A prettily-furnished sitting-room in a country house. An artist seated before an easel, on which is a blank canvas, slowly mixes colors on his palette. A girl stands at the further end of the room, becomingly gowned, posing for portrait, looking at him over her shoulder.]

HE (*aside desparingly*).

I cannot paint a single line of her dear head!
Three days—and still this tell-tale blank! My wits are fled!

(*Aloud, looking up at her*). Pray, turn your head more to the left.
(*She obeys*). There—that is well!
(*Aside*). Her eyes set tolling thro' my heart.

SHE (*pleadingly*).

But mayn't I turn a wee, wee bit, that I may see
The motion of your brush at work? It's hard on me
Just staring at a stupid wall from twelve to one!

HE (*aside, desperately*).

She must not turn her eyes this way, or I'm undone!
(*Aloud, persuasively*). I own it's slow, but, for art's sake, pray do not move.
(*Aside*). And for the artist's, lest your gaze his madness prove.

SHE (*aside*).

I wonder why he paints my back? Ah, how he sighs!
It's stupid not to pose me more, or paint my eyes.
(*Aloud*). You must be nearly done? (*Aside*). I hope he's not.

HE (*confused, stammering*).

Yes, yes! (*Aside*). Confound it! What excuse? I should be shot,
She trusts me so. (*Moodily*). I know it is an awful bore,
Kept from your friends. (*Aside, savagely*). She's thinking now of that brute, Moore!

SHE (*with fervor*).

Oh, no, I love——(HE *starts.*) (*Aside in confusion*). What have I said! (*Aloud, hastily*).—the smell of paint.
It makes some weaker girls, you know, feel very faint.

HE (*frowns and mutters*).

A flirt, by Jove!

SHE.

What did you say? (*Aside, stealing a look at him*). He's growing ill,
Or bored to death. How sad he looks!
(*Resolutely*). I won't keep still. (*Moves a step nearer*).

HE (*looking up, in consternation*).

You moved!

SHE (*calmly*).

I did!

HE (*sternly*).

I asked you not.

SHE (*innocently*).

Oh, so you did!
(*With mock penitence*). Next time I'll recollect to do what I am bid.

HE (*passionately*).

Child!

SHE (*drawing herself up*).

Sir?

HE.

Your eyes——(*stops abruptly*). Yes, child—you try me so! How can I work!

SHE (*haughtily*).

Well, sir, my eyes—go on!

HE (*recklessly*).

Like robbers lurk,
To stab my heart.

SHE (*mockingly, hiding her eyes with her fan*).

Bad eyes to jail and darkness get!
To make a man his temper lose and work neglect.
For shame!

HE (*penitently*).

How rude am I! Forgive my shameful haste!

SHE (*sweetly*).

I will—on one condition, tho'.

HE (*ardently*).

Quick, let me taste
The bliss of pardon.

SHE.

'Tis this: You'll let me see
If you have made a flattering sketch or daub of me.

HE (*hastily rising, stands before easel*).

No, no, you ask too much!

SHE (*drawing back in indignant surprise*).

Too much, to simply state
A wish to look? (*Aside*). There must be more of fraud or hate
Than love in this. O help me, pride! (*Aloud, firmly*). Now look I will,
Tho' it should be Medusa's head, with gaze to kill.

HE (*beseechingly, throwing curtain over canvas*).

I ask you not; in three days more you shall be free
To gaze at will.

SHE (*advancing*).

You make me think of Bluebeard's key!
Like Fatima, I shall not know a moment's peace
Till I have seen! (*Advances*).

HE (*protesting*).

I warn——

SHE.

No use; your protests cease;
(*Resolutely*). I'll have my way. (*Advances nearer*).

HE (*desperately*).

Well, then, I yield! (*Draws curtain off of canvas*). You have your way.
(*Sadly*). A guest within your house I can no longer stay. (*Stands dejectedly aside*).
(*She bends forward eagerly, sees canvas, turns hastily away, her fan before her face*).

HE (*looks after her despairingly*).

So, now you know the truth of all your eyes have done!
They steal my wits, bewitch my skill, my brush outrun,
And spoil the picture of my life—a stroke of fame!

SHE (*coolly*).

If you preferred a dream to work, am I to blame?
It might have proved more flat than this, your priceless pearl!
(*Pauses.* HE *moves toward the door.* SHE *drops fan and makes gesture of bestowing*).

Here, take payment for your loss—

(HE *stops and looks at her with indignant surprise.* SHE *turns fully and, smiling, holds out both hands, speaking slowly*).

This bad, bad girl!

(HE *stands, overcome with emotion, then rushes forward, rapturously, and clasps her hands*).

ISABEL B. BOWMAN.

THE COMPETING RAILROADS.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR BOYS.

No. 1 meets No. 4, who has a valise, and asks:

Going East, sir?

No. 4—Yes.

No. 1—Well, step right up to the Union Ticket Office. Great through line, sir. Land you in New York sixteen hours in advance of any other route. Finest sleeping and dining cars in the world! Chicken three times a day, and beds free from vermin. Butter on two plates, and molasses all over the table. Come right along, sir.

Here No. 2 appears and hurriedly inquires:

Going East, sir?

No. 4—Yes.

No. 2—Glad to meet you. Step over to the office. Shortest line to New York by twenty-seven miles. Put you in there nine hours ahead of any other line. Finest eating-houses in the world. Soup three times a day, and fleas bulldozed by machinery. Come with me sir.

No. 3 comes up from behind and asks:

Going East, sir?

No. 4—Yes.

No. 3—I'm just the man you want to see. Come along with me. Best and shortest route by a long shot to all points. Put you through in a jiffy. Splendid sleeping-cars on all night trains, and codfish-balls

for breakfast. Conductors all of pious and respectable parentage, and fires kept up constantly. Come along, sir.

No. 1 takes No. 4 by the left shoulder, No. 2 takes him by the right shoulder, and No. 3 takes him by the coat-tail. In concert they all pull, and say:

Come with me, sir.

They all ease up, and each says to the others:

Let go of this gentleman.

Then they all ask:

To what point are you going?

No. 4—Going to Maria.

Each one of the agents jerks out a railroad map and studies it intently. After looking on the map several minutes, each looks at the others and then at No. 4, and asks:

Where is Maria?

No. 4—Where is Maria? Why I s'pose she's to hum. Maria is my wife, and lives six miles east of town.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Balcony Scene.

ROMEO.—He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET *appears on the Balcony, and sits down.*

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
"It is my lady; Oh! it is my love:
Oh, that she knew she were!"
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses: I will answer it.
I am too bold. Oh, were those eyes in heaven,
They would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Oh, that I were the glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET.—Ah, me!

ROMEO.—She speaks, she speaks!
Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
To the up-turned wond'ring eyes of mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET.—Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO.—Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET.—'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title! Romeo, quit thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO.—I take thee at thy word!
Call me but love, I will forswear my name
And never more be Romeo.

JULIET.—What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO.—I know not how to tell thee who I am!

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

JULIET.—My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound!
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO.—Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

JULIET.—How cam'st thou hither?—tell me—and for what?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place, death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO.—With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits can not hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET.—If they do see thee here, they'll murder thee.

ROMEO.—Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords! look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET.—I would not, for the world, they saw thee here;
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO.—By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET.—Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night!
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke! But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay,
And I will take thy word! yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo! but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond:
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light!
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night has so discovered.

ROMEO.—Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow—

JULIET.—Oh! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb:
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO.—What shall I swear by?

JULIET.—Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO.—If my true heart's love—

JULIET.—Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
'Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night!—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

ROMEO.—Oh, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET.—What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO.—The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET.—I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO.—Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JULIET.—But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have; for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

NURSE (*within*).—Madam!

JULIET.—Anon, good Nurse. Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit from balcony.*]

ROMEO.—Oh! blessed, blessed night. I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

JULIET.—Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay;
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

NURSE (*within*).—Madam?

JULIET.—I come anon! But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

NURSE (*within*).—Madam!

JULIET.—By and by, I come!
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

ROMEO.—So thrive my soul—

JULIET.—A thousand times good-night!

ROMEO.—A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter JULIET.

JULIET.—Hist! Romeo, hist! Oh, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would he fear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROMEO *entering.*

ROMEO.—It is my love that calls upon my name!
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
JULIET.—Romeo!
ROMEO.—My sweet!
JULIET.—At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
ROMEO.—At the hour of nine.
JULIET.—I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
ROMEO.—Let me stand here till thou remember it.
JULIET.—I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
ROMEO.—And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
JULIET.—'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of its liberty.
ROMEO.—I would I were thy bird.
JULIET.—Sweet, so would I!
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow

That I shall say—Good-night, till it be morrow.

[*Exit from balcony.*]

ROMEO.—Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HOW MRS. GASKELL DID NOT HIRE A COOK.

[Written expressly for this Volume.]

CHARACTERS { Mrs. GASKELL,
Mrs. LANGTON,
Miss SUSAN BIGHEAD,
AH LING,
Miss PERKINS,
BRIDGET O'FLANIGAN,
MAUD ANGELINA SNIGGINSON.

SCENE.—[*A sitting-room. Mrs. Gaskell in conversation with her mother, Mrs. Langton, who has come in to help her decide as to those who shall answer her advertisement*].

Mrs. G.—Ah, well, mother, I don't suppose I can ever quite replace my good, faithful Maggie; but I must have some one in her place. It is simply impossible to get along with my family, with the help I now have. I am just neglecting the children these days, and our meals are daily a problem unsatisfactorily solved.

Mrs. L.—Very true, my dear. I really do not know what we American housekeepers are going to do for help in a few years. It is rapidly getting more and more difficult to secure a competent servant.

[*Here a loud jingle of the door-bell is heard and presently a small maid ushers in the first applicant, an English woman, who enters with a fine toss of the head*].

Mrs. G. (*kindly*).—Good afternoon. Please be seated. You have come in reply to my advertisement? What is your name?

SUSAN.—My name is Susan Bighead. Hi 'ave come, mum, because

your place was 'ihly recommended to me, but hi don't know as after all, mum, hi care to apply, bein' as 'ow your place is so small, mum. Hi 'ave allus been in large places, mum, hi 'ave. Hi 'ave allus been with the gentry, mum, in my hown counthry. In course, hit's not such a fool that hi am, mum, to be hexpectin' to find any such thing in Ameriky, mum, but hit's hexpectin' somethin' tonier and genteeler than this that hi am, mum, that hi am. O this would niver do for the loikes of me, mum. Ye wouldn't suit me at all, mum. Hit's not to be thought of for a minit, mum, hi——

Mrs. G. (*conquering her indignation enough to stem this torrent of poor English*) —Hadn't you better retire at once and not waste so much breath in such an insignificant place?

SUSAN.—O, yis, mum, hi think hi will. Ye would niver suit me at all, mum.

Mrs. G. (*with sarcastic deference*).—Shall *I* show you to the door?

SUSAN.—Per'aps ye had betther, mum, seein' as 'ow hit is so small, mum, hi might not be able to find hit, mum.

Mrs. G. (*takes a step and points sternly and significantly to the door. Exit Susan. Then Mrs. G. fairly gasping with indignation and amazement exclaims*): Well, I declare! That quite takes away my breath. If this is the way they open up, we have the prospect of a lively afternoon, not altogether diverting.

Mrs. L.—It is humiliating, of course. But good and considerate mistresses must often suffer for the faults of their sisters less wise and humane. There is compensation in it, you see.

Mrs. G.—Ah, yes! But I fail to see why I, who pride myself on being a very considerate employer, should be the one singled out to be the object of this beautiful compensation. There's another ring. I must summon all my dignity, and *Christian forbearance.*

(*Maid ushers in this time a smiling, obsequious Chinaman.*)

[*This character can be managed with the aid of a false headpiece and some paint.*]

Mrs. G. (*hardly able to conceal her amazement and amusement*).—Ah! Good afternoon. Pray, be seated. You came to apply as a servant?

AH LING (*rises and bows most obsequiously and beams upon Mrs G*).

Mrs. G.—I am sorry, but I had not thought of having a man. I can not well provide a home for a man. My house is not very large and my other servants are girls.

AH LING.—O, me no bother the ladies. Me not likee them. They pokee fun at me. But me cookee belly well.

Mrs. G.—I don't doubt it. I am sorry, but I can not well engage a man.

AH LING.—Me washee too—washee belly well. Me iron, make the shirtee shinee—shinee fine.

Mrs. G.—I presume you could help excellently but I can not engage you because you are a man.

AH LING.—You no likee man? Man much better than lazy, sassy, Mellican gallee. Better takee Ah Ling.

Mrs. G. (*rising and speaking very decisively*).—I am very sorry, but, you see, it is impossible. (*Touches bell*). Nancy, please show Ah Ling to the door. I am sorry, but I must say good afternoon.

AH LING (*goes out looking over his shoulder and reiterating*).—Me much better than galee. Mellican galee lazy, sassy. Me stay in nights, cookee, washee.

Mrs. G.—I must confess that is a character I had not counted on. What will come next I wonder! Ah! I shall not have long to wonder, it seems.

[*Nancy ushers in a tall, thin, spectacled girl with an intellectual cast of countenance, hair drawn tightly back, plain shabby gown, plain unbecoming hat, gloves worn out at the fingers, several books under one arm, a book satchel and umbrella grasped in the other hand. The newcomer looks very critically at Mrs. G.*]

Mrs. G. (*Looks blank, then thinking this caller must be after something else, rises, and varies her usual kind formula somewhat*). Good afternoon. Will you be seated?

Miss PERKINS (*in very precise, lofty tones*).—Do I address Mrs. Gaskell?

Mrs. G.—I am Mrs. Gaskell.

Miss P.—I called to present myself as an applicant for the position of assistant in your household during the summer.

Mrs. G. (*her astonishment overcoming her good-breeding*).—*You!* Oh! Indeed! I beg your pardon. You do not look as if you were accustomed to the kind of work I desire. I want a girl for housework —cooking in fact.

Miss P.—I understand that perfectly, Madame. I am working my way through a university course and am accustomed to labor during my vacations. I shall be all that you desire, Mrs. Gaskell, and probably more than you thought of expecting, for I can supply you with much that will be to your advantage, beside base labor.

Mrs. G.—But are you a skilled cook?

Miss P. (*waving her hand loftily*).—Permit me to question you, Mrs. Gaskell. Are you conversant with French and German so that you and I can revel together in the choicest minds of those literatures? Are you a sympathetic student of Browning? Do you grasp his philosophy? Ah! then, his poetry has no obscurity for you. Do you luxuriate in Keats and Ibsen and Dobson? Do you dote on Emerson and Herbert Spencer? Do you glory in Carlyle and do you spend blissful, inspiring hours with the grand old masters of our own tongue and of Greece and——

Mrs. G. (*with both hands raised in protest and amazement, impatience and laughter all struggling for mastery, gasps out*):—My dear Miss——

Miss P.—Elizabeth Priscilla Hutchinson Adams Perkins, recently of Radcliffe College, School of Technology and Boston School of Emerson Philosophy.

Mrs. G. (*much overcome*).—My dear Miss Philosophy——

Miss P. (*severely*).—Perkins.

Mrs. G.—I beg your pardon. My dear Miss Perkins, there is some mistake. I am seeking a good cook, not a governess—or I beg pardon—a college professor, I should say, perhaps.

Miss P.—You are seeking some one to prepare your material food. Here is an opportunity—a rare opportunity I assure you—to secure a helper who can feed your *soul*—ah! yes, your *soul*. O, Mrs.

Gaskell, if you too feel this soul-hunger, together we can live on the heights and rise and rise——

Mrs. G. (*protesting*).—But, my dear Miss Perkins, I am only a very ordinary human being, a housekeeper and a mother with several growing boys and girls, and a big hungry husband who is inclined to be fastidious as to his chops and roasts——

Miss P. (*with lofty disdain*).—Chops! Roasts! Husbands! Young ones! What are these that they should be thought of when you have a soul to feed!

Mrs. G.—But men and children insist upon having their stomachs fed and I myself am just mediocre enough to require well-cooked food——

Miss P.—Lift your soul above these material wants——

Mrs. G.—But my family——

Miss P.—Lift your own soul and thus lift theirs. I can show you the way. Ah! Mrs. Gaskell, we can spend a blissful summer in these higher realms.

Mrs. G.—If the lower realm of my kitchen were not well presided over, I assure you, Miss Perkins, the individuals whose needs I have to consider as well as my own would make it far from blissful for us. Really, Miss Perkins, I fear I can not see the way to another realm quite so quickly and so easily and I couldn't think of allowing you to sacrifice yourself to the task of trying to lift so much intellectual mediocrity.

Miss P. (*in a very superior manner*).—You refuse to improve the opportunity of securing such companionship as mine?

Mrs. G.—I feel obliged to forego such an advantage.

Miss P. (*with lofty compassion*).—I pity you, Mrs. Gaskell, I pity you, that you are so bound down. But it is better I should not attempt such a task. You would be a dead weight to a mind and soul like mine. No, I could not dwell in such a gross, materialistic atmosphere.

Mrs. G. (*very suavely*).—Then shall I bid you good afternoon, Miss Perkins?

Miss P.—Ah, yes! There is nothing gained in wasting my thoughts and aspirations and time. Good afternoon, Mrs. Gaskell.

[*As the front door announces the departure of Miss P., Mrs. G. and Mrs. L. turn squarely around towards each other, with eyes and mouths open with amazement. Then they burst into peals of laughter which is stopped only by the loud ringing of the bell. Enter a big, dirty looking Irish woman who seats herself comfortably and smiles familiarly and patronizingly on Mrs. G.*]

Mrs. G.—(*Chokes back her laughter sufficiently to murmur good afternoon and in turn stares helplessly at the new-comer for a moment*).—You have come to see about work. What is your name?

BRIDGET.—Bridget O'Flanigan, mum.

Mrs. G.—Well, Bridget, are you a good cook?

BRIDGET.—That Oi am, mum. Barrin' the mates and the pois and the vigitable trash—fodder Oi calls it, mum—and the Ameriky brid, and their pesky cakes and puddin's, mum, Oi kin cuke loike an angil, mum.

Mrs. G.—Well, but, Bridget, what do you cook? You have made so many exceptions.

BRIDGET.—No, mum, Oi kin be afther cuking no exciptions, mum, but Oi kin cuke praties loike an angil, mum. Oi jhust pops 'im into the kittle of wather, mum, and Oi niver have a bit of ill luck, mum, savin' whin Oi jhust drops off for a wink, mum, and the wather goes dhry, mum.

Mrs. G.—Oh! Ah! Yes—I understand. Well, Bridget, I fear you will not do for my purpose as I expect my cook to do all the cooking and we find it necessary to have something besides potatoes.

BRIDGET.—Not do, mum? What kin the swate lady be thinkin' uv? Oi am a jewel of a servint, mum. Oi am not out all the toime loike those giddy gurls, mum. Jhust giv' me my tobaccy and drap uv' rum, mum, and Oi kapes as quiet as a lamb, mum, the day long.

Mrs. G.—I fear you would be altogether too quiet, too passive as to work, Bridget, and I need a great deal of help. I think we need not discuss the matter longer. (*Rising*).

BRIDGET (*indignantly*).—Oh, if yez want to wurruk a servint to deth, mum, why to be shure yez shant have a chance to wurruk

Bridget O'Flannigan. If yez onreasonable enough to want more worruk and guv less priviliges than Oi offer, mum, yez may hunt till yez finds such a fool, mum. [*Exit Bridget in high dudgeon.*]

MRS. G.—Well, mother, this is ceasing to be amusing, and is getting discouraging. I am beginning to fear I cannot secure good servants any longer, and we shall just have to board.

MRS. L.—Then the difficulty will be to get a boarding-house where they will take children.

MRS. G.—Ah, yes! The poor children will have to be boarded at an orphan asylum or the poorhouse, I suppose. Eventually, we will have to have in this country institutions for boarding children and call them "Homes for Unfortunates."

MRS. L.—Well, there is the bell again. Let us hope once more.

[*Nancy ushers in a very much over-dressed girl, who walks in with a very supercilious air, helps herself to a chair with considerable flourish, and proceeds to inspect the room and the two ladies with much sharpness and arrogance.*]

MRS. G. (*with marked disapproval in her voice*).—You have come to apply for a place? What is your name?

MAUD (*pertly*).—My name is Maud Angelina Snigginson, and I came to inquire into the place you are offering.

MRS. G. (*drily*).—Yes. Well, there is not much to explain. I want a good cook. Can you supply that need?

MAUD.—Just let me put a few questions at you, Mrs. G. (*Maud speaks only the initial letter.*) That will be more business-like. Do you keep a butler? How many maids have you? Do you keep a carriage and a coachman? Is this the only house you have? I mean, have you a country place? Do you give your cook an assistant—that is, to wash the dishes, do all the plain cooking, and wait on the lady who is head cook? Have you a ball-room, a billiard-room, a music-room, and sufficient bath-rooms for your upper assistants? Do you ever require a cook to be in evenings, and how many days in the week and what part of the winter do you require her assistance? What is the salary per year? Have

you any children? And do you think your dresses would fit me?

MRS. G. (*haughtily*).—Really, I do not quite follow you, but my requirements and perquisites are easily made known. I have children. I pay five dollars a week. I expect my cook to work six days and her presence every evening, or seven days and three everings out. I keep no men-servants, and I do not furnish amusement, except reading matter, but I try—

MAUD.—That's enough. You needn't say any more. I shouldn't think of your offer for an instant. Mrs. G., you are not tony enough for me. I wouldn't have young 'uns around me, you better believe, and I couldn't think of stopping in such a meagre establishment. I am accustomed to such very different circumstances. I couldn't exist here.

MRS. G. (*with no effort to restrain her righteous indignation*).—I should not think of asking you to exist here. *You* would not suit me under any conditions. Permit me to bid you good afternoon. Nancy, show this young woman the door.

MAUD (*flirting out*).—I should think not. I am used to better things.

MRS. G.—Well, mother, I have had enough for one day. We will tell Nancy to admit no more. I shall tie up my head in a wet towel and take a sleeping powder, and try to recover my senses. This is altogether too much for me!

THE EXCITEMENT AT KETTLEVILLE.

CHARACTERS.

BODKINS—*late in the employ of Messrs. Flimsy & Gauze.*
DITTO—*a Young Man about town, famous in private theatricals.*
TINCTURE—*a Man with a Diploma.*
MOPER—*a Disappointed Candidate.*
PONDER—*a Man who thinks before he speaks.*
TOMMY—*a Youthful Bill-sticker.*
Miss HAVERWAY—*a Popular Young Lecturer.*

Enter BODKINS *and* DITTO, *right, and* TINCTURE, MOPER *and* PONDER, *one after the other, from the opposite side.*

BODKINS.—Well met, gentlemen, well met! We are all of one way of thinking, I presume, in regard to the business of to-night?

DITTO.—I hope, gentlemen, that Kettleville will do her duty and her whole duty on this occasion.

TINCTURE.—We must put a stop to this woman's rights movement, or it will put a stop to us. Action, heroic action, as we doctors say, is the only remedy. Now's the time.

MOPER.—How will you do it? That's the question. It can't be done.

BODKINS.—Brother Moper, you are always looking on the dark side of things. Why can't it be done?

MOPER.—Because the women carry too many guns for us.

BODKINS.—Guns? Guns? Does this little Miss Haverway carry a gun?

MOPER.—She doesn't carry anything else. That little morocco roll, or cylinder, in which she pretends to carry her lecture, is an air-gun—a deadly weapon.

BODKINS.—Possible? But that's a matter for the police to look into. Ha, ha! We are not to be intimidated, gentleman—eh? We are true Americans. No cowards among us—eh? The blood of seventy-six does not—does not—

DITTO.—Stagnate in our veins.

BODKINS.—Thank you, sir. Does not stagnate in our veins. Surely not in mine—not in mine!

PONDER.—May I be allowed to ask a question

ALL.—Certainly.

PONDER.—What are we here for?

BODKINS.—We are here, Mr. Ponder, to protest against allowing the town hall to be used to-night by one Miss Haverway for her lecture on woman's rights. I appeal to every young man in the land, ought it not to make our blood—our blood—

DITTO.—Boil with indignation.

BODKINS.—Thank you, sir. Boil with indignation, to see these attempts, on the part of certain audacious women, to oppress us, and take the bread out of our mouths, just as we are entering on our several careers?

DITTO.—Gentlemen, what could be more—more—excuse this burst of feeling. There *are* chords—well, sir, go on.

BODKINS.—Consider my own case, gentlemen. I had a snug situation in the store of Messrs. Flimsy & Gauze, the great dealers in muslins, laces and such. An easy berth. All I had to do was to stand behind a counter and show the lady customers the newest styles of collars. All at once I am told that my services are not wanted. And, gentlemen, as if to add insult to injury, I am advised that the spade and the plow expect me—me, with my delicate *physique*. Gentlemen, why, why were my services no longer required?

DITTO.—Yes, why, gentlemen—why—why? If, gentlemen, one single reminiscence of Lexington and Bunker Hill lingers in your minds—if—if—excuse me. I was carried away by my feelings. Go on, Mr. Bodkins.

BODKINS.—My dismissal was accompanied with the information that a young lady—a young lady (*sarcastically*)—had been selected to take my place.

TINCTURE and MOPER.—Shame! Shame! Too bad! Too bad!

DITTO.—Atrocious! Yes, abominable!

MOPER.—I tell you, we are all going to the *bad* just as fast as we can go. The world isn't the world it used to be.

DITTO.—Gentlemen, there was a time when the whole business of making and trimming bonnets, and of making female dresses, was in the hands of men. Any reader of Shakespeare must be aware of this. That time must be revived. The case of my friend Bodkins calls for re-dress—re-dress, gentlemen.

TINCTURE.—Hear *me*, sir, and you will admit that *my* case still more eloquently cries—cries—

DITTO.—Aloud for vengeance.

TINCTURE.—Ay, that's it. I was, as you may be aware, bred a physician. My father, agent for the sale of Plantation Bitters, gave me a diploma. It hangs framed over my mantel-piece. You may see it, any of you, without charge. No sooner had I settled down in the flourishing village of Onward, no sooner had I begun to physic and bleed the enterprising inhabitants, than a young woman calling herself a doctress—ha, ha! a doctress—made her appearance.

DITTO.—Shame! Shame! Humbug, thy name is—woman!

BODKINS.—There it is again! Woman! Always woman!

MOPER.—I tell you, it's no use. We've got to come to it. We may as well be resigned, and put our noses peaceably down to the grindstone.

DITTO.—Never! Never! No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no! False Douglas, thou hast lied.

MOPER.—You'll see, sir—you'll see. Gentlemen, I can relate a still more exasperating case. The humble individual who addresses you studied for the ministry. I was a candidate to fill the pulpit in that same village of Onward. I had the reputation of being the most depressing preacher ever heard in those parts.

DITTO.—Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy sirups of the East—. Go on, sir; I was only musing aloud.

MOPER.—Everything looked encouraging. On one occasion, after I had preached, not a man, woman or child of the congregation was seen to smile for a week. Everything, I say, looked encouraging, when, all at once—

DITTO.—When all at once there appeared a woman!

MOPER.—You are right, sir; there appeared a woman. Will you believe it? The infatuated people of Onward have settled her over their first religious society. A woman!

DITTO.—A female woman! Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts! Dash her in pieces! Must we endure all this?

BODKINS.—Why, sir, in a degenerate city of degenerate New England, the city of Worcester—

DITTO.—Three groans for Worcester.

BODKINS.—They have actually elected women to serve on the school committee.

DITTO.—Enough! Enough! I have supped full of horrors.

MOPER.—Oh, that's nothing to what we shall have to swallow.

DITTO.—Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

BODKINS.—I had a brother—

DITTO.—*I* had a brother once—a gentle boy.

BODKINS.—Mine went into a printing office to learn to set type. He hadn't been there a week when a girl was admitted; and now—now—just because she can set type twice as fast as any of the men, she is allowed equal wages.

DITTO.—There it is again! The irrepressible woman! Why didn't they tear down the printing office? Equal wages indeed!

BODKINS.—Well, my brother, who is a brave little fellow, did the best thing he could; he helped snow-ball the girl, and succeeded in hitting her on the head with a piece of ice.

DITTO.—He shall have a pension. Served her right. Equal wages indeed!

TINCTURE.—And yet there are men—fiends, rather, in human shape, libels on their sex—who pretend to see no reason why women shouldn't be doctors, ministers, lawyers, architects, builders, merchants, manufacturers—in short, whatever they please or chance to have a faculty for.

BODKINS.—See how they are crowding us men out of the paths of literature and art! Look at Mrs. Stowe! She is paid more for a single page than my friend Vivid, author of "The Beauty of Broadway," gets for a whole volume.

TINCTURE.—Look at Rosa Bonheur, painter of beasts!

DITTO.—Let's all go and have her take our likenesses.

TINCTURE.—See her rolling in wealth, while my friend Daub, with a family to support, sees his splendid productions, so rich in all the colors of the rainbow, unsold in the auction rooms!

MOPER.—What are we going to do about it? That's the question.

DITTO.—Awake, arise, or be forever fallen.

BODKINS.—And they are talking now of giving women the suffrage —letting them vote.

DITTO.—When that time comes, find me on Torno's cliff or Pambamarca's side

PONDER.—May I be permitted to ask a question?

BODKINS.—Certainly. We all go for free speech; that is, for free masculine speech.

PONDER.—Aren't we all in favor of the principle of *no taxation without representation?* Answer me that.

ALL.—Certainly. No doubt of it. Of course we are.

PONDER.—Well, then, if women are taxed, ought they not——

DITTO.—Gag him. Stop him. He has said enough.

PONDER.—I say if women are taxed, ought they not——

BODKINS.—Silence! We've had enough of that sort of talk.

DITTO.—He's a woman's rights man. I thought as much. How like a fawning publican he looks!

TINCTURE.—Kettleville is no place for you, sir.

DITTO.—No, sir. Mount a velocipede and strike a bee-line for Worcester. That's your safe plan. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!

PONDER.—Gentlemen, strike, but hear. You'd admit, I suppose, that women must live. What, then, would you have them do?

BODKINS.—Do? Why, tend the children and wash clothes.

TINCTURE.—I don't know about that. I don't like to see our primary schools kept by young women, whilst there are so many deserving young men out of employment.

DITTO.—That's the talk. And as for washing clothes, how many good, honest fellows are hard pushed through the absurd custom of giving these jobs of washing and ironing to women!

PONDER.—But, gentlemen, be reasonable. Women must live—must have some means of support—must——

DITTO.—Tr-r-r-raitor to thy sex! Don't we come first? Are they not our born thralls? Are not we their natural lords and masters? Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!

PONDER.—Really, Mr. Ditto, I am not accustomed to be treated in this most extraordinary, most vituperative, most ungentlemanly——

BODKINS.—Peace, gentlemen! Let everything be harmonious, I beg you, on this occasion. We have met informally to consider the means of preventing the spread in Kettleville of these wild heretical notions concerning women's rights, now so prevalent. Miss Haverway shall not lecture in Kettleville. Are we all agreed upon that?

DITTO.—Are we all agreed?

Enter TOMMY, *a bill-poster.* TINCTURE *takes one of the bills.* TOMMY *prepares to paste up another.*

TINCTURE.—Ha! What have we here? A poster! An announcement of the lecture. (*Reads.*) "The celebrated Miss Haverway, lecturer on woman's rights—" (*To* TOMMY.) Youth, forbear!

TOMMY.—I'm not a youth, and I'll not forbear. Touch me, and I'll daub you with paste.

BODKINS.—Boy, stop that, or you'll rue the day. We shall tear down that bill.

TINCTURE.—Save your paste, youth, and vanish.

TOMMY *threatens them with his brush; they retreat.*

DITTO.—Punch him, jam him, down with him! He's nothing but an orphan, and there's no one to help him.

MOPER.—I think I may safely hit him with my cane.

As he draws near to strike, enter MISS HAVERWAY *with a cylindrical roll of papers in her hand.* MOPER, BODKINS *and* TINCTURE *show great alarm as she points it at them.*

MISS H.—What's all this? Tommy, what's the matter?

TOMMY.—These fellows talk of pitching into me. I should like to see them do it; that's all.

MISS H.—So would I.

TOMMY.—They threaten to tear down your poster.

MISS H.—Do they? We'll see.

TOMMY.—I'li paste 'em all up against the wall, if you say so, Miss.

MISS H.—Leave them to me, Tommy, and proceed with your work

Exit TOMMY, *singing*, "*O, I wish I was in Dixie.*"

BODKINS (*aside*).—I don't quite like the looks of things.

MISS H. (*approaching* BODKINS).—Well, sir, have you any objection to my bill? Have you any objection to *me*, sir?

BODKINS.—My dear lady—

MISS H.—Don't dear *me*, sir; and don't *lady* me, sir. Call me plain woman.

BODKINS, TINCTURE *and* MOPER *watch the roll in her hands, and manifest alarm when she points it at them.*

BODKINS.—Well, then, plain woman, I—I—I—that is, *we*—my friends here—Moper, Tincture and the rest—not being quite able to see this matter of woman's rights in the light that you—your ladyship—I mean you plain woman—see it in—

MISS H. (*explosively*).—And why not, sir? Why not, I should like to know?

BODKINS *gets behind* TINCTURE. MISS HAVERWAY *paces the stage in an excited manner.*

TINCTURE.—We only thought, madame, there would be no harm in ventilating—that is, discussing—the points at issue, and so—

MISS H. (*stopping suddenly before him*).—Points? Points? (*Pointing the roll at him.*) Tell me the truth. What have you been plotting? No evasion!

BODKINS *and* TINCTURE *get behind* MOPER.

TINCTURE (*thrusting* MOPER *forward*).—This gentleman, madame, will explain.

MOPER.—If you'll have the goodness, madame, just to lower the point of your air-gun—

She thrusts the roll at MOPER, *and he retreats behind* BODKINS *and* TINCTURE.

MISS H. (*to* DITTO).—Well, sir—and you?

DITTO (*laughing*).—I, Miss Haverway? In me behold your very humble servant. These gentlemen, conservative citizens of Kettleville, all except my friend Ponder here, I regret to say, have been making rare fools of themselves. They met for the preposterous purpose of devising some way of preventing you from lecturing this evening. To learn their plans, and, at the same time, to have some fun on my own account, I pretended to be one of the conspirators, and it is only now that I throw off the mask, and declare to them and to you that the booby who lifts a voice or a hand to prevent your lecturing, as you propose, will have to measure arms in set pugilistic encounter with your true knight to command, Mr. Frederick Ditto.

MISS H.—Who says the days of chivalry are gone? Sir, I thank you.

DITTO.—I have but one demand to make of these gentlemen, and that is, that they all attend your lecture. Mr. Ponder will come, I know.

PONDER.—That was my intention from the first.

MISS H. (*to* BODKINS).—You will come, sir? (*As he hesitates, she lifts her roll.*)

BODKINS.—Really—Oh, yes, I'll come. Shall be most happy. (*Examining her collar.*) Real point lace, I declare!

MISS H. (*to* TINCTURE).—And you, sir?

TINCTURE.—Unless my patients—

MISS H.—No excuse, sir.

TINCTURE.—I will come. (*Aside.*) I wish I could prescribe for her just once.

MISS H. (*to* MOPER).—You will follow their example, sir, of course?

MOPER.—Excuse me, but—(*seeing her roll leveled at him*)—I will not fail, madame, to be present.

MISS H.—I thought so.

DITTO.—Allow me to escort you, Miss Haverway, to your hotel. Mr. Ponder, will you join us? (PONDER *bows assent.*)

[*As the three go off right,* MISS H. *turns and goes toward the others with roll extended, when* BODKINS, TINCTURE *and* MOPER *go off abruptly on the left. Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPES SARGENT.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

CHARACTERS.

MASTER HICKORY—*an Old-fashioned School Teacher.*
JOHN SMITH—*his Pupil.*

SCENE.—*a large boy with spectacles on, holds a rattan in his hand. He calls up a small boy.*

[*The boy who personates the teacher must be very careful lest in his zeal he strikes hard blows. The pupil must appear to suffer very much. This dialogue is a capital hit at the pleasure some teachers seem to take in punishing.*]

Mr. H.—John Smith!

JOHN.—Here, sir.

Mr. H.—Come from your "here" hither. (JOHN *moves slowly and reluctantly up to the desk.*) John Smith you have been guilty of throwing stones, which I forbade. (JOHN *hangs his head disconsolately.*) John Smith, it is of no use to look sorrowful now; you should have thought of sorrow before you committed the offense (*reaching down the cane*). You are aware, John Smith, that those who do evil must be punished; and you, John, must therefore be punished. Is it not so?

(JOHN *looks pitifully up at the master.*)

J.—Oh, sir! I will never do so again.

Mr. H.—I hope you will not, John; but as you forgot the prohibition when left to your unassisted memory, the remembrance of the smart now to be administered will be the more likely to prevent a relapse in future. Hold out your hand. (*Whack.*)

J.—Oh, sir! I will never do so again.

Mr. H.—I hope not; hold out your hand again. (*Whack, and a screech from* JOHN.) Now, John, you begin to perceive the consequence of disobedience.

J.—Oh, yes, sir—enough, sir, enough, sir. (*Starts to go back to his seat.*)

Mr. H.—By no means, John. You are somewhat convinced of

your error, but yet not sensible of the justice of your punishment and the quantum due to you. Hold out your other hand. (*Whack and a scream.*)

J.—Mercy, sir, I will never——(*Blubbering.*)

Mr. H.—It is all for your good, John; hold out your left hand again. Even-handed justice! Why don't you do as you are bid, sir, eh? (*A slash across the shoulders.*)

J.—Oh, oh! (*Jumping up and down.*)

Mr. H.—That's a good boy! (*Whack on the hand again.*) That's a good boy! (*Whack.*) Now, John, you feel that it is all for your good?

J.—Oh, no, sir—oh no! It is very bad, very sore.

Mr. H.—Dear me, John. Hold out again, sir. I must convince you that it is justice and all for your good. (*A rain of stripes on hand and back,* JOHN *bellowing all the while.*) You must feel that it is for your good, my boy.

J.—Oh, yes, sir—oh, yes-s-s-s-s.

Mr. H.—That's a good lad; you're right again.

J.—It is all for my good, sir; it is all for my good.

Mr. H.—Indeed it is, my dear. There!—(*Whack, whack.*) Now thank me, John. (JOHN *hesitates.—Whack, whack.*)

J.—Oh, oh! Thank you, sir; thank you very much. I will never do so again; thank you, sir. Oh, sir, tha-a-a-nks.

Mr. H.—That's a dear, good boy. Now you may go to your place, and sit down and cry as much as you wish, but without making any noise. And then you must learn your lesson. And, John, you will not forget my orders again. You will be grateful for the infliction I have bestowed upon you. You will feel that justice is a great and certain principle. You may see, also, how much your companions may be benefitted by your example. Go and sit down; there's a good boy, John. I might have punished you more severely than I have done—you know that, John? (*Holds up the cane.*)

J,—Oh, yes, sir.

Mr. H.—You thank me sincerely for what I have given you? (*Holding up the cane.*)

J.—Oh, yes, sir—no, sir—I don't know, sir.

Mr. H.—You don't know, hey? (*Whack, whack!*) I'll teach you. Take that. You don't know whether you thank me, hey? (*Whack, whack!*)

J.—Oh, yes, sir, I do! I do.

Mr. H.—Do what?

J.—Do know, sir.

Mr. H.—Do know what?

J.—Oh, sir, my Sunday-school teacher tells me never to lie and you wish me to say I thank you, when——

Mr. H.—When what? Speak out, sir! When what?

J.—When I don't, I can't, I won't, if you kill me.

Mr. H.—You have lied, then, John; for you told me just now that you did thank me. I must punish you for lying also. (*Raising his cane.*)

J.—Oh, sir, I was so frightened, I said anything, sir.

Mr. H.—John, do you know how sinful it is to lie?

J.—Oh, yes, sir, my Sabbath-school teacher tells me it is.

Mr. H.—Then, John, you must be whipped till you are sensible of the awful nature of your sin. Take off your coat, John; you will thank me one of these days for my care of you, John. (*Both exeunt* JOHN *taking off coat.*) YOUNG FOLKS' RURAL.

THE FROG HOLLOW LYCEUM.

CHARACTERS:
- PRESIDENT BURNS,
- SECRETARY PELEG SWIPES,
- FELIX RIDDLE,
- SAMUEL SLABSIDE,
- BETSEY SCRUGGINS,
- POLLY SNIPPER,
- ANN ELIZA SLIMKINS,
- JANE JONES,
- JOHN BROWN,
- BOYS.

SCENE—*A School-room.*

PRESIDENT BURNS (*in the chair*).—This meetin' will now come to order. Jim Burke and the rest o' them thar boys over thar will take off their hats and stop a crackin' hick'ry nuts. Mr. Secretary, call the roll.

SECRETARY SWIPES (*calls*)—Felix Riddle, Samuel Slabside, Betsey Scruggins, Polly Snipper, Solomon Sawhorse—(*Sawhorse doesn't answer to his name. Samuel Slabside rises.*)

SLABSIDE.—Mr. President, kin I tell you why Solomon Sawhorse isn't here.

PRESIDENT.—Mr. Slabside will tell this here meetin' the cause of Sawhorse's absence.

SLABSIDE.—Wall, to commence at the fust place, you see Solomon has got a rale lively colt. He bought him of Square Smith out to Maple Holler. Joe Rankin says as how he paid a hundred and forty-two dollars for him, but Jake Slocum says 'tain't so. He says the colt ain't wuth mor'n one hundred dollars of any man's money, and that Solomon Sawhorse is too cute a man to be tuck in in that kind o' style. I don't know how this may be but I've heern tell that Sol traded his big brindle steer and his red calf for the colt, and gin twenty dollars to boot.

Mr. President, I can't say how true this may be. But I will leave the colt and come to Solomon. Solomon he was a ridin' along the road this mornin' on his new colt, when all at once the colt he squatted, and Solomon he fell off inter the mud. You know Solomon is an awful feller to ride fast. Wall, he was a ridin' fast this mornin', and the colt he squatted, and Solomon he fell off inter the mud. He was a sight to be seen; his head was kivered with mud, and his hat was kivered with mud, and he was hurt about the pulmonus regions. If he had not been a ridin' fast, I think he would not have fell off; but you know Solomon will ride fast, and the colt he squatted, and Solomon he fell off inter the mud.

I was a ridin' along with Zekiel Shaw when it happened; we were

about a stun's throw from Solomon, and Zekiel give it as his opinion that the colt skeered at a white cat which was onto the fence. And I think Zekiel was right. The colt seed the cat onto the fence, and all to once the colt he squatted, and Solomon he fell off inter the mud. I think this ought to be a warnin' to all people who ride too fast, for if Solomon had not been ridin' too fast, the colt he would not have squatted, and Solomon he would not have fell off inter the mud. (*Slabside wipes his face with a large cotton handkerchief and resumes his seat.*)

PRESIDENT.—The Secretary will perceed with the callin of the roll.

SECRETARY (*calls*).—Ann Eliza Slimkins, Jane Jones, Jerusha Brown.—(*Jerusha Brown doesn't answer to her name. Ann Eliza Slimkins rises.*)

ANN ELIZA SLIMKINS.—Mr. President, I can tell you why Jerusha Brown is absent at the present calling of the roll.

PRESIDENT.—Ann Eliza, perceed.

ANN ELIZA.—Jerusha had writ out her essay onto "The Alligator," and intended to be here to read it for the ederfecation of the assembled populace, but—really I don't like to tell.

PRESIDENT.—Mr. Secretary will perceed with the callin of the roll.

SECRETARY (*calls*).—John Brown, Michael Watson, President Burns, Peleg Swipes. Mr. President, the roll is called.

PRESIDENT.—Jim Logan, stop a pullin' Sal Brown's curls. Boys, quit yer laffin'. The first performance will be an essay to be read by Betsey Scruggins, the Flytown poetess.

(*Betsey rises in her place and reads*):

THE MOON.

The moon it is a great big world,
  And hangs up in the sky,
And giveth light on moonlight nights
  To the worlds a-passing by.

It also giveth light to chaps
  When out upon a spark;

It is much pleasanter then to court
  Than when it is pitch dark.

Bill Jones went out one deep, dark night
  To court Susannah Cree;
He fell over a great big log,
  And hurt the cap of his knee.

Now if Jones had stayed to hum,
  And had not sparked Miss Cree
Until the moon had got full again,
  He would not have hurt his knee.

But that's the way when a feller's courtin'
  He would climb a popular tree,
Or go through the darkest night,
  No difference if he did hurt the cap of his knee.

BOY IN AUDIENCE.—How are *you*, cap of his knee? (*Other boys laugh.*)

PRESIDENT.—Order there, I say. If you boys don't keep order, I'll appoint a committee to export you.

BETSEY.—I ax you, Mr. President, am I to be interrupted in this manner?

PRESIDENT.—No, you aren't; indeed you aren't. Go on with the readin' of your soul-thrillin' essay, and I'll maintain order at the peril of my individual life.

BETSEY.—No, I'll read no more. I did not get up in this meetin' to be laughed at by a parcel of heathenish boys. I shall resoom my seat and stay resoomed until those benighted boys are taught to keep order and respect intellectual latitudinarianism. (*Seats herself.*)

FELIX RIDDLE.—I feel sorry, indeed, that the reading of this sublime poem has been interrupted by the outbursting laughter of a number of obstreperous boys. I had become deeply interested in the fate and fortunes of the hero, Mr. William Jones, and I can say that I have a sincere desire to know how the poem ends.

BETSEY (*rises*).—The gentleman who has just tuk his seat has my thanks for his complimentary collusions to my humble poem; and I would just take this opportunity to say to him that if he will call down to our house some evenin', I will be happy to read the poem to him *in toto, multum in parvo et staccato.* I would also say that if he should call, we will not be interrupted by noisy boys. As the poet has touchingly said, "All will be still." I might also add, we will have the best room all to ourselves.

PRESIDENT.—This meetin' will now debate the important question, "Should women have the right of suffrage?" Polly Snipper and Jane Jones will speak on the affirmative, and Peleg Swipes and John Brown on the negative. Polly Snipper will take the floor and elucidate her position.

POLLY SNIPPER (*rises and speaks in a loud voice*).—Mr. President, this is an important question, and the Frog Hollow Lyceum are awakening to her duty when she takes up this question for debate. It is high time we were a raisin' our voices and makin' the hills echo and reverberate with our clamors for the right. Mr. President, why not, I ax you, shouldn't a woman be allowed to vote? Can't a woman read? Can't a woman write? And if a woman can read, and if a woman can write, why shouldn't she be allowed to vote? That's the question of the day.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land we see millions of ignoramuses rushin' madly to the ballot-box and votin'—votin' for what? Why, Mr. President, they don't know what they are votin' for. They can't read, they can't cipher in long division, they can't spell their names, they can't do nothin' but guzzle down the red-hot whiskey. They vote just as somebody tells 'em to vote. Is this right Mr. President? *No*, a thousand times *no!* Women have never had their rights! they have been ill-used; they have been trodden down, as it were, and they have been treated bad. There are some women who will not stand up for their rights, but I am not one of 'em. *No, sir!*

There are some men in this neighborhood, and even within the

Frog Hollow Lyceum, who, if they had wives, would see them wash bed-clothes all day long, and patch pantaloons all night long, and then, with brazen effrontery, would say that they were in their *speers*. I say it isn't so! Woman will not be in her speer until she can go to the ballot-box and deposit her vote! She will not be in her speer until she can have all the rights that a man has. Mr. President, my antagonist on this occasion isn't a gentleman. I repeat it, Mr. President, Peleg Swipes isn't a gentleman, not by a long shot, and everybody knows it.

PELEG SWIPES (*springing to his feet*).—Order! order! I call the lady to order. Mr. President, are you going to allow Polly Snipper to blacken my character?

POLLY SNIPPER.—Let him rave; 'twill do him a sight of good. Perhaps it will ease his conscience.

SEVERAL MEMBERS.—Order! order! order! (*Several hickory nuts are cracked by the boys. General confusion*).

JOHN BROWN.—Mr. President, I rise to a point of order.

BOYS IN AUDIENCE.—Can't see the point.

PRESIDENT.—This fuss has been sprung upon me. Fusses will spring upon people. It has tuk some heavy thinkin' to decide what to do. But I *have* decided. I decide that Polly shall be allowed to go on with her speech and say her say. I haven't no doubt but Polly spent consid'able time in larnin' this speech, and she ort to be allowed to say it through.

BOY IN AUDIENCE.—Impeach the President.

ANOTHER BOY.—Go in, old Veto.

PRESIDENT.—Order, now. (*Members take their seats.*) Polly, perceed with your speech.

POLLY SNIPPER.—Well, as I was a sayin', this antagonist of mine, Peleg Swipes, is no gentleman.

BOY IN AUDIENCE.—So now!

POLLY SNIPPER.—He has had the onparalleled imperdence to say that all those women who talk about women's rights are old maids who can't get married, and that their talk about elervatin' the sex is

pure growlin' because nobody axes 'em to marry. Marry, indeed! Who'd marry the likes of Peleg Swipes?

BOY IN AUDIENCE.—Polly Snipper would.

POLLY SNIPPER.—'Tain't so! What outlandish boys! Mr. President, if you can't keep them boys quiet, you'd better consign your position.

PRESIDENT (*in a loud voice*).—Order there, boys; order, I say! Sure's you live, I'll drag ye out if ye don't be quiet. Polly, perceed with the question at issue.

POLLY SNIPPER.—Now, Mr. President, I submit, would a gentleman talk in the aforementioned way? Would a gentleman dare to defame the character of an unprotectable female? No, Mr. President, no, no! From the heights of the Andrews to the Gibralters of Jackson county, may be heard one spoontenaginous *No!* From the rice fields of Florida to the duck ponds of Maine, may be heard the ringing echo, No, no! I repeat it, Mr. President, and I re-repeat it, Peleg Swipes is no gentleman. His colleague, John Brown, is a gentleman. When he comes to speak, he will speak to the point, and in no such way as Peleg Swipes will speak. I have done.

PRESIDENT.—Peleg Swipes will rise and define his position.

PELEG SWIPES.—It is with the profoundest consternation and the most unsufferable indignation that I rise to repel the attacks of my opponent, Polly Snipper. Every person knows that she has been hunting a husband for the last twenty years—

BOY IN AUDIENCE.—"That's what's the matter with Hannah."

PELEG SWIPES.—And now, when she finds that she can't get one, she embarks in the Woman's Rights ship and sets sail.

BOY IN AUDIENCE.—Let her sail!

PELEG SWIPES.—Mr. President, I can explain to you the cause of her unparalleled attack on me. She has kept a shinin' up to me ever since last grass a year, and t'other day I took occasion to tell her to stay at hum and mind her knittin'.

POLLY (*very much excited*).—It isn't so, Mr. President, it isn't so. I call the speaker to order. Mr. President, are you going to allow my character to be profaned in that manner?

PELEG SWIPES.—Mr. President, I hope you will preserve order. She has had her say, now I must have mine.

BOY.—Another rumpus, sure's you're born.

POLLY SNIPPER.—There must be order here, and Swipes must be stopped.

JANE JONES.—Polly Snip, you old maid, hold your tongue and let the debate go on.

POLLY SNIPPER.—Call me an old maid, will you? I'll teach you a lesson.

JANE JONES.—I'll teach *you* a lesson.

SEVERAL MEMBERS.—Order! order! order! Adjourn! adjourn!

BOY IN AUDIENCE.—I'll bet on the frizzed bangs.

ANOTHER BOY.—Isn't this jolly?

PRESIDENT.—Ladies, preserve order.

BOY.—Can't preserve nothin' here.

ANOTHER BOY.—Never mind the Prez. Fight it out on that line if it takes all summer.

MEMBERS.—Order! order! order! Adjourn! adjourn!

[*Lights put out; general confusion, the women screaming, the men calling order, boys laughing and shouting.*]

H. ELLIOTT MCBRIDE.

LITTLE HELPERS.

FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

ALL.

"WHAT are little girls good for?"
We heard a man ask to-day;
So we have come here to tell you,
Please listen to what we say.

I.

I am mamma's "little helper,"
So she calls me every day.

I wipe dishes, sweep and dust,
  Though, of course, sometimes I play,
I can rock the baby's cradle,
  Keeping him asleep, you see;
And when mamma's very busy
  She can't think of sparing me.

II.

I am papa's "little comfort,"
  For I help him very much.
I smooth away his headache
  With the very softest touch;
I warm his slippers by the fire,
  Before he comes to tea;
And I'm very sure my papa
  Couldn't think of sparing *me*.

III.

I am grandma's "little treasure."
  She is very old, you see,
So I always wait upon her;
  I am *sure* that she needs *me*.
I find her glasses every day,
  And thread her needles, too.
If I should ever go away,
  What would my grandma do?

ALL.

This is what we are good for:
  We help all the long day through,
And though we are only little girls,
  We try to be good and true.
Our part may be only a little part,
  But we try to do it well,

And we're very happy all day long,
As each of us can tell.
By-and-by we'll each grow larger,
And can do a larger share.
But don't think little girls useless,
It isn't exactly fair.
For little girls do little things
Quite as well as *you*,
And sometimes a little better;
Now, don't *you* think so, too?

E. L. Brown.

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S TROUBLES.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Air (from "Patience"), "The Magnet and the Churn." Or may be spoken.

A dozen or more little girls, dressed, ready for school, with books and school-bags in their hands.

First verse—Solo.

I now attend a public school,
And always try to mind each rule;
I study grammar and learn to spell,
In both of which I quite excel.
Sad to say, in arithmetic
My poor head seems to be so thick,
I always look and feel most glum
When asked to do a simple sum.

Chorus— A simple sum?

Solo— A simple sum?
Though very clever, in ciph'ring ever
I seemed to be most dumb;

There's no denying, 'tis very trying—
I can't do a simple sum!

CHORUS—Though very clever, in ciph'ring ever
She seems to be most dumb;
There's no denying, 'tis very trying—
She can't do a simple sum.

SECOND VERSE—SOLO.

Although I'm but a little lass,
I stand the head of all my class;
I read, you know, with utmost ease,
And all my teachers greatly please.
Now, really few with me compare,
I learn my tasks with greatest care;
In one alone I am remiss—
Arithmetic I always miss.

CHORUS— You always miss?

SOLO— I always miss!
I state it clearly and most sincerely—
The matter is simply this:
Naught availing, I'm always failing—
Arithmetic I miss!

CHORUS—She states it clearly and most sincerely—
The matter is simply this:
Naught availing, she's always failing—
Arithmetic she'll miss.

THIRD VERSE—SOLO.

It happened once I was surprised,
Arithmetic, I so despised,
Lost all at once its mystery,
And seemed an easy thing to me;

The rule of three and fractions, too,
Were not really hard to do,
My happiness now seemed supreme,
Alas, I woke—'twas all a dream!

CHORUS— 'Twas all a dream?

SOLO— 'Twas all a dream!
In waking hours I lost the powers
To rise in the world's esteem.
Was it not frightful this state delightful
Should only be a dream?

CHORUS—In waking hours she lost her powers
To rise in the world's esteem.
Was it not frightful this state delightful
Should only be a dream?

ANNETTE MARSH.

TABLEAUX FROM "MOTHER GOOSE."

OLD KING COLE.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three.

TABLEAUX.—[*A boy is seated in a large arm chair with his feet resting on a stool. He wears a long cloak made of very gay material, a crown on his head, and a long pipe in his mouth. Three boys each holding in position a violin stand before him, while a little fellow dressed as a page stands at his right elbow, holding a tray on which is placed a bowl or glass.*]

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

Little Miss Muffett
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;

There came a big spider
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

[*This represents a little girl dressed in white with a large straw hat on her head, sitting on a hassock. She has a dish in her lap out of which she is apparently eating something very good, when to her horror a spider is lowered at her side, and she runs off very much frightened.*]

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

[*A boy sits on a rug in a cornered screen with a large pie before him, which he is very anxious to devour with fork and knife. When the last two lines of the poem are read, he pulls out the plum which he holds up in great delight*].

SIMPLE SIMON.

Simple Simon met a Pieman,
Going to the Fair.
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the Pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,
"Indeed I haven't any."

[*Simple Simon is dressed in a very shabby costume which has just had some red patches put on it, slouch hat, and acts rather silly, while the Pieman wears a high collar, red tie, a large white apron and on his arm carries a good sized market basket in which he has pies. To illustrate the first stanza of the poem they meet, and Simple Simon gazes rather wistfully into the Pieman's basket, and when the last part of the poem is read, Simple Simon puts both hands in his pockets, and shakes his head NO, signifying that he has no penny.*]

JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Dame Jill had a job to plaster his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.

[*A little girl as Jill is dressed in a gay calico dress, sun-bonnet, with a tin pail in her hand, lying with her face downward on an inclined board as the hill, while Jack, dressed as a farmer's boy, lies in the same position below Jill. They both fall* (*the tin pail making, of course, a great noise*) *and scamper home.*]

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all round and sent them to bed.

[*A large frame is made in the shape of a shoe covered with black material. Behind it are children of all sizes, while some are crawling on the top, out of the toe, and under it. The old woman has on a gray wig, shawl and an old fashioned straw hat, and with a big switch in her hand, finds it quite difficult to keep the children in order.*]

TABLEAU—CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

[This beautiful tableau may be represented in three or five scenes, and affords fine opportunity for dress effect.]

SCENE I.

CINDERELLA meanly clad, the sisters and Prince in costliest attire. One of the sisters is eagerly bent on forcing her foot into the slipper.

A very large shoe, which she has just vacated, is on the floor beside

her. The other, her face and attitude showing keenest disappointment, has just put on her shoe. These shoes, while nicely made and in keeping with their dress, should be the largest that can be had. The slipper may be of white satin, small and handsome.

SCENE II.

Cinderella, having begged permission to try on the slipper, has just seated herself, withdrawn her shoe and placed a dainty foot on the cushion beside the slipper. The sisters give her a scornful and reproachful look.

SCENE III.

Cinderella, having put on the slipper, has just drawn from her pocket its mate. The sisters, bewildered and dumbfounded, have thrown themselves at her feet. This scene makes a fitting conclusion to the performance, and the next two scenes should not be attempted unless the appliances are at hand to make Cinderella imagination's richest queen.

SCENE IV.

The fairy has touched her clothes with the magic wand, and Cinderella has become a being of marvelous beauty. Her gorgeous splendor dazzles the eyes of the Prince. She helps her sisters to their feet, and shows, as before, no resentment for past insult.

SCENE V.

Cinderella and the Prince, arm in arm, prepare to leave the stage, followed by the two sisters.

TABLEAU—LISTENERS HEAR NO GOOD OF THEMSELVES.

THE scene is a parlor.—In the foreground are two young girls, one of whom holds a miniature out to the other, who puts it aside, with an expression of angry contempt. The first girl is laughing heartily, and pointing her finger at the second, as if teasing her about the picture.

Peeping out from behind a window-curtain is a young man, who, with an expression of perfect rage, is shaking his fist at the ladies in the foreground.

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